00026682

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016

EVENTS OF A MILITARY LIFE:

BEING RECOLLECTIONS AFTER SERVICE IN THE PENINSULAR WAR, INVASION OF FRANCE, THE EAST INDIES, ST. HELENA, CANADA, AND ELSEWHERE.

BY WALTER HENRY, ESQ.

SURGEON TO THE FORCES, FIRST CLASS.

26682
ac

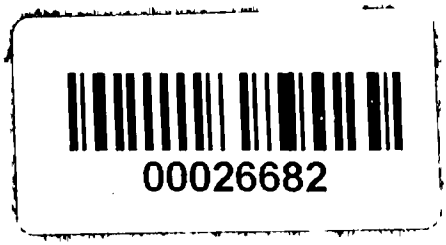
LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC
yy-C-23

LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING.

1843.

GJ2 3.:-42
Herl Hern/Eve
26682



CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Page

DESOLATE Appearance of St. Helena.—Character of the Island.—Climate favourable to Plants from every Quarter of the Globe.—Author's Prejudices against Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor, removed by the Evidence of his own Observation.—Visit to Longwood, and Introduction to Marshal and the Countess Bertrand 1

CHAPTER XXIX.

Interview of the Officers of the 66th Regiment with Napoleon.—Impression produced by his Appearance.—Comments at the Mess on the Interview the same Day.—Prestige attached to his Name and Character destroyed 12

CHAPTER XXX.

Amusements on the Island.—Earthquake.—Occasional sudden rise of the Surf around the Shores, from no known Cause.—Two Officers of the 66th lost in it when fishing on the Rocks.—Narrow Escape of the Author.—Trepidation of a Brigadier at sight of a Punch Bowl 26

CHAPTER XXXI.

Illness and Death of Cypriani, Maitre d'Hotel to Napoleon.—Mr. O'Meara.—His Rancour against Sir Hudson Lowe.—Difficulties of the latter.—Visit of Theodore Hook.—Immense Turtle.—Napoleon in a Rage at the Invasion of his Premises.—Punishes the Trespassers 36

CHAPTER XXXII.

Page

Beautiful Rides and romantic Scenery in St. Helena.—Change of Quarters.—Shark caught after devouring half a Bombardier.—Flying Fish.—Religious Quarrels amongst Chinese Labourers.—Commissioners from Austria, France, and Russia.—Hoaxing a Brigadier General 62

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Health of Napoleon begins to fail.—Serious Illness attacks him in March, 1821.—Dr. Arnott, Surgeon 20th Regiment, called in.—His Death.—Examination of the Body.—Remarks on the beautiful and placid Expression of the Countenance.—Funeral.—Embarkation of the Suite of the deceased Emperor.—Author accompanies them 75

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Voyage to England with the Suite of Napoleon.—Marshal Bertrand's fine Family.—Conversation with the Marshal respecting the Battle of Waterloo.—Dolphin-fishing.—A Gale off the Azores.—Arrival at Spithead 89

CHAPTER XXXV.

Civility of George the Fourth to the St. Helena Exiles.—Their reception on landing at Portsmouth.—March of the 66th to Sunderland.—Reminiscences of Paley's fishing Excursions on the Banks of the Wear 98

CHAPTER XXXVI.

London.—Confessions respecting heterodox Notions on Painting and Statuary.—Lord Strafford.—Sunderland.—Regular Practice of Physic.—March to Liverpool and Embarkation for Dublin 107

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dublin.—Cavan.—Castle Saunderson, and its Hospitalities.—Enniskillen.—Thickness of the Cranium of an Irishman an Endowment of Nature, protective of the Blows and Bumps to which she knew it would be exposed.—Sligo.—A late Dinner 114

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Page
Sir Colquhoun Grant.—Sir George Murray.—Sudden Death of an Officer of the 58th Regiment.—Birr, or Parson's Town.—Limerick.—Embarkation for Quebec 125

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Voyage to Quebec.—Cod-fishing on the great Bank of Newfoundland.—Arrival in the St. Lawrence.—Quebec.—Visionary Grievances of the Canadians.—Canadian Winter 134

CHAPTER XL.

Rich vernal and autumnal Tints of the Canadian Woods.—Monumental Pillar to Wolfe and Montcalm at Quebec.—A Veteran who had served with Wolfe present at laying the Foundation.—Departure of Lord Dalhousie, and Arrival of Sir James Kempt.—Three Rivers.—Falls of Shuanagam.—Military Execution at Cape Diamond 144

CHAPTER XLI.

Salmon-fishing in Malbaie River.—Moral Canadian Population in this secluded Valley.—Going down a Rapid with a Salmon.—Trip to La Rivière Noire.—Meeting a Bear at Breakfast.—Capture of a large Salmon 158

CHAPTER XLII.

Salmon-fishing Excursion to Pont Déry, Jacques Cartier River.—Description of the romantic Glen there.—Reservoir of Live Salmon.—Obstinate Conflict with a Fish at the Head of the Chute.—Canadian Names for the chief Holes.—Lamentations over the growing Degeneracy of the Canadians, as proved by the Theft of the Author's Westphalian Ham.—Race of one half mile Heat with a runaway Salmon 173

CHAPTER XLIII.

Montreal.—Roman Catholic Cathedral.—Religious Scandal.—Picturesque Route to Kingston.—Fine Situation of Kingston.—Bass-fishing in Lake Ontario 191

CHAPTER XLIV.

Page

Malignant Cholera at Kingston.—Public Affairs.—Montreal Riot.—Burning of the Castle of St. Louis at Quebec.—Solitude of Canadian Woods.—Fatigues of Canadian Snipe-shooting 201

CHAPTER XLV.

Toronto.—Sir John Colborne.—Resemblance in Features to the Duke of Wellington.—Fondness of Humming-birds for Pear-tree Blossoms.—House of Assembly.—Mr. Mackenzie pursued round the House by the Serjeant at Arms . . . 212

CHAPTER XLVI.

Falls of Niagara 220

CHAPTER XLVII.

Kingston during the Cholera of 1834.—Beautiful Bay of Quinté.—Snipe-shooting, with natural Falconry.—Embarkation for Quebec 228

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Canadian Politics.—Departure of Lord Aylmer, the Governor.—Arrival of Lord Gosford.—Convivialities of the Chateau de St. Louis 237

CHAPTER XLIX.

Cold Winter of 1835-6.—New Year's Day in the Canadas.—Public Affairs in Upper Canada.—Sir Francis Head.—Politics of the Lower Province.—Insane Conduct of the House of Assembly.—Character of the Members.—Want of Enterprise in French Colonists, compared with English, on the American Continent 248

CHAPTER L.

Page
Americans at Quebec.—Brigade Field-day on the Plains of Abraham.—Progress of Discontent amongst the Canadians. —Public Meetings of a seditious Character.—Large constitutional Meetings at Montreal and Quebec.—Short Session of Parliament 266

CHAPTER LI.

Accelerating Progress of Disturbances in the Province.—Meeting of the Five Counties.—Fils de la Liberté.—Assembly of armed Men at St. Athanase.—Rescue of two Prisoners by the armed Peasantry.—General Insurrection along the Richelieu River.—Affairs of St. Denis and St. Charles.—Excellent Conduct of the British and American Population 275

CHAPTER LII.

Affair of St. Eustache.—Arrival of the Troops overland from New Brunswick.—Contemptible Emute of Mackenzie in Upper Canada.—His enthusiastic Reception at Buffalo.—Occupation of Navy Island.—Unfriendly Behaviour of the Americans.—Burning of the Caroline 296

CHAPTER LIII.

Departure of Lord Gosford, and Assumption of the Government by Lieutenant-General Sir John Colborne.—Fresh Disturbances along the Frontier.—Reinforcements from England.—Arrival of Lord Durham, the Governor General. —His short Administration.—Most improper Proclamation. —Departure for England 312

CHAPTER LIV.

Visit to the Falls of Shuanagam in full Flood.—Outburst of the second Canadian Rebellion.—Its speedy suppression.—Invasion of Upper Canada at different Points by American Bands.—Affair of Prescott.—Of Windsor.—Barbarities committed by the Invaders.—Lord Durham's Report . . 324

CHAPTER LV.

Page

The Summer of 1839 a quiét Season in Lower Canada.—Serious Dangers and Annoyances accruing to the Inhabitants of the Upper Province from the Canadian Refugees in the border States.—A better Feeling prevalent in the other States of the Union.—Peculiar Difficulty of maintaining friendly Relations with a Federal Government.—Arrival of the Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thompson, the new Governor.—Departure of Sir John Colborne.—Last fishing Trip of the Author to Jacques Cartier River 342

CHAPTER LVI.

La Grotte des Amants, a Canadian Tale of the Seventeenth Century 360

RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DESOLATE APPEARANCE OF ST. HELENA.—CHARACTER OF THE ISLAND.—CLIMATE FAVOURABLE TO PLANTS FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.—AUTHOR'S PREJUDICES AGAINST SIR HUDSON LOWE REMOVED BY THE EVIDENCE OF HIS OWN OBSERVATION.—VISIT TO LONGWOOD, AND INTRODUCTION TO MARSHAL AND MADAME BERTRAND.

"Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table, earth,—whose dice were human bones.
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And as thy nature urges, weep or smile."

BYRON.

In common, probably, with many other persons, I had formed a very erroneous opinion of the island of St. Helena. From reading of the Company's ships touching thereon their way home, for water and refreshments, I had associated shade and verdure, and clear streams with its name; and classed it with Juan Fernandez and other delectable spots, dotted here and there in the midst of immense tracts of ocean for beneficent purposes by the hand of nature. It was, therefore, with no small disappointment I beheld the ugliest and most dismal rock conceivable, of rugged

and splintered surface, rising like an enormous black wart from the face of the deep. Not a blade of grass or trace of vegetation could be perceived from the ship, as we sailed round to get to leeward of the island, until we came to our anchorage, when James's Town, the metropolis, and only town, was first descried, sunk in a deep ravine between two steep mountains; with its white church, English-looking houses, bristling rocks and batteries, and two or three dozen of trees.

These objects derived value and relief from the surrounding desolation; but on a little more extended acquaintance with our new abode, we found other pleasing points in St. Helena; the rugged husk contained some kernel, and we afterwards discovered several really beautiful and romantic spots; but on the whole, the aspect of our future residence was at first very unprepossessing.

We found our second battalion and the 53rd quartered here; and great were the rejoicings of the officers at meeting. My gallant old Badajoz patient commanded the second battalion, now about to be broken up; and he and his officers asked the "Qui Hiis" just arrived, to dinner the next day. We sat down sixty-six in number, a coincidence with the number of the regiment which formed the staple of conversation at table, until the reliefs for the soup and fish made their appearance.

I found myself in an awkward plight when we landed in St. Helena. Regimental baggage is apt to increase marvellously in any country, but in the luxurious land whence we came it had swollen beyond all reasonable compass; and I had nineteen or twenty trunks, boxes, packages and portmanteaus, some with two locks; consequently my bunch of keys was no

trifle. My valet de chambre at this time was a little tipsyfying Milesian, named Patrick Kelly, five feet nothing in his stockings, full of humour and good nature, and never at a loss for an answer; two out of every three of his responses involving a blunder, and every word richly lined with brogue. Nevertheless, though small in stature, he was a very valiant little chap, and a good shot, and had brought down many a bigger man in the Peninsular. His address, when taking his master's plate for vegetables at the mess dinner, always excited general cachinnation, "My master will be after troubling you for a murphy, if you plase, sir."

When we were coming down to our anchorage, as this facetious person was standing in the fore chains, gazing on the black rocks which the ship was brushing, and engaged in the useful occupation of twirling the ring containing my keys on his hand, pour passer le temps, the sapient Mr. Patrick chanced to give too much momentum to one of his revolutions, and the balance between the centrifugal and centripetal powers being thus disturbed, off flew the whole bunch into the sea! Now it is a fact well known, and not merely a joke of Joe Millar, that the astonished little fellow did actually exclaim, "Stop the ship!" but the ship would not stop; and he was obliged to content himself with an irreverent exclamation, and one long lingering look into the blue water, and then he ran aft to tell me the calamity. Alas! my piscatorial abilities were here at fault; the bunch of keys sank four hundred fathoms deep, unless they were intercepted by some hungry and mistaken fish; the two and twenty locks required to be picked, and in the interesting office of superintending this operation passed my first day in St. Helena.

Shortly after our arrival, one wing of the Regiment, now twelve hundred strong, was marched to Deadwood barracks, only half a mile from Longwood Gate, the residence of Napoleon. I considered myself fortunate in having medical charge here, and being thus placed in the close vicinity and full view of the residence of our illustrious prisoner, who, of course, was the great object of curiosity and interest to all on the island. We, the new comers, were naturally the most inquisitive; and for the first two or three weeks, innumerable were the inquiries made, and very discordant the answers we received, respecting his health, habits, and occupations. Strong and well-armed were the batteries of telescopes on all points commanding good views of Longwood; and ardent and sustained was the gaze for the first few days after our arrival, yet little was to be seen; and after becoming familiar with every visible object around the old house, and every tile on the top of it, and fatiguing our eyes to little purpose, the glasses were at length put in their cases.

At mess in the evening, every officer had his own story as to Buonaparte's private life. Some said he lay in bed all day, dictating memoirs of his life; others averred that he got up punctually to breakfast at nine o'clock, made a satisfactory meal, and drank his bottle of light claret. From one quarter it appeared that he played at chess or billiards half the forenoon, and read French novels the remainder; from another that he passed all his mornings at Marshal Bertrand's. Some wiseacres shook their heads, and insisted that he was dying of a decline; others maintained boldly that he was in excellent health, and growing very fat. In two points only all accounts concurred, namely, that he maintained imperial state

with his suite, and was on the worst terms with Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor.

James's Town, the insular capital, is seated in a deep cleft between two steep mountains, as if it was placed at the bottom of an enormous V; and their nearly perpendicular sides, fourteen or fifteen hundred feet high, are studded with huge rocks jutting out frightfully, and threatening destruction to the houses and everything at the bottom. In fact, there is great danger, and accidents do occur occasionally, from a small stone becoming casually detached at the top, and setting more formidable ones in motion in the course of its descent. So justly apprehensive are the inhabitants, that no quadrupeds are permitted to go at large on the hills near the town, and any so offending are liable to be shot. A carriage road has been constructed by a zigzag on the ladder hill side, and a long inclined plane on the other down to the town.

On reaching the top of the mountain by the road to Deadwood, a prodigious circular excavation meets the eye, and the path winds round it in rather startling propinquity, and without any parapet. This, in all probability, is the crater of an extinct volcano; indeed, the action of fire is everywhere visible on the island, and its mass almost entirely consists of lava and scoriæ, which had undergone various degrees of fusion and vitrifaction under different accidents of pressure, and other unknown causes.

The second morning after establishing ourselves at Deadwood, I took my gun and directed my steps to Flag Staff Hill, a conical mountain rising on one side boldly from the sea, about two miles from the barracks. My way led me round the race-course, which had been traced for a mile and a half along a semicircular sweep, at the top of our elevated plateau.

This was covered with coarse grass and wild gooseberry bushes, under whose roots thousands of little field-mice burrowed, and popped in and out as I passed, in all confidence; luckily for them no birds of prey being in the island. The only birds I saw were a flock of snow-white sea-gulls, that would rise vertically from the surface of the ocean beneath, and disport themselves in graceful circles round the peak of the mountain. These were particularly silly gulls, and so tame that it would have been very unsportsmanlike to shoot them; although long want of practice urged to the barbarity, but I resisted the temptation. One of them came within a yard of my head, and put down his little black feet as if going to light on my straw hat; and I believe if I had not put up my hand and attempted to catch him, he would actually have made a lodgement. But although he failed in his attempt, he touched the magic chain of association, and visions of early scenes came flitting across my memory. My poor uncle, and my cousin, and Simon Stylites, and the fish-pond, and the bowery-garden, ending, alas! in the shrouded imagery of death!

Dolefully did we look at each other "with hungry eyes" at our first mess dinner, for a sad change had taken place in our fare; and then we began to appreciate the bathos from a Bengal to a St. Helena table. In the first place, we had oily soup made of the fat tails of Cape sheep, which all grow to tail, and leave no flesh on the quarters or ribs. Indeed, but for the accident of the head attached anteriorly, and the old custom of head and body being in immediate juxtaposition, it would be hard to say, at first view of the quadruped, which was body or which was tail; or

whether the tail grew out of the body or the body out of the tail. However, waiving this point, and to go on with the bill of fare, after our execrable soup there was mackarel, the staple of the island; mackarel at the bottom, au naturel, at one side as a curry, and at another as a stew, and in one or two other places in other shapes or duplicates. Next we had Albacore steaks, tasting like tough pork chops, and hempy ration beef, stripped off the thin clothed ribs of Benguela bullocks, with some other abominations. In fact, the only things eatable at table were the native yams, and the salt beef and pork which we got as rations.

But although this is the veritable programme of our first dinner, our table improved much afterwards, particularly in the fish department.

The first excitement of being in the immediate neighbourhood of Napoleon having subsided, and himself and everything about him being invisible, we began to find that our new abode was likely to be sufficiently monotonous, and that we might begin to conjugate the verb ennuyer as soon as we pleased. To be sure we saw black balls hoisted, indicating that ships were in sight, almost every day,—the island being in the direct high road from India; we observed signals flying, and communicating from one hill to another; and R. O. B. telegraphed daily, about two o'clock, from the post near our barracks to Plantation House, the Governor's residence, meaning "All right at Longwood." We could watch the cruizers going their rounds to windward, and could observe the developement of a white mote in the distant horizon, thirty leagues off, into a ship, and pride ourselves in seeing her long before the cruizers. We could also

speculate as to the particular fib the Master would tell the Captain; for during the whole time that Buonaparte remained at St. Helena, vessels were constantly making excuses for touching there, that the passengers might have a chance of a glimpse at him, or even the house where he lived. One very common trick of the Masters was to start their water-casks on the run from the Cape, invent some plausible story of a leak or something else to tell the windward cruizer, and thus get permission to stop two or three days for a fresh supply.

About a month after our arrival the 66th was inspected by Sir Hudson Lowe; and when this was over we had a sham fight. I observed Napoleon sitting on a bench at Longwood, watching the manœuvres through a glass. Our puny mimicry of war must have appeared as utterly puerile and insignificant to him, as the sight of boys playing marbles to Newton or Laplace, after poring through their telescopes on the ring of Saturn, or the satellites of Jupiter. They might have spared the warrior of a hundred fields the mortification of contrasting the child's play of which he was now an unwilling spectator, with the triumphs of Austerlitz or Jena.

When the field day was brought to a close, we had all the honour of being introduced to Sir Hudson Lowe, and of dining at Plantation House; two officers and myself remained all night. The style was good, the wines first rate, and although the governor appeared somewhat reserved, and was a little absent at times, Lady Lowe kept the conversation from flagging, and we were all delighted with her. Lady Lowe's was not a perfect figure, but she had a fine face, laughing eyes, much conversational talent, a fair and beau-

tiful neck, and a lovely arm. In short, she presided at her own table with much grace and brilliancy, and was altogether a very captivating woman.

Next morning, before breakfast, I walked about the grounds of Plantation House, and was very much pleased and interested to see the vegetable natives of a dozen different countries and climates thriving here harmoniously together. The tea-shrub and the English golden-pippin, the bread-fruit tree and the peach and plum, the nutmeg overshadowing the gooseberry; with many other dendrological contrasts. Whilst the rich Brazilian passion-flower, a common creeper in the island, expanded its blue cruciform petals, and wove its luxuriant tendrils around the stems of all alike; in imitation of the religion, whose catholic embrace of all races and climates it thus happily represented.

The governor appeared to be much occupied with the cares and duties of his important and responsible office, and looked very like a person who would not let his prisoner escape if he could help it. From first impressions I entertained an opinion of him far from favourable; if therefore, notwithstanding this prepossession, my testimony should incline to the other side, I can truly state that the change took place from the weight of evidence, and in consequence of what came under my own observation in St. Helena. Since that time he has encountered a storm of obloquy and reproach, enough to bow any person to the earth; yet I firmly believe, that the talent he exerted in unravelling the intricate plotting constantly going on at Longwood, and the firmness in tearing it to pieces, with the unceasing vigilance he displayed in the discharge of his arduous and invidious duties, made him more enemies than any hastiness of temper,

uncourteousness of demeanour, or severity in his measures, of which the world was taught to believe him guilty.

On the 8th of August Napoleon's piqueur came galloping to Hutt's gate, where I chanced to be visiting Colonel Dodgin, with an urgent message for me to go to Marshal Bertrand's immediately, as one of the children had met with a serious accident, and Mr. O'Meara, Buonaparte's physician, had gone to James's Town. I arrived in a few minutes, and found that the eldest boy, Napoleon, had fallen on a flint and cut his forehead a good deal. The injury was not of much consequence, but the sight of the blood naturally caused some alarm in the family. After putting the little patient to rights, and settling him comfortably in bed, I sat half an hour with the Marshal and Countess Bertrand. He was quiet and pleasing in manner, very unostentatious, conversible and well informed. Madame Bertrand had rich remains of what must once have been the figure, face, and mien, of a lady qualified to be an Empress. She spoke French and English with equal fluency. They had then three children, two boys and a girl, the most rosy, playful, and attractive creatures in the world.

Next day Dr. O'Meara called and politely thanked me for my professional services. His address and manner were agreeable and gentlemanly, and soon after this time he was admitted to be an honorary member of the 66th mess; where, unquestionably, as far as I ever heard or witnessed, his deportment was that of a gentleman. Perhaps his conversation, sometimes, became more animated in defence of Napoleon than was prudent or proper under existing circumstances; but the subject was never introduced wantonly or offensively by Dr. O'Meara.

All our officers being very desirous of seeing our celebrated neighbour, a negotiation was set on foot to gratify our wish. The fact of Buonaparte and the governor being on such bad terms was an obstacle in the way, but not quite insurmountable. At last the second in command, Sir George Bingham, made an arrangement with Marshal Bertrand, that we should have the honour of an introduction to Napoleon on the 1st of September.

CHAPTER XXIX.

INTERVIEW OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 66TH REGIMENT WITH NAPOLEON.—IMPRESSION PRODUCED BY HIS APPEARANCE. —COMMENTS AT THE MESS ON THE INTERVIEW THE SAME DAY.—PRESTIGE ATTACHED TO HIS NAME AND CHARACTER DESTROYED.

"There was in him a vital scorn of all;
As if the worst had fallen which could befal—
With thought of years in phantom chase mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation round his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life:
But haughty still, and loath himself to blame,
He called on nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will."

BYRON.

THE old illustration of a fly presuming to scan the proportions of some noble column, may be applied to the boldness of so humble a person as the Author, in daring publicly to express an opinion respecting Napoleon Buonaparte. Yet, it may be urged in extenuation of this audacity, that almost every rational person within the circle of civilization has an opinion on the subject; and that some thousands of them have been already given to the public. Farther, I may be permitted to remark, that I had minutely and with great attention read his history, and that of

the French Revolution; and was well acquainted with his own great achievements, and competently informed as to the public lives of the most prominent characters on the European stage, for the last forty or fifty years. It also may be truly alleged, that as I had never joined in the Napoleonic idolatry, neither on the other hand had I chimed in with the loud execrations poured upon his name, nor in the opinions of many who could perceive nothing but the most gigantic guilt in the man, without one single redeeming quality. Perhaps the time is not yet come for the most upright and impartial minds to free themselves from a strong and early bias, pro or con, and to judge with the necessary coolness and moderation. We still walk on the warm surface of the extinct volcano, which the great man in question so materially assisted in kindling and extending; the fire is scarcely out, "sub cinere doloso," and we are not yet comfortable nor sure of our footing.

Napoleon always appeared to me a being of an unique character, isolated, unapproachable, sui generis, or rather a genus in himself. Possessing a daring and comprehensive mind, which could at the same time conceive the most magnificent schemes and designs, and embrace all the prospective steps and minute details necessary for their accomplishment, he found himself at once pushed on by fortune into an elevated station, and then raised himself to the highest by consummate political talent and military skill, directing the chivalrous devotion of masses of enthusiastic soldiers. But, as has been well said, lord though he was of France, and almost of Europe, he was never thoroughly master of the little world within; for the fierce Italian passions would boil up in his bosom, and often overboil with-

out effectual constraint. At length rendered giddy by the immense elevation he had attained, and the constant whirl of his perilous prosperity, he yet soared higher; but the ascent could not always last, and he began to totter to his fall. One false step was on the towers of the Escurial, and another still more fatal, on the dome of the Kremlin. Long, and bravely, and tenaciously, did he cling to his lofty position notwithstanding; and when he found himself falling, attempt to regain it with astonishing power of resilience: but the fiat had gone forth against him, and it was all in vain. At length he tumbled down hopelessly and for ever, without the smallest sympathy from mankind to soften his fall.

As to his moral character, I believe his warmest advocates can here say very little in his favour. He was utterly devoid of any honest ethical principle, reckless as to right and wrong, conscienceless, remorseless. His uniform rule through life was, the end justifies the means.

On the afternoon of the 1st of September 1817, the officers of our regiment, with Sir George Bingham and Colonel Nicol at their head, repaired to Longwood. We called at Marshal Bertrand's, fifty or sixty yards from the residence of Napoleon, to pick up the Marshal, who accompanied us to the billiard-room, where we found Count Montholon and General Gourgaud. After waiting five or six minutes the folding doors of the anti-chamber were thrown open, we entered, formed a ring round the room, according to seniority, and in about a minute Napoleon walked into the circle.

He was dressed in a plain dark green uniform coat without epaulettes, or any thing equivalent, but with the star of the Legion of Honour on the breast, which

had an eagle in the centre. The buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon in high relief. He had on white breeches and silk stockings, and oval gold buckles in his shoes; with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon's first appearance was far from imposing, the stature was short and thick, his head sunk into the shoulders, his face fat, with large folds under the chin; the limbs appeared to be stout and well proportioned, complexion olive, expression sinister, forbidding, and rather scowling. The features instantly reminded us of the prints of him which we had seen. On the whole his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar, than the hero of modern times.

Buonaparte walked round the room with an attempt as it seemed, at the old dignity, and addressed a few words to most of the officers. Colonel Nicol was first introduced by Sir George Bingham, he and Marshal Bertrand acting as interpreters. The following conversation then took place, which, as well as the whole proceedings on this memorable occasion, I copy from minutes noted down immediately after the interview.

Napoleon.—"Your Regiment has lately arrived from India; coming from that rich country you should wear gold, and not silver. How many years does it take to acclimatize a regiment of Europeans?"

Colonel Nicol.—"Two or three years. A few die the first year, more the second, but the mortality is much reduced during the third."

"Did your officers save much money in India?"

"No; the expense of living is too great."

"How many servants did you keep there?"

"I had at one time between thirty and forty—I think thirty-nine."

"Do you think a Regiment is efficient after twenty years' service in India?"

"Yes: it is fed by recruits from home."

"What kind of troops are the Sepoys?"

"Those in the British service are excellent troops."

"How many battalions of Sepoys, of equal strength, would you engage with the 66th?"

"Do you mean battalions with British officers or without them?"

"Both the one and the other."

"Sepoy regiments with British officers are good and steady soldiers. I should not like great disparity of force with them, though I might manage to defeat four or five battalions belonging to the Native Powers with the 66th, and I am pretty sure we could."

"Very good. You are a fine fellow. (Un brave homme.)"

"How many officers have you in your mess?"

"Sixteen at Deadwood."

"You sit very late at the mess, I hear—often till midnight."

"O yes; when we have few good fellows there, we sometimes don't stir till cock-crow."

"But the officers get tipsy then, don't they?" (then in English—"Drunk—drunk—eh?")

"O no, no, they don't get drunk."

"Your men, I perceive, walk about very much in the sun, and without their caps. That's wrong."

"It is, and we do all we can to prevent it."

"Have you not a Catholic officer in the regiment?"

"Yes," (with a nod at Lieutenant M'Carthy, who stood nearly opposite, at the other side of the circle).

"He has been to Rio Janeiro lately, I hear."

"Yes, and is just returned."

"He went there to get absolution, for his peccadillos, I suppose?" (Repeated, "Absolution, n'est ce pas?")

(Answered by a laugh from Colonel Nicol, and a blush on the honest, and naturally rubicund, physiognomy of the officer in question.)

Napoleon then turned to Lieutenant-Colonel Lascelles—

"What countryman are you?"

"An Englishman."

"From what part of England?"

"From Yorkshire."

"Were you born in the city of York?"

"No."

He then passed to the next senior officer, Lieut.-Colonel Dodgin, C. B. who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was besides a remarkably fine, military-looking man, much resembling the late Duke of York; and twice on one day, when walking with the Author in London, a gentleman saluted him by mistake for that prince. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal; but as soon as he read that "word of fear," he dropped it instantly, and rather abruptly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot. He then addressed the Colonel—

"You have decorations, I see. Where did you serve?"

"In Egypt and the Peninsular."

"Were you at Salamanca or Thoulouse?"

"No."

"Was your regiment at Talavera?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Yes—twice."

"Was your name sent home as an officer who had distinguished himself?"

(Here Colonel Dodgin hesitated, when Captain Baird answered for him)—"Yes—three times."

Buonaparte next addressed Captain Baird—

"You are a Captain of Grenadiers?"

"Yes."

"How many years have you been in the service?"

"Nearly twenty."

"And still only a Captain?"

"Even so."

Next Captain Jordan passed the ordeal. He was married to a handsome St. Helena lady, whom he had met in Bengal, whose father's house was not more than a mile from Longwood. The following short dialogue passed—

"You are married?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is pretty, I hear? How many children have you?"

"Two."*

Next was Captain Dunne.

---

* Mrs. Jordan's maiden name was Robertson; she had a pretty sister, whom Napoleon had noticed in one of his few rides, when he first went to St. Helena. She married Captain Edwards, of the ship Dora, soon after our arrival from India. The bride and her husband called at Longwood previous to sailing for England, when Buonaparte, chancing to be in a good-humoured mood, received them very graciously. He complimented the young lady on her choice of "un franc matelôt," (who, by the way, was a very handsome man,) pinched her ear at parting, wished her bon voyage, and presented her with a handful of bon-bons.

"You have been in India?"

"Yes."

"How long have you served?"

"Fourteen years."

Napoleon then glanced at the next officer, Captain E——, a man of most uncouth and forbidding exterior and physiognomy; but not being pleased with his appearance, he passed him by, and proceeded to address Captain L'Estrange, a most worthy little fellow, but of very dark complexion.

"Have you served in India?"

"Yes."

"How long have you served?"

"Fourteen years—two in India."

(There seemed to be some mistake made here by the interpreters, in confounding the entire services of this officer with the time passed in India.)

"How is it your complexion is so dark? Were you sick in India?"

"No."

"Do you drink?" (and, then himself translating the French—"Drink? Drink?")

(Answered by a smile.)

"Which do you think the best town—Calcutta or James's Town?" (Repeated in English by the querist) "Veech you tink de best town?"

"Calcutta."

Next in the circle stood Captain Duncan.

"How long have you served?"

"Upwards of twenty years."

"You have been in India?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever in action?"

"Yes."

"And ever wounded?"

"No."

"Then you are a lucky fellow."

Buonaparte then addressed Mr. Heir, the Surgeon—

"You are the Surgeon of the Regiment?"

"Yes."

"Do you hold any other commission?"

(This question was answered by Sir George Bingham.)

"This gentleman is the Surgeon Major," (not unhappily, considering that my excellent amigo, Heir, was then, and I hope still is, about six feet and a half high,) and then there was some confusion, and the interpreters were a little at fault; confounding Surgeon Major and Serjeant Major: Sir George not being perfect in French, and Marshal Bertrand very defective in his English. At length Napoleon said—

"Lord Wellington promoted several of his Surgeon Majors, I have heard?"

Sir George Bingham again remarked, "Pardon, Sire, (but this Imperial recognition, which had never been sanctioned by the British Government, was evidently a lapsus of the moment,) pardon, it was the Serjeant Majors; several of whom got Commissions during the Peninsular war."

To Mr. Heir—

"You had a great many sick in India?"

"Yes, it is not a healthy climate."

"Many liver complaints?"

"Yes."

"Do you prescribe calomel largely?"

"Yes."

Next in order was Lieutenant Moffatt.

"What countryman are you?"

"An Irishman."

"Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?"

(With marked, and somewhat indignant emphasis) "A Protestant."

Buonaparte now moved somewhat quicker than before round the circle, passing by some of the officers without speaking to them, after individual introduction, and addressing merely a word, as to length of service, to one or two others. When he arrived at the point where I stood, Marshal Bertrand made me a bow of recognition; on which the great man stopped, and the Marshal formally introduced me as the English Physician who had recently attended his eldest son, Napoleon's little namesake and favourite. He then looked at me with a slight expression of complacency, and said—

"You have served in India?"

"Yes."

"You had much professional duty there?"

"A good deal, certainly."

"Were diseases of the liver very common in India?"

"Yes, they occur there more frequently than in colder climates."

"Your soldiers drink an enormous quantity of brandy in India?"

"They are much too fond of spirits; arrack is cheap there, and the climate makes them thirsty."

"Do you bleed and give large doses of calomel there, as the English doctors do here?"

"I believe the practice is similar."

"Are you, too, a devotee of the lancet? Ah, God defend me from it!" ("Ah, Dieu m'en garde!")

"In my opinion it is our most potent weapon."

"To kill or cure, Eh, M. le Docteur?"

"It is our duty to cure."

Then Ensign Wardell—

"You are a young man. How long have you served?"

"Seven years."

"You entered the service very young then."

"Yes, but I have served in the Navy."

"You were a midshipman?"

"Yes."

One or two more were asked one question as to length of service, and the round was completed. Napoleon then addressed Colonel Nicol a second time—

"So, the Sepoys are good troops?"

"Yes, they are excellent soldiers, respectful, sober, and obedient."

"But yet you would fight five or six of their battalions with your own regiment?"

"Not Sepoys with British officers. I should not like to engage two such battalions."

A few sentences were then exchanged between Buonaparte, Marshal Bertrand, and Sir George Bingham; and we all bowed and retired.

As we walked home to Deadwood, and calmly reviewed what had passed, and compared the appearance, manner, and conversation of Buonaparte with our preconceived ideas, expectations, and prepossessions, the general feeling was great disappointment; but this might have been reasonably anticipated. Without reference to the usual sobering effect of vicinity and contact, in dissipating the gilded halos with which a sanguine fancy invests distant and remarkable objects, the interview with Napoleon had dissolved a glory, par excellence. A fascinating

prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Napoleon had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression, which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination.

At our mess-dinner the same evening, our illustrious neighbour had evidently fallen off by one half, from our notions concerning him of the day before. Of course our conversation was exclusively occupied by the great event of the day, which would form a sort of epoch in our lives. Various and amusing enough was the confidential chat over our wine that evening: some were much dissatisfied at the answers they had given, and wished the affair could be reacted, that they might behave better. One or two honest fellows acknowledged the loss of all presence of mind on the occasion. We had some mirth at L'Estrange's expense, about the "Drink?" "Drink?" and the fuddling propensity of which he was so unceremoniously accused by Buonaparte; though the charge was quite unfounded. Besides, we were puzzled to understand by what peculiar mode of reasoning the Emperor had established the whimsical connexion between intemperance and a dark complexion; and the more particularly, as it would bear hard on himself.

Colonel Nicol's reply to Napoleon's question about the Sepoys was deservedly admired as happy and correct. The interrogation was, in all probability, a trap; and the querist conceived, very likely, that in the Colonel's desire to puff his own corps, he might choose to elevate its character at the expense of disparaging the Sepoys. For it is well known that

Buonaparte generally spoke slightingly of our Indian Army; and any depreciation of the excellent troops that compose it could scarcely be unacceptable to him. Besides the peculiar dislike he might entertain for that army, as a vast though distant bulwark of British power, there was a strong association formed in his mind between it and an illustrious individual, for whom he never had reason to cherish much affection. He, himself, was believed to be the writer of an article in the "Moniteur," about the time of Massena's advance on Torres Vedras, full of virulent abuse of England and the English army; in which Lord Wellington was opprobriously designated "only a Sepoy General."

My brother officers quizzed Moffat about his emphatic "I am a Protestant;" nor did M'Carthy's "absolution" at Rio escape comment. They were also a little severe on myself, misapplying the question of Napoleon as to the soldiers drinking brandy in India; however, as "my withers were unwrung" in that matter, I could afford to join in the laugh. There was more point in their jokes about the lancet, and they unanimously adopted Buonaparte's exclamation—"Ah, Dieu m'en garde!" as a capital môt, deserving of all remembrance.

The abruptness with which Napoleon dropped Colonel Dodgin's Vittoria medal became the subject of much conversation at the mess. Yet was the gesture natural enough, for the recollection of the sad consequences of that battle, both in Spain, and as materially influencing the decision of Austria against him at a most critical time, must have caused a bitter pang. Poor man! how changed now his condition, surrounded in captivity by men bearing on

their breasts the badges of triumph over his armies, from the period of his brilliant leveés at the Thuilleries, in the midst of a circle of the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz!*

* I have, both at the time and subsequently, collated the respective statements of the officers with each other, as to the exact conversation with Napoleon, and compared them with my own Minutes made the same day. There were a few unimportant discrepancies in their recollections of what had passed, but the detail in the text is, I believe, as faithful an account as possible, under the circumstances of such an interview, and without a professed reporter.

CHAPTER XXX.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE ISLAND.—EARTHQUAKE.—OCCASIONAL SUDDEN RISE OF THE SURF AROUND THE SHORES FROM NO KNOWN CAUSE.—TWO OFFICERS OF THE 66TH LOST IN IT WHEN FISHING ON THE ROCKS.—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE AUTHOR.—TREPIDATION OF A BRIGADIER AT SIGHT OF A PUNCH BOWL.

"But neither these nor all Apollo's arts
Disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves and spur the lagging blood."
ARMSTRONG.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ruggedness of the surface of our island, a race-course had been traced out at Deadwood, and we had our spring and autumn meetings; but being south of the equator, the spring races took place in September, and the autumn in April. There was scarcely an English horse in St. Helena when we first arrived; but the Cape breed, with a cross of the Arab, were shewy and compact, though small animals, possessing much speed for a short distance, but of course destitute of the more game qualities of the high bred English racer.

During the first day's sport after our arrival, an awkward circumstance occurred on the course which every body regretted when it could not be helped. A certain half-mad and drunken piqueur of Napoleon, named Archambault, took it into his head to gallop within the ropes when the course was cleared, and

the horses coming up. For this transgression he was pursued by one of the stewards, and horse-whipped out of the forbidden limits. This gentleman knew not that the offender belonged to the Longwood Establishment, or he would, no doubt, have spared his whip; particularly as Napoleon at the time was sitting on a bench outside his residence, looking at the crowd through a glass; and we were apprehensive that he might interpret the accidental chastisement his servant received, into a premeditated insult to the master.

But we did Napoleon injustice by the supposition. Mr. O'Meara told me the next day that he had distinctly witnessed everything that passed, and had been very angry when he saw Archambault galloping alone along the course, and was pleased to see him chastised; and that he had called him to his presence, and expended on him a few "f——— bêtes!" and "sacré cochons!" afterwards.

We had pheasants, partridges, and wild peacocks in St. Helena, which, with wild goats on an almost inaccessible and barren mountain promontory, called "the barn," from its shape, constituted our game. Owing to the peculiar conformation of the surface, and the steep rocky ridges on the upper parts of the island, shooting was very fatiguing; the birds, after a shot or two, had only to fly across a ravine a hundred yards, and the sportsman would probably be obliged to go two or three miles round before he could get another shot. The pheasants and partridges were strictly preserved; the peafowl were very wild, and inhabited the highest and roughest points and pinnacles. One noble cock led me a dance one day of fourteen or fifteen miles in the hot sun, and after all, got off with the loss of three or four of his quills.

On the night of the 21st of September, a little after I had fallen asleep, I was awaked by a strange motion of the bed, and jumped up immediately, for I recognized at once the well-known vibration of an earthquake. The bed-posts danced against the floor, and the glass and the delf jingled in the cupboard; but an instant's reflection shewed me there was no danger in the little frame-work wooden barracks we occupied; however, as the room was ceiled, and the falling of the lime into my eyes would not be pleasant, it was as well to walk out of the house. The shock lasted ten seconds, for its duration was ascertained by one of our officers, Captain Baird, who was sitting with some friends round his table, and had the curiosity and coolness to take out his watch and time the earthquake!

On the high plateau where we lived, and so favourably circumstanced as to the nature of our domiciles, there was no danger to be apprehended; the island might shake away as it pleased, without doing any harm to our wooden cribs; and the only thing to be feared was the sudden subsidence of the whole rock in the depths of the ocean, from whence it had evidently sprung. Even in this melancholy case we should be the last to go down. But the case was very different in the valley, and we looked for morning with great anxiety, anticipating the most terrible consequences from the loosened rocks tumbling down the steep sides of the mountains on James's Town. Fortunately our fears turned out groundless; yet how nothing started from among the tens of thousands of rocks bristling from the sides, many only held by a narrow and half-worn neck, was very extraordinary. The shock was rude enough in the town, shaking the houses well, and setting the church bell ringing vio-

lently. Its direction was said to be vertical, hence the little mischief that was done.

In the middle of October, we were all much shocked by accounts of the loss of the Julia brig of war, at anchor off the island of Tristan D'Acunha. It appeared that the surf had suddenly risen in the middle of the night, without any previous indication of danger, while the vessel was quietly lying at her moorings. The first awful wave awoke the crew, and the next, one minute after, tore her from her anchor, and dashed her to pieces against the rocks, with the loss of every soul on board!

When on a calm evening I have sat on the top of the high sugar-loaf peak of Flag Staff Hill, and viewed the ever surging waves churning themselves into foam against the black barrier of rock immediately below me, which was to leeward of the mass of the island, and quite sheltered from the wind; I used to ponder on the cause of this eternal surf, that in tideless seas and against the wind breaks in some parts of the world so regularly, in others so capriciously, but in all so violently against the shore. The result of my humble meditations was this: the primum mobile is the rotation of the earth upon its axis, influenced in high latitudes and near the equator by want of perfect sphericity in its globe, hence the greater surfs in those regions; occasioned equally by the flatness near the poles, and the prominence at the equator. Seasons, tides, storms, and other disturbing contingencies may modify this impulse a little, either in diminution or increase, but it continues, and always must continue, as a physical effect of a permanent cause, so long as our planet whirls through space.

It would be very desirable to know a little more of these modifications, and to ascertain if there be any

general laws which govern the motions of the surf, either within an annual or semi-annual period, or a cycle of years. With this object it might be useful to make its condition a point of minute observation and record in all meteorological registers kept where it prevails most, which is generally in tropical latitudes. On the Coromandel coast the surf is manifestly under the direct influence of the wind, and rises or falls with the monsoon, so as to render the shore accessible when that stormy period ceases; but in many of the South Sea islands, Pitcairn's in particular, I believe, and at Ascension, Tristan D'Acunha, and St. Helena, a gigantic wave twenty feet high will sometimes foam in on the shore without the slightest premonition, and in the calmest and clearest weather.

I ought to speak feelingly and to feel grateful when alluding to this subject, for I was once very nearly the victim of such ocean treachery. Knowing my fondness for piscatorial pursuits in salt or fresh water, Lieutenants Davy and M'Dougall of the 66th proposed to me one night at the mess, in December, 1817, to go to fish with them at daylight next morning, off some huge rocks to the south-west of the island. The weather was fine, and the morning broke calm and clear. I arose at the appointed hour, but soon after, a fit of unaccountable drowsiness came on, and although punctilious in keeping appointments, and one of my friends tapped at the window, I declined accompanying him, and again composed myself to sleep.

I got up at the usual hour, and after breakfast rode down to James's Town. A little after dismounting, a soldier came running from the signal post, with a signal just made from Deadwood in his hand. It was

an order to return immediately with all speed; my two friends had been suddenly washed off the rock where they had been sitting fishing in all apparent security, twenty feet above the water, one minute before. Parties were going in search of their bodies, and I was directed to accompany them, in the faint hope of resuscitation.

But, poor fellows! they were never found. M'Dougall had been recently married to a St. Helena lady; and his companion, warm-hearted and generous Davy, knowing that he could not swim, and seeing the end of a fishing-rod within his own grasp, which the servant, who sat higher on the rocks, and escaped the wave, had stretched out to him—cried out, "Seize it, M'Dougall, seize it—I can swim." M'Dougall did grasp the rod; but in the agitation of the moment he grasped it too violently—the slender top gave way, and he sunk to rise no more. Davy then suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and it was believed he had been seized by a shark. The ships of war of the station had boats out several days in quest of the bodies, but no vestige of them was ever discovered.

The officers of the navy and army lived very amicably together at St. Helena, although the circumstances of our financial condition, in the garrison, could scarcely fail of exciting some slight soreness and envy in the minds of our friends afloat. We were on the allowances of the Indian establishment, and our pay more than doubled theirs. Parties of our people were frequently dining on board the Conqueror, 74, the flag-ship; and afterwards, though not so often, on board the Vigo, 74, her successor; and we often had the pleasure of seeing our naval friends at the mess. Whilst the United Service met two or three times a week at Plantation House: for, severe,

and unjustly severe, as the judgment of the world has been against Sir Hudson Lowe, his enemies could never impeach the liberal hospitality of his table.

On the 25th of October we had the novelty of the arrival of two ships of war from India—the Melville, 74, and the Iphigenia Frigate, both new built teak ships, from the stocks of the Parsee ship-builder at Bombay, with the cacophonous name of Jutshudghee Bummaundjhee. The Melville had the timbers of another 74, also of teak, on board. Brigadier General K—— and two or three other officers were on board, and wished much to be allowed to wait on Napoleon; but that personage had now become exceedingly morose and disinclined to receive visitors, consequently they failed in their object.

I had at this time a very pretty chesnut horse, mixed Cape and Arab, named Whiskey, very active, but quiet and gentle, and who could beat any thing for the centre half mile of the race-course, but unfortunately failed at both ends. Nevertheless, he won me several matches down the steep part when I discovered his forte. Mr. Whiskey, with all his merits, had one weakness—he shied a good deal at meeting objects which he could not comprehend; and one of his incomprehensibles was a cask, or barrel, of any description—particularly in the act of progression. This was not a fault, strictly speaking, but a physical misfortune, dependant on an original defect in the shape of his eye; and which at some future time may be obviated by teaching horses to wear spectacles. At this time a supply of water for the troops at Deadwood was brought in casks from the side of a high mountain, named Diana's Peak, and rolled along the road, close to the perpendicular side of the enormous cavity, or crater, called the Punch Bowl. Many an

amusing little encounter Whiskey and his master had with these barrels; for my steed's imagination appeared to be as Quixotic, on approaching them, as the Knight's of the rueful countenance, and disported itself in similar amplifications. The road was narrow, and ran close to the very brim of the vast cavity, without fence or parapet. When I met a train of barrels, and the horse began to cock his ears and look frightened, I used to incline Whiskey to the Punch Bowl—as was but natural—until finding himself on the very edge, and being fully as anxious to avoid going down as his rider, he was in the habit of choosing the lesser of the two evils, (for he could not bear to go quietly past them,) dashing desperately at the water-casks, and clearing them all in succession, with a spring a yard higher than was necessary.

When going down to James's Town one morning, I met General K—— riding very cautiously along the edge of the precipice, mounted on a fiery, hard-mouthed, unmanageable brute, belonging to Mr. Balcombe, called Emperor. He appeared to be in great trepidation and perplexity, casting now and then an anxious glance down into the immense hollow, as if measuring its depth and the steepness of its sides. We stopped to exchange salutations, when the General accosted me—"Pray do you ride a quiet horse, Doctor?" "Very." "Then you will do me a particular favour if you will exchange with me for the day, for I am sure this savage brute will land me in the Punch Bowl before I get to Deadwood." "Certainly, General, with much pleasure." So I gave him Whiskey and mounted Emperor.

There was a return fatigue party, rolling before them about twenty empty casks, that I knew the Brigadier must meet; and I supposed I should see

an amusing little rencounter when they came in contact; to enjoy which I dismounted, and led my horse to an eminence commanding the road. As soon as the General and Whiskey approached the first cask, the horse pricked up his ears, fidgetted and swerved against the bank, then bolted across towards the edge of the bowl; and on his rider unwittingly touching him with the spur, the gallant animal charged the barrels, and cleared the whole series in his usual high stile, making a score of consecutive leaps, without halting, amidst great cheering from the soldiers—

> "And every soul cried out—'Well done!'
> As loud as he could bawl."

How the astonished Brigadier managed to stick to the horse, with his arms round his neck and his feet all abroad, was wonderful enough.

There was a neat little theatre in James's Town, and the garrison and navy furnished a respectable corps of amateurs. The manager, principal performer, scene-painter, and factotum, was a worthy officer of the Commissariat named Ibbetson. He is now stationed at Gibraltar, and if he should, par hazard, ever see these pages, I beg leave to offer him my kind remembrance and thanks for the benefit of many a laugh in the James's Town theatre. In the beginning of November this year, Henry the Fourth was got up, chiefly to show off my old patient, Colonel Dodgin, as Falstaff—and an admirable Falstaff he made, with little stuffing. He played the jolly old Knight so well, and looked the very Falstaff of Shakspeare so perfectly, that the play was encored three times in one week to a bumper house.

Soon after our arrival, the regiment commenced a series of monthly balls at Deadwood, which were at

first well attended by the fair islanders, but this did not last long. Some calumniators attributed this cessation of honouring us with their company to low and sordid motives; and averred, that after three or four months trial, and no proposals yet forthcoming, the yamstock ladies condemned us as irreclaimable bachelors, and went off in a huff.

At the monthly ball on New Year's Eve we had the honour of Marshal, the Countess Bertrand's, and General Gourgaud's company: the evening past off well—our distinguished visitors forgot their grievances for the night, and harmonized with the general festivity; and the dancing was prolonged till the broad and ruddy face of Eighteen hundred and eighteen's eldest sun looked in at the windows. It is bold enough after dancing to "dare the dawn;" but let no lady who has not the odd taste of liking to be deemed an absolute fright, and of petrifying her lover with the full effect of a Gorgon's head, ever meet the sun face to face under the above circumstances.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF CYPRIANI, MAITRE D'HOTEL TO NAPOLEON.—MR. O'MEARA.—HIS RANCOUR AGAINST SIR HUDSON LOWE.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE LATTER.—VISIT OF THEODORE HOOK.—IMMENSE TURTLE.—NAPOLEON IN A RAGE AT THE INVASION OF HIS PREMISES.—PUNISHES THE INVADERS.

"Blunted unto goodness is the heart which anger never stirreth,
But that which hatred swelleth is keen to carve out evil.
Hatred would harm another; anger would indulge itself:
Hatred is a simmering poison; anger the opening of a valve:
Hatred destroyeth as the upas tree; anger smiteth as a staff:
Hatred is the atmosphere of Hell; but anger is known in Heaven."
TUPPER.

IN the month of February, 1818, Buonaparte's maitre d'hotel, Cypriani, a faithful servant, who had followed all the vicissitudes of his fortune from the time he was a Lieutenant of Artillery in 1794, was attacked with inflammation of the bowels. The symptoms having assumed a dangerous character, Mr. O'Meara requested me to see him. Accordingly, having obtained the Governor's permission, I repaired to Longwood, and continued to attend the patient until his death, which took place on the 26th of February.

This poor man suffered excruciating pain in the early stages of his disease. I had known him previous to his illness, and often had long conversations with him, when we chanced to meet in our evening walks. Although Buonaparte's devoted servant, he was one of the most violent republican jacobins I ever met, and a person of a class that I had imagined had

almost ceased to exist in France under the Imperial rule.

In the course of my attendance at Longwood, I was not a little surprised to learn accidentally that Napoleon had never visited his faithful servant during his last illness. No doubt this mark of respect would have been highly gratifying to the patient, yet it is a fact that no visit ever took place, although the sick man's chamber was under the Emperor's roof, and not twenty feet distant from his bath. I have reason to believe, however, from the assertion of Mr. O'Meara, that during the last evening of Cypriani's malady, and when he was in a state of delirious insensibility, his master proposed to see him, but was dissuaded by Mr. O'Meara, on the ground that the patient was not then in a state to recognise the Emperor. According to O'Meara, Napoleon then talked a little extravagantly of the effect his presence might produce, even in these desperate circumstances. It might reanimate the expiring efforts of nature, as it had retrieved the fatal disorder of his army at Arcola and Marengo. Notwithstanding this flourish, the man died unvisited by his master; and I confess, when I have read the affecting circumstances of the death of Duroc and other Generals, whose dying hours the Emperor's presence and sympathy soothed and comforted, no slight degree of incredulity has arisen in my mind in contrasting his deportment then and now. The key may be—it behoved him to assume grief, if he did not feel it, at the bedside of the dying Marshal. In the case of the devoted servant, no object of consequence was to be attained.

Some time after Cypriani's death, Mr. O'Meara called on me at Deadwood, with a smiling countenance, to tell me he was the bearer of good news, on

which he offered me his congratulations. The Emperor, it appeared, had consulted him as to the propriety of giving a fee, or a present, to the English Physician who had attended his servant, and the result was that a present had been preferred. Mr. O'Meara added, that Napoleon had condescended to ask the name of the English Doctor, and whether he was married or single; and that the business had ended in an order for a breakfast service of plate, to be sent to Rundell and Bridges, Ludgate Hill, London.

This was all very pleasing information, and it was not unnatural for me to felicitate myself on the prospect of such a present, coming from such a quarter. Waking visions, too, of the pride I should hereafter feel in exhibiting my tea service, or in asking my friends to the first déjeuner where it would be sported, might be forgiven; mixed with speculations as to the number of the pieces and the pattern of the plate. Nay, I will acknowledge—since I have kept few secrets from the reader—that I lost one entire night's sleep by these anticipations. Unfortunately the sequel proved, that as there are many slips between the cup and the lip, so an accident may keep asunder the teapot and the cup.

A few days after this communication Mr. O'Meara again called; but this time his countenance had no such riant expression as on the former occasion. A difficulty had occurred: a statute had passed in the British Parliament lately, constituting the acceptance of any gift from Napoleon, or any of his suite in St. Helena, a criminal act. It was therefore necessary, previous to any farther step, to ascertain how I felt disposed, and whether I would consent to accept the Emperor's present clandestinely, and without

the knowledge of the Governor. This, it was now the object of Mr. O'Meara to ascertain: the Emperor, he assured me, having an invincible repugnance to have any communication, direct or indirect, with Sir Hudson Lowe; or, as he expressed it, to permit any gift from himself to be contaminated by passing through the hands of "Cain," which was his favourite nick-name for the Governor.

I took a little time to consult with my friends; more, indeed, as a thing usual in such cases, than from any doubt of what was proper to be done. Two hours after, Mr. O'Meara returned to Longwood with the information that I could not, without risking my commission, accept any present unknown to the Governor; but that I would ask his permission, which, there was little doubt, would be granted. I knew by Mr. O'Meara's significant gesture of shaking his head at parting, that the thing was all at an end; and so it turned out. I heard no more of my plate.

The matter was plain enough—a palpable attempt at a bribe, to enlist even so humble a person as myself into Napoleon's service, and to bind him down to implicit obedience, by first making him commit himself in a wrong action. This did not altogether rest on Mr. O'Meara's assertion; for afterwards, in returning from St. Helena, General Montholon assured me that the present was, bona fide, intended for me, and would have been sent, if the abovementioned difficulty had not come in the way.

About this time, Mr. O'Meara, having been discovered tampering with two or three individuals resident on the island, with the object of prevailing on them to accept presents clandestinely from Napoleon, in violation of the regulations in force; and being

also accused of repeating the confidential conversation of our mess—of which he was an honorary member—at Longwood, the Governor stated the facts of the case to Sir George Bingham and the Commanding Officer of the 66th, intimating to the latter his opinion that Mr. O'Meara should not be permitted to continue a member of the mess, he having abused the privileges his position gave him. At this time Colonel Nicol had gone to England, and another officer, whose name I do not mention, commanded the regiment. Without consulting the officers of the mess, or submitting for their consideration the facts communicated to him by the Governor, he sent a written intimation to Mr. O'Meara, that his society was no longer desired by the regiment; which pretty strong hint the Doctor disregarded, came to dinner the same day, and afterwards appealed to the officers of the mess as to the propriety of his conduct whilst mixing with them. Having been kept in the dark as to the real culpability of O'Meara, and being, perhaps, a little piqued at the proceedings of their Commanding Officer, they readily certified to the gentlemanly deportment of Mr. O'Meara whilst he was a member of the mess.

Mr. O'Meara, on finding his intrigues with the persons he had tried to bribe discovered, sent in his resignation; whilst at the same time Napoleon applied for a foreign medical attendant. Sir Hudson Lowe sent home these applications; confining Mr. O'Meara to the bounds of Longwood, and placing him under the same restrictions as the other persons of Napoleon's household. A few weeks after this an order arrived from England to send home Mr. O'Meara; not from any representations from Sir Hudson Lowe —for there was not time for the recent offence of this

gentleman to be communicated—but in consequence of information received by the government at home, inculpating him as the tool of the fallen Emperor.

It is, I think, much to be regretted that the officers of the 66th mess should have given Mr. O'Meara any written certificate of good conduct whilst a member of their mess. However correct his behaviour might have been before, the gross insult to our commanding officer, and indirectly to ourselves, of sitting down to dinner after the prohibitory note he had received, ought to have prevented any verbal or written testimony being given a man who could act with such effrontery. As it turned out, our certificate eventually became one chief prop to the credibility of O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," a specious but sophistical book, full of misrepresentations, yet more remarkable for the suppressio veri than the assertio falsi.

My small work has nothing whatever to do with party, nor can its Author have any object or interest but to tell the truth to the best of his judgment, and give an impartial opinion on matters coming within his own observation in St. Helena. With reference to the breach of social confidence in reporting our mess conversation to Buonaparte, I have no doubt whatever of the fact. In the unreserve of conversation with Madame Bertrand on the voyage to England, after the death of Napoleon, she acknowledged to me that this charge was true. Indeed I can well conceive that O'Meara would have delighted in gratifying the illustrious prisoner by conveying to him any isolated expression of ardent youth heated by wine in his favour; and possibly in derogation of the restraints that were necessarily placed upon him. These accidental effusions would be construed

by Napoleon and his suite into the opinion of the whole garrison of the island, and quoted as such in their acrimonious remonstrances with the Governor.

There can scarcely be any reasonable doubt entertained, by those at all acquainted with the circumstances of the case, that Mr. O'Meara suffered himself to be cajoled and fascinated into the admirer, adherent, agent, and tool of Napoleon. I will not say corrupted, for he was of a nature to scorn a pecuniary bribe. Yet in one sense he was corrupted. He was perverted from his proper duty and allegiance, his judgment was warped, his conceptions of right and wrong were weakened and confounded, and his principles undermined, by the blandishments and sophistries of the great Machiavel with whom he held daily converse.

Mr. O'Meara was dismissed from the British service for having officially insinuated that Sir Hudson Lowe had suborned him to poison Buonaparte, or sounded him respecting such a crime, nine or ten months before he made the communication to government. The secretary to the Admiralty said, "You have either fabricated this most grave accusation, or it is true. If the charge is false, you are unworthy to remain in the service; if, on the other hand, the horrid and improbable imputation is true, you have grossly violated your duty in concealing such an atrocity so long." Now I do not perceive any way of escape from this dilemma.

"That a young Major-General, appointed to one of the most important and lucrative commands in the gift of the crown should have lost sight of his own interest so far as to destroy the tenure by which he held his appointment; or in other words, shorten the life of his lease, carries absurdity on the face of it, even

putting out of sight any moral consideration of the question. If, as I believe was the case, Mr. O'Meara wilfully misconceived some peevish expression of the governor, in a moment of irritation at some recent tracasserie going on at Longwood, and construed it into this horrid design or desire; then, after brooding over it ten months, made it the subject of an official accusation, I dispassionately think his conduct was most vile, and that he richly merited dismissal from the service.

I have been informed since, on authority which I cannot doubt, that Mr. O'Meara had a friend in London, the private secretary of Lord M——lle, who found it convenient to have a correspondent in St. Helena, then a highly interesting spot, who should give him all the gossip of the Island for the First Lord of the Admiralty, to be sported in a higher circle afterwards for the Prince Regent's amusement. The patronage of Lord M——lle was thus secured; and Mr. O'Meara, confident in this backing, stood out stiffly against Sir Hudson Lowe. The latter was quite ignorant of this intrigue against the proper exercise of his authority; and when he discovered it afterwards, he found it was a delicate matter to meddle with; involving the conduct of a cabinet minister, and affecting, possibly, the harmony of the ministry. Even after the developement of the vile poisoning charge against the Governor, the influence of the first lord was exerted to screen O'Meara, but in vain; for Lord Liverpool exclaimed, as in another well known instance, of a very different description, "It is too bad!"

Still Mr. O'Meara has had his reward. He is now beyond the reach of praise or blame, but it can scarcely be deemed harsh or uncharitable to say, that his con-

duct at St. Helena made him very popular with the liberal section of politicians. He has been embalmed in a couplet by Lord Byron, was pensioned deservedly by the Buonaparte family, admitted to the affections of a rich old lady on account of his politics, and again largely pensioned by his doting wife; besides being admired, quoted, and panegyrized by all the Buonapartists yet extant, all the Levellers, Jacobins, and Radicals, and a large proportion of the Democrats and Republicans in the world.

In March and April 1818 the weather became very wet at Deadwood, and the high lands of the Island; and the duties of the soldiers, in dragging up from James's Town materials for the new house about to be erected for Napoleon, in digging its foundations, and clearing away the rubbish, being very severe and laborious, bowel complaints became frequent amongst the men. As the season improved the sickness wore off.

From an accident that happened to the surgeon, by a fall from his horse, on account of which he went to England, soon after our arrival in St. Helena, I assumed medical charge of the regiment, and kept it nearly three years. I mention this chiefly to prove, that I had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the climate, and of judging respecting its character in relation to human health; and the nature of the most common diseases in the island. I append a note to substantiate this assertion.*

---

* *Extract from General Orders of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B. dated St. Helena, 23rd May,* 1821:

"The Lieutenant-General desires that Colonel Nicol will also express to Assistant-Surgeon Henry the high sense entertained of his very meritorious services in this Island.

"In consequence of the accident that befell the Surgeon of the Regiment, soon after his arrival here, the duties of Surgeon have

For a tropical climate, only fifteen degrees from the line, St. Helena, is certainly a healthy island; if not the most healthy of this description in the world. During one period of twelve months, we did not lose one man by disease out of five hundred of the 66th quartered at Deadwood. In 1817, 18, and 19, Fahrenheit's thermometer kept at the hospital there, ranged from fifty-five to seventy degrees, with the exception of two calm days when it rose to eighty. It was about twelve degrees higher in the valleys and in James's Town on an average; but from the situation of the latter, and the peculiar radiation of heat to which it was exposed, the temperature was sometimes upwards of ninety. The great source of health and comparative coolness in St. Helena is the south-east trade wind, coming from an immense extent of the Southern Ocean, which winnows the rock, and wafts over it every morning a cloudy awning that mitigates the strong sun. This is not without concomitant humidity in the highlands for half the year; but the inconvenience is as nothing compared with the comfort, fertility, and salubrity which the clouds bestow.

Notwithstanding the assertions of Napoleon's adherents, who had an interest in painting the place in as dark colours as they could, I must maintain that, correctly speaking, we had no endemic disease in the island. Human life, certainly, did not extend to the same length as in cooler regions, though some organs appeared to be privileged there; diseases of the lungs,

---

fallen during a long period on Mr. Henry; and the Lieut.-General is happy to acknowledge the able and satisfactory manner in which these duties, as well as every other call of his profession, have been attended to by him.

(Signed) J. Reade,
Deputy Adjutant-General.

for instance, being very rare. It has been stated that there are no old people in the island, but this is certainly a mistake, though the proportion may appear small to an English eye. I believe it is as large as in Spain and the south of Italy; and I have seen some blacks of eighty, and whites approaching ninety. The upper parts of St. Helena, including the residence of Buonaparte, are decidedly the most healthy; and we often moved our regimental convalescents from James's Town to Deadwood for cooler and better air. The clouds moved so steadily and regularly with the trade wind, that there appeared to be no time for atmospherical accumulations of electricity, and we never had any thunder or lightning. No instance of hydrophobia in man or any inferior animal had ever been known in St. Helena.

About this time General Gourgaud quarrelled with Napoleon, left Longwood, and went to reside at the other end of the island. There were reports at the time circulated at Longwood as to the cause of the rupture, which were not creditable to the General; and he was even broadly accused by the French people of threatening to divulge certain secrets to the English Government if he did not receive a sum of money to keep silence. At any rate, the suite of Napoleon did all they could to damage his veracity by disparaging his character after he left them; but some of the stories they told were too improbable to be believed; for instance, Mr. O'Meara assured me that Gourgaud, when he found he could extort no money, used the extraordinary threat respecting the plots at Longwood for the evasion of Napoleon, "J'écrirai ce que je sais et ce que je ne sais pas."

Now in all this matter, I believe they did General Gourgaud great injustice; and in this opinion I have

been recently confirmed by an officer who had better means of knowing the real facts than any other person who served at St. Helena. The following is an extract of a communication made to me by the gentleman in question, whose statement is entitled to every respect.

"So much nonsense has been written about General Gourgaud, that I feel induced to tell you shortly what were the circumstances attending his quitting Napoleon. At Longwood, as well as on the throne, the Machiavelian policy, "Divide et impera," was the Ex-Emperor's rule; the result of which was injurious to him in the extreme; for imbued with jealousy, distrust, and enmity amongst themselves, his little band of followers soon found their position anything but agreeable. I fancy the Count de Las Cas was very glad to get out of the mess, and General Gourgaud at length found his isolated situation so irksome as to be no longer bearable. An active and intelligent Officier d'Ordonnance, he had been rapidly promoted about the time of Napoleon's struggles in Germany, prior to the battle of Leipsig; (he is mentioned very favourably in Caulaincourt's Memoirs) and I believe followed his master into exile from attachment to his person. I do not know precisely the origin of his disagreement with Buonaparte at Longwood, but have some reason to think they were not cordial for any length of time after reaching St. Helena. At the period when Gourgaud applied for permission to leave the island, Counts Bertrand and Montholon with himself formed the whole suite. The two first were but just upon speaking terms, while Montholon and Gourgaud were at open enmity, as was often avowed by the latter. Bertrand and Montholon had their separate establishments, and were living comfortably with their

families, while Gourgaud remained in solitude. I used frequently to call and chat with him, when he would often lament his hard fate, and sigh for la belle France, for Paris and les Boulevards.

"At length, maladie de pays got the better of him, and he determined to leave Longwood. Sir Hudson Lowe sent for me, and having mentioned Gourgaud's wish, asked whether it would be agreeable for me to reside with him until an opportunity should offer for his quitting St. Helena. 'I propose this to you,' added the Governor, 'from thinking such an arrangement would be acceptable to General Gourgaud, and in consequence of his conduct having been quite unexceptionable, so far as our regulations have affected him; I therefore shall be glad to please him in this matter.' Accordingly, General Gourgaud and myself were installed in a comfortable house, in which servants and a table were provided for us at the expense of Government. We lived near the residences of the Austrian and Russian Commissioners, whom we occasionally visited, and nothing could exceed the attention and hospitality of Sir Hudson Lowe to General Gourgaud. If the latter be still alive, I feel certain he must retain a pleasing recollection of the treatment he then met with.

"In justice to that excellent and grossly maligned individual, Sir Hudson Lowe, I shall now relate a circumstance which I am sure General Gourgaud will be ready to confirm. When the latter removed from Longwood, I accompanied him to the Governor's residence, where I took an opportunity to leave him and Sir Hudson tête à tête. Immediately on our riding from Plantation House together, the General broke out into strong exclamations of surprise that Sir Hudson should simply have received his visit as

the call of one gentleman upon another, without even alluding to Longwood during their conversation. 'I expected,' added he, 'that the Governor would have seized with avidity so favourable an occasion as my excited state offered to gather from me some information about the goings on at Longwood. Je ne reviens pas de mon étonnement, non, je n'en reviens pas.' These expressions of surprise he repeated over and over again during our short ride. I may add, that I had many opportunities of remarking the really chivalrous delicacy of Sir Hudson in reference to General Gourgaud.

"Although the Emperor and the General did not part the best friends, yet, as it was known at Longwood that the latter was unprovided with funds, a considerable sum was offered to him by Napoleon, and even pressed on his acceptance when leaving Longwood, which he declined to receive. But soon after, when about to embark for England, the poor General found the usual inconveniences of a penniless position, and sent me to Longwood to ask Marshal Bertrand for a loan of two or three hundred pounds. The Marshal declined, saying that the Emperor had offered him a much larger sum, the refusal of which was most disrespectful; but added, that even then, if General Gourgaud would accept the Emperor's gift, he would also lend him the sum he asked. Bertrand's words were, 'Qu'il ne me mette pas dans la position de manquer à l'Empereur.'

"Gourgaud was a good deal distressed by the refusal of Bertrand, which was quite unexpected, but still declined placing himself under a pecuniary obligation to Napoleon; and would have sailed to England without a shilling but for Sir Hudson Lowe, who, as soon as he learned the circumstances, sent

him by me an order for one hundred pounds on his banker in London."

Lieutenant, now Major J——n, who gave me the above details, is a very gallant and intelligent officer, with whom in the St. Helena times I was long and intimately acquainted.* He was stationed at Longwood when the 66th were quartered at Deadwood, and was an honorary member of our mess. Finding the time a little heavy on hand after the first novelty of the neighbourhood of Buonaparte had worn away, the officers of the regiment had ordered out a first-rate London billiard table, which was set up in a room adjoining the mess-room, and formed a powerful magnet to attract round it all the idlers and loungers, that is, every officer not on duty. The room was generally crowded from breakfast till six o'clock, and it was a matter of no small difficulty to get a chance of playing a game; for there was always a long list of names on a slate, almost as formidable in number as the candidates for admission to the United Service Club. At this time Major J——n and myself were rivals at this fascinating game, and used often to meet on the breezy hill above the barracks,

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn,"

to steal a march on our boon companions of the mess, and enjoy a quiet and scientific rubber whilst they were yet fast asleep. The only individual aggrieved by this arrangement was the marker, whose morning slumbers were abridged, but he often made up for the loss by nodding between the hazards.

From the confidential position occupied by Major J——n at St. Helena, and his intimacy with the Longwood people, no one is so minutely acquainted with our insular res gestæ. Having referred to him for

information on the subject of General Gourgaud, he was so good as to write to me at some length, which the foregoing extract will prove. Let me add here, that the honourable traits he gives of Sir Hudson Lowe are in my humble opinion quite in keeping with the true character of that distinguished officer.

We had a race ball after the autumn meeting in James's Town, where an individual present furnished the greatest amusement, so as to put a stop to the dancing. The late Theodore Hook happened to be at this time in St. Helena, on his way to England from the Mauritius, where he had been treasurer. Some defalcation was found in his accounts, which was believed to be owing to the dishonesty of the head clerk, who destroyed himself. However, the authorities there considered Hook implicated, and sent him home a prisoner under the charge of a Captain of the 56th. As he facetiously observed, the Governor had prescribed a voyage round the Cape for a complaint of his chest. When the company sat down to supper, Hook began to improvise most cleverly, rhyming away extempore with much wit and talent on any given subject, and singing as he went on to some well known tune. He obeyed the calls of half the company as to themes for improvisation, and kept everybody in a roar of laughter till near sunrise.

Napoleon was excessively annoyed at Mr. O'Meara being sent to England, and now closed himself up entirely within the bounds of Longwood House and garden, and the adjoining residence of Marshal Bertrand; although he could at this time have ridden through the neighbourhood, a distance of eight or nine miles, unattended, had he so chosen. Mr. O'Meara being gone, there was much difficulty in providing the Emperor with a medical attendant;

the Longwood people wished to have Mr. Stokoe, surgeon of the Conqueror, 74, appointed to this duty; the Governor acquiesced, and Mr. Stokoe was sent to Longwood. Anticipating, however, that Mr. Stokoe's good nature and easy disposition would be tampered with, and that he might be asked to sign some exaggerated bulletin respecting the complaint of Buonaparte, to be sent home and published to excite sympathy in Europe, Mr. Stokoe was strictly charged by the Governor and the Admiral to sign no document whatever without their knowledge and permission. The new medical attendant, like many others, lost his wits in the presence of Napoleon, totally forgot his orders, and signed the first paper that was offered, for which disobedience the Admiral sent him home under arrest. Dr. Baxter, the principal medical officer on the island, was then placed at Buonaparte's disposal by Sir Hudson Lowe, but he indignantly refused to see him, coupling the refusal with an unworthy insinuation, that he distrusted any medical man in the confidence of the Governor, in other words, that he apprehended poison.

Notwithstanding this rebuff Sir Hudson ordered Dr. Verling of the Royal Artillery to take up his abode at Longwood, in a part of the building separated from the western end, which was occupied by Napoleon, to be at hand in case of any emergency. Dr. Verling is an esteemed friend of mine, and was well qualified in every respect for the duty on which he was employed; being a clever and well educated man, of gentlemanly and prepossessing manners and long military experience. After he had been four or five months resident at Longwood, Count Montholon one day, after an eloquent preamble, submitted to his consideration certain overtures of a very delicate

nature. In fact, under very clever circumlocution and softening and shading down, he was offered a very large bribe, to the amount of three thousand pounds, if he would abandon the Governor and attach himself to the Emperor, as Mr. O'Meara had done. Dr. Verling told me the particulars at the time, and the main facts were these, Count Montholon pledged himself, that in the event of Dr. Verling becoming "l'homme d'Empereur," as the Count expressed himself, funds to the amount of the principal, of which his Army pay was the interest, or between three and four thousand pounds, should be immediately placed at his disposal in London. The Count's proposition was indignantly rejected, the doctor mounted his horse and rode to Plantation House, reported the affair to the Governor, and requested to be relieved from a post where he was liable to such an insult. He could not be relieved at the time, and remained at Longwood until the arrival of Dr. Antommarchi. Although the health of Buonaparte was represented by Marshal Bertrand and General Montholon to be in a most precarious state when Dr. Verling first went to Longwood, he was not once consulted during the twelvemonth he was the resident physician.

When Dr. Antommarchi arrived in St. Helena, the Governor himself brought him to my hospital at Deadwood, and introduced him, requesting at the same time that I would permit him to visit it as often as he pleased; and generally that I would give him all the information of a professional nature he might desire, to make him acquainted with the local peculiarities, climate, &c. of the island. Of course I complied with, or rather expressed my readiness to meet the Governor's wishes; for, after this first visit Dr.

Antommarchi never did me the honour of visiting the hospital again.

The year 1818 passed away without anything else requiring much remark. After communications had been opened and established with Rio de Janeiro on one side, and Benguela in Africa on the other, our mess improved considerably.* We got large bullocks from the African coast, which after a few weeks good feeding yielded tolerable beef; whilst Rio furnished French claret at a reasonable rate, which was well suited to the climate, and relieved the earthy-tasted Cape wine, the ordinary beverage of the mess. Tolerable malt liquor was made in James's Town; we found out various new kinds of fish, amongst them a large dolphin-shaped fish, called the yellow tail, with a rich salmon flavour, and a delicious little schomber, named the old wife. Besides turtle would drop in from Ascension, only six hundred miles to the north, sometimes of prodigious size. One of these, the veritable "Father of Turtle," was sent me as a present by Captain Hunn of the Royal Navy, after a cruise with him round the island in his fine brig, the Redwing. It was the largest that had been caught for many years, weighing eight hundred pounds, and made the staple article at dinner for the messes of two regiments for three days. The shell afterwards formed the chief part of the roof of a hut for a soldier and his wife.

* Notwithstanding this improvement in our living, the superior quality of every thing used at Longwood at this time was notorious. The purveyor for that establishment found means always to monopolize the best meat; and his daily cart conveying provisions to Longwood often underwent the envious scrutiny of our officers, as they met it in the course of their rides; when the peevish exclamation, "We can't get any thing like that for the mess," was generally the result.

About this time an order was issued by the Governor, permitting fifty persons selected by Marshal Bertrand to visit his house without formal leave, as was necessary before. This list included several of the officers of the 66th, myself amongst the number, and I often availed myself of my right of entrée to call on the Bertrands and enjoy the animated conversation of the Countess.

One day after a long causerie, when in particularly good humour, she said, "Come here, doctor, come here, I am going to pay you the highest possible compliment; I shall measure your height by the standard of the Emperor's stature." So saying, she led me to a white door, and pointed out two pencil lines, one of which she had drawn as the height of Napoleon when he stood with his back to the door, and the other he had made when she took his place. It was a comfort when considering the immense disproportion in our intellectual stature, to know that I beat him by two inches in the physical. Madame Bertrand, who was very tall, also beat him by an inch. The Countess playfully remarked, when penciling my height a little above the other two marks, "There, doctor, yours is a proud position, standing above the tallest lady in the island, and the greatest man in the world." Of course my reply could only be, that my enviable position was due to the kind condescension of the finest woman either in one or the other.

Another day, when visiting Longwood, I found the Countess Bertrand in a very different mood; she was sobbing and in tears, and suffering, as she said, from bad headache. On taking leave I met the orderly officer resident at Longwood, who assured me that Madame Bertrand was lamenting the loss of two milk white kids, which, having trespassed on the Emperor's

little Chinese garden, he had slain with his own hand. The on dit was, that he had grown very irascible lately, from the circumstance of a bullock belonging to the East India Company having broken into this private spot. On this occasion he very naturally became angry, called for his gun, fired at the bullock and wounded it severely. Not long after the innocent kids jumped over the boundary, and a fit of passion again overmastering him, he shot them both, not waiting to consider whose they were.

When Mr. O'Meara quitted St. Helena he represented the state of Buonaparte's health as very bad, and pronounced him to be labouring under a dangerous disease of the liver, for which he said the patient was then taking medicine. Montholon even asserted in his letter to Sir Hudson Lowe at the time, that "in removing the physician from his patient when this course of medicine was commencing, a great crime was committed." Yet the fact is, there is the strongest reason to believe that at this time the Emperor was in his usual health, and had not touched medicine, to which he always had the greatest objection. Every body knew that Napoleon was quite a sceptic respecting the utility of physic, and trusted only to abstinence to set him right when he was out of order. He had often told Las Cases and others, that man was a machine intended to last a certain time; and he certainly never had shewn any desire to permit the hand of the doctor to clean the works and wind it up. But it now suited Buonaparte's views and those of his suite to make it be believed that he entertained every confidence in the powers of medicine, and was disposed to be the most tractable patient in the world.

After Mr. O'Meara's departure, when Buonaparte

was said to be so dangerously ill, time wore on, a year elapsed, but no change took place; whereas if real liver disease had existed at that time, the self-imposed confinement of the patient, the want of medical advice, and the mental irritation in which he often indulged at this period, were all causes specially calculated to increase and develope the mischief. Reasoning in this way, and learning that no change had taken place in his appetite, we came at length to the conclusion that the malady spoken of had no existence, and was merely simulated for political purposes, and to keep alive the flagging interest in Europe for an illustrious captive pining away in hopeless captivity.

It is extremely probable, and I believe it to be a fact, that Sir Hudson Lowe went to St. Helena determined to conduct himself with courtesy and kindness to Napoleon, and to afford him as many comforts and as much personal freedom as were consistent with his safe custody. I was intimately acquainted with the officer charged with the care of Longwood for nearly three years, and he assured me that the Governor repeatedly desired him to consult the comfort of the great man and his suite; to attend to their suggestions, and to make their residence as agreeable as possible. Two of the orderly officers at Longwood, namely, Majors Blakeney and Nicholls of the 66th regiment, have given me the same assurance. I have myself seen courteous notes from Sir Hudson Lowe to these officers, accompanying pheasants and other delicacies sent from Plantation House for Napoleon's table. Even after two unfortunate interviews, when the Emperor worked himself into a rage and used gross and insulting expressions to the Governor, evidently to put him into a passion, but without success,

(for Sir Hudson maintained perfect self-possession and self-command throughout;) even after this open breach the above civilities were not discontinued. Still when a pheasant, the greatest rarity in the island, appeared on the Governor's table, one was sure to be sent to Longwood.*

It would appear that Napoleon soon discovered certain advantages that his peculiar position gave him over Sir Hudson Lowe, and therefore there was no species of provocation which was not employed by him to lead the Governor to adopt some more stringent measure than was absolutely necessary, and on this afterwards to build complaint. He sought on two or three occasions to bring matters to an extremity; but finding there was a point beyond which Sir Hudson Lowe would not suffer him to proceed, he usually gave way on such occasions. The plain truth is, that any General Officer who should discharge his most important duty, of guarding the Machiavelian prisoner faithfully and effectually, however sweet his temper or bland his manners, would have been an object of dislike, if not reproach, to the French people. An archangel would not have satisfied them.. It must be admitted, at the same time,

---

* *Extract of a Letter to the Author from an Officer who served a long time at St. Helena.*

"I dined with Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm the day on which the last interview took place between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Pulteney being present. The admiral spoke freely of what passed on the occasion, mentioned the insulting expressions used by Napoleon to the Governor, which had much shocked Sir Pulteney, and his most ungentlemanly bearing throughout the interview, and bore ample testimony to the cool replies and admirable forbearance of Sir Hudson Lowe."

It was of his failure in putting the Governor into a rage on this occasion that the Emperor complained so much to Las Cases. "Had I but provoked him to bang the door after him when he left the room I would have been satisfied."

that the Governor was accused by Mr. O'Meara of occasional bursts of undignified and reprehensible passion in their interviews; and certainly, if this was true, great provocation was offered on these occasions. But I am inclined to believe that the statements of O'Meara, on this point, deserve little credit.*

I have often thought, and still think, that one act of negation of the British Government, when Napoleon first surrendered at Rochefort, and which was continued until his death, rankled in his heart, and produced much of the bitterness of his language, the cynicism and unmanageableness of his deportment, and many of the St. Helena difficulties. Though we had treated with Buonaparte in his Imperial capacity at Chatillon, and but for his want of faith and infatuated obstinacy would have made peace with him

---

* *Extract of a Letter to the Author from an Officer who had the best opportunities of knowing the Character of Sir Hudson Lowe.*

"—— It strikes me that any one would be led from this passage to infer that Sir Hudson Lowe is, or was, a man of much infirmity of temper and little self-command. Now few persons, if any, are better acquainted with Sir Hudson than myself. When he was Quarter Master General in the Netherlands in 1814 and 1815, I was a Deputy Assistant in the department, and attached to the office, when I was with him every day, and had indeed more communication with him than others, and sometimes of a confidential character. I also at that time saw him when certain circumstances gave him much annoyance; but cannot recollect any single instance of his breaking out into any unseemly bursts of anger, or shewing real uncourteousness. He was very much liked by all who served under him; being at all times kind, considerate, generous, and hospitable." ——"I have good reason to believe that towards Napoleon and his suite the Governor's bearing was at all times correct and proper. Except Las Cases, I was intimate with all the individuals of the suite—especially so with Montholon (even after his return to Europe) —and I never heard any of them complain of Sir Hudson Lowe's carriage towards them."——"Depend upon it, the reports spread of Sir Hudson Lowe's 'bursts of undignified and reprehensible passion' were wholly without foundation, as regards the persons at Longwood, and most grossly exaggerated with reference to his behaviour to ourselves. I have heard Sir George Bingham speak

as Emperor of France with its ancient limits—though we had tacitly acquiesced in his retaining the Imperial title in Elba, and had an envoy at his court—yet from some unwise fastidiousness, as I humbly think, we departed from our characteristic magnanimity, and when he was a helpless prisoner in our hands, we denied him the courtesy which his great actions and great misfortunes demanded, and Sir Hudson Lowe was ordered to address him as General Buonaparte. How could it have been supposed that such a title would have been deemed less than an insult? It was so viewed, and I believe was the proximate cause of the first explosion of Napoleon's temper when he insulted the Governor. I do not presume to blame the English Government for the pertinacity with which it refused the Imperial title through so many

---

highly of Sir Hudson, your friend, General Nicol, do the same; and, in fact, most of the officers of rank who were at St. Helena, and I cannot remember to have heard any one complain of Sir Hudson's temper. Like other men, he is liable to the infirmities of our nature; but want of proper self-command has never been one of his defects."

The letter from which the above extract is taken was addressed to the Author in consequence of a remark bearing hard on Sir Hudson Lowe's temper having been made at page 242, vol. i. of the first edition of this book. The inculpation was made altogether on the authority of Mr. O'Meara, and the Author now regrets its publication, as he has the strongest reason for believing that at the time O'Meara had a selfish reason for calumniating the Governor, and falsifying the conversations between them on the visits of the former to Plantation House.

The Author can testify that during four years' acquaintance with Sir Hudson Lowe, in the course of which he was occasionally professionally resident in his house, the demeanour of this much injured man was always gentlemanly and courteous, both to himself and all around him.

In the course of conversation with Marshal and the Countess Bertrand, General Montholon, and Dr. Antommarchi, on the voyage home from St. Helena, after the death of Napoleon, no complaint whatever was made of the deportment of the Governor towards the Longwood exiles.

years of war. Nay, there was something grand, and worthy of the great nation, which, when all Europe quailed before him, refused to bow the knee, in spurning the Emperor as it had successfully resisted the tyrant. But when Buonaparte had fallen into our hands the case was entirely different: the more magniloquent the title of the great Captive, the more honourable to enchain him, and the more galling his chains. No matter what title he assumed, in his circumstances it could only be an unmeaning, and indeed ridiculous appellation—vox et preterea nihil. And if it gratified his wishes, or added one particle of comfort to his feelings, whilst undergoing the penalty attached to his crimes by the unanimous voice of Europe, we should have addressed him as Kaisar, or Emperor, or even Brother of the Sun and Moon.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BEAUTIFUL RIDES AND BOLD SCENERY IN ST. HELENA.—CHANGE OF QUARTERS OF THE 66TH.—SHARK CAUGHT AFTER DEVOURING A BOMBARDIER.—FLYING-FISH.—RELIGIOUS QUARRELS AMONGST CHINESE LABOURERS.—COMMISSIONERS FROM AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA.—HOAXING AN INDIAN BRIGADIER.

"Aeris in magnum fertur mare."
LUCRETIUS.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the Earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."
BYRON.

THERE is a wooded mountain ridge in St. Helena, called "Diana's Peak," three thousand feet above the level of the sea, from which the view is wonderfully grand and vast. The eye commands the whole island, with a circle of three or four hundred miles of ocean, until the distant horizon mingles with the sky. This is a celebrated spot for pic nics, although the labour of clambering to the top is no trifling undertaking for a lady; and the narrow ledge, or back-bone, at the summit affords but a very nervous promenade. The whole mountain is covered with the Geoffræa, or cabbage tree, shaped exactly like a large umbrella. Under this dense shade enormous

ferns arise, some eighteen or twenty feet in height; but here, as all over the island, there is a dearth of wild flowers. At the base of the peak several fine springs of the purest and coolest water gush out, feeding long leaden pipes, which were put down in our time to convey the water to Longwood and Deadwood.

The rides on the highlands generally were remarkably agreeable; the air was cool, the road good, and every turn or fresh elevation presented some new and striking combination of picturesque objects. The road running round Diana's Peak to Sandy Bay Ridge was a general favourite, as it afforded almost at every step the most wild and extraordinary prospects. On attaining the top of the ridge, a scene of singular sublimity expands at once, looking quite unearthly, and like a bit of some strange planet at first, until the old association with our own globe is renewed, by the names of two rocky obelisks standing boldly out of the vast hollow. These are called Lot and his wife; for the uncanonical people here have made a pillar of the gentleman as well as the lady. Sandy Bay is seen to windward, in the distance, with its line of white surf; and here and there a pretty patch of cultivation strikes the eye, niched in some sheltered nook: fantastic, peaked, and splintered mountains rise all around, and beyond all appears the illimitable ocean, with the cruising vessels, like white specks upon its surface, perhaps stretching out to arrest the course of some strange ship coming right down on our island.

Sir William Doveton, the only Knight that St. Helena had produced in our time, lived in a pretty cottage at the bottom of this ridge. He was a respectable gentleman, who went to England, and was

Knighted by the Prince Regent. Sir William came home soon after, to sport his new dignity amongst the yam stocks; to tell them the wonders of England, expatiate on the affability of the Court, and the whiteness of the Prince's hands; and to assure the islanders that London was not particularly dull, as they had heard, and that people of fashion could live in it even after the East India fleet had sailed.

In the beginning of 1819, the 20th Regiment came out from England, and soon after relieved us at Deadwood, when our head quarters were moved down to James's Town. We found the town a much less agreeable quarter than the highlands; the air was hot and confined; the sun sometimes became overwhelmingly powerful in the middle of the day; and the radiation of heat from the smooth surfaces of the lava rocks, forming the precipices jutting over the houses, was annoying, and occasionally almost insupportable. The clouds that cooled us in the upper regions, and often gave us more of their contents than was agreeable, appeared to be dried up by the hot air shooting high from our deep ravine, and only occasionally yielded a mizzling rain.

The hottest spot in the town was the officer's guard house, situated near the landing place, under an enormous projection of black rock. The occupation of this officer, like that of his brethren on guard in every part of the world, and in all services during peace, was sufficiently monotonous; still, there was a good view of the bay from his window, with the guardian seventy-four in the centre; and moving objects in and about it were not wanting to give employment to his telescope. A boat from the flag ship would push off with an officer on board, a cruizer would drop in after her week's watch round the island, or

a merchant vessel brush round Buttermilk Point to take up her berth at the anchorage; a gigantic surf would sometimes pitch the spray into the guard-room windows, or a fleet of flying fish would dash into the bay, pursued by albacore, bonitos, and dolphins. Occasionally a shark would be visible close to the surface, with his large dorsal fin sticking out of the water.

The flying fish abounded in the bay, and were to be found close to the shore, where the little boys caught them readily enough with any common bait. There was a peculiarity in angling for them which added to the interest of the sport,—they would occasionally take to their wings when hooked. Some were very large; and I was much amused one day, when standing at the landing place, in witnessing a contest between a little urchin of six years old and a flying fish, twenty inches long, that he had hooked. The fish made stout play, and when hard pressed, spread out its beautiful and delicate pectoral fins, and took to the air, to the infinite wonderment of the young angler; but he soon pulled it back into the water, and finally brought it ashore. As I said before, they are nice and delicate eating, much resembling whiting.

Some of the sharks about the island shores were of prodigious size; the capture of one voracious monster this summer, caused quite a sensation in our little society. A bombardier of the Royal Artillery, posted at a battery near Lemon Valley, got drunk, fell from the rocks into the sea and was drowned. Careful search was made after the body, but without success. A week after, a large shark was seen astern of the flag ship at anchor before James's Town, and after some difficulty, from his great size, the fish was caught

in the usual way. When the sailors had dragged the shark in triumph to the forecastle, and were cutting it open, the first object that presented itself in the maw was the blue sleeve of the bombardier's jacket, which was found nearly entire, and contained some fragments of bones, all that remained of the poor wretch. The shark's head was purchased by the company to which the man belonged, and the capacious jaws were hung up to dry over the gate of the barracks at Ladder Hill. Two or three times when riding in, I have lifted them off the nail, and put my head, cocked hat and all, into the prodigious mouth, although it had been shrunk very much in size by exposure to the sun.

Shortly before our arrival in 1817, the islanders had been treated with an unusual and highly interesting spectacle, the capture of a whale immediately under their eyes. It happened that a British South Sea whaler was at anchor, when an unfortunate individual of this tribe, unconscious of the vicinity of his enemies, approached the shore, and was seen spouting half a mile astern of the ship, when two boats were lowered, and immediately gave chase. The day was clear, and crowds of spectators hurried up to the batteries on Ladder Hill, whence there was a bird's eye view of the scene. The pursuers soon reached the whale, and struck two harpoons into him, when the animal darted off, made towards the shore, and soon emerged, spouting, immediately under the rocks that were thickly covered with spectators. The fish made a gallant but useless defence, and was killed in half an hour.

We had sea cows at St. Helena, the Trichechus Dugong, but they were not common. When shooting near Buttermilk Point with another officer, one

calm evening, we stumbled on one lying on a low rock close to the water's edge, and a hideous ugly brute it was, shaped like a large calf, with bright green eyes as big as saucers. We only caught a glimpse of it for a few seconds, for as soon as it noticed us, it jumped into the sea in the most awkward and sprawling manner.

During our time, and for a considerable period anterior to our arrival, the East India Company employed about six hundred Chinese labourers in St. Helena. For a long time they had lived together in peace and harmony, cultivating and cherishing their long tails, and picking up their rice with chop-sticks at their meals in all social friendship. And I may observe, en passant, that this operation is by no means an easy one; and to a person trying it for the first time, is nearly analogous to eating green peas with a one pronged fork, and that without the privilege of impaling the peas. But in 1818, a religious feud broke out amongst the Chinese, which separated them into two hostile parties, totally broke up and disorganized their society, and was attended with actual fisty-cuffs and even bloodshed.

It seemed that the orthodox followers of Confucius, or Yu, as they called him, far outnumbered the disciples of Fo, but the Budhists, somewhat after the fashion of dissenters generally, made up by greater zeal and activity what they wanted in numbers. Besides, they had the great Fung-Mun-Rhin-Ko-Chinn as a chief leader, a venerable straw-coloured, pig-eyed prophet, with a tail four feet long. Such was the virulence of the controversy, that the whole of these people were one day arming themselves with pistols and various weapons, and preparing for a pitched battle, so that it became necessary to call out our

grenadier company to disarm them and quell the disturbance.

A Chinese was hanged for murder in James's Town in 1819. The Bonze, or priest, who attended him to the fatal tree, (literally true in St. Helena, where they were not civilized enough to possess gallows,) went through a great many religious ceremonies before the criminal was turned off; the whole concluding with placing a letter written on a wafer on his tongue, which he was directed to swallow at the last moment. This, it appeared, was a recommendation of the soul of the culprit to the care of the high priest of some very sacred temple in China, by which it would pass on its way to the other world. The temporal effect of this mystic ceremony was to lull the apprehensions of the poor man, who never moved, but seemed quite passive and resigned during the whole proceedings. A group of our officers with myself occupied a good position near the tree, and we could see by the motion of the throat that the last act of the man was to swallow the wafer.

According to general belief, gentlemen of the medical profession meet with strange treatment in China, and when unsuccessful in their practice, are subjected to the lex talionis, and made to suffer for the death of their patients. Few of us, I take it, would enter into Chinese practice on these conditions. The Emperor Kien Long's system was much more rational, for his Majesty only stopped the regular salary of his physicians when his health got out of order, and restored it when he recovered. There were one or two possible abuses of this plan, however, which might bear hard on the imperial doctors. Kien Long might indulge too freely over his wine cup, and mulc their pay every time he had a morning headache; or the Em-

peror might now and then sham sickness to save his purse. On the whole, our European practice is more convenient.

The Chinese labourers of St. Helena were on one occasion preparing to act on the principle of life for life, with reference to one of their number who was sick. This was a weakly old man of seventy, who had the misfortune to labour under popliteal aneurism, which is an enlargement of the principal artery of the leg, and if not cured, will burst suddenly and destroy life. The cure consists in exposing the artery in the thigh, and tying it with a string above the diseased part. After a consultation with another medical man and myself, the operation was decided on, and very well performed by a little hump-backed officer in the Company's service, who had medical charge of the Chinese. At this advanced age, when the circulation is apt to get languid, recovery after the operation is more than doubtful. Fortunately the old man did well, and lucky was the cure for the doctor as much as the patient; for it came out afterwards that three hundred of the Chinese had engaged in a conspiracy, and bound themselves by oath to assassinate him if the sick man died.

We had three Commissioners in St. Helena, from Austria, France, and Russia, viz. Baron Sturmer, Le Marquis de Montchenu, and Count Balmaine. These gentlemen were never recognized by Napoleon, who would not see nor hold any intercourse with them. Perceiving after a short time that the illustrious captive was quite safe in the vigilant custody of Sir Hudson Lowe, they enjoyed themselves as they might in their sinecure office, and gave themselves no concern about him.

The Baron was a very pleasing, gentlemanly per-

son, with a pretty Parisian wife, but no family. He is now, I believe, the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople. The Count was also a gentlemanly man, but somewhat eccentric, nevertheless very social and amusing. He married Miss Johnstone, Lady Lowe's daughter. The Marquis de Montchenu was one of the old French Noblesse, and had been Page of Honour to Louis the Fifteenth, and in attendance on that monarch the night he died. The Marquis had emigrated, but returned to France on the first Restoration, followed the fortunes of Louis the Eighteenth to Ghent, came back with the King, and was rewarded by the appointment of Commissioner to St. Helena.

The Marquis de Montchenu was too much addicted to the pleasures of the table, and too little inclined to take exercise; consequently, in the beginning of 1820, he became indisposed, and requested me to see him. I went accordingly, and put him under treatment very similar to that prescribed for Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the island of Barataria, by Dr. Pedro Snatchaway.

I attended the Marquis for several months, and finding his recovery slow in the hot valley of James's Town, where he resided, change of air to the higher part of the island was recommended. As soon as Sir Hudson Lowe heard this, he invited him to Plantation House; and I rode there to see him two or three times a week, until his health became perfectly re-established.

As I had had a good deal of trouble, and many hot rides, in the course of the Marquis de Montchenu's illness, and did not conceive myself called upon to attend him gratuitously on any score of duty, friendship, or charity, I had a right to expect either a

pecuniary fee or some acknowledgment of service in the shape of a present. But the excellent Marquis, no doubt, considered that he gave me something much more valuable in the shape of a note—of thanks, which I think there is no impropriety or breach of confidence in publishing: as it may be of public benefit, and serve as a model for future Commissioners who wish to pay their doctors economically and yet handsomely:—

MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR, Ce 21 Mai, 1821.

Je ne sais pas si j'aurai le plaisir de vous voir avant votre embarquement, pour vous renouveller, tous mes remercimens des soins que vous avez bien voulu prendre de moi pendant ma maladie. Ils m'ont été bien utiles, ainsi mon estime, ma reconnoissance, et mon éternel attachement font-ils si bien gravés dans mon cœur qu'ils sont ineffaçables. C'est pénétré de ces sentimens que j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur le Docteur,

votre humble et très reconnaissant Serviteur,

(Signed) MONTCHENU.

Vous devez voir par mon écriture que j'ai toujours mes tremblemens.

A Monsieur le Docteur Henry.

Who would exchange such a letter for a gold snuff box? I am quite certain that I never shall.

The second in command in the island, Sir George Bingham, an officer much and deservedly liked, had gone to England in 1819, and was succeeded by a man of very different character, of narrow mind and sordid disposition; in short, an unamiable combination of miser and martinet. He quarrelled with our

Commanding Officer, because he could not get unlimited fatigue parties from the regiment to work on his grounds gratis; and in consequence annoyed it all as much as he could—harassed the corps with drills and field-days, and availed himself of any trifling irregularity to insult it in General Orders.

This officer resided near our head quarters, at Francis Plain, where he farmed some acres of land from a poor octogenarian widow, which he cultivated a la Cincinnatus; but he beat the old Roman hollow in fattening his own cattle and making money of his mutton. Poor Mrs. P—— thought at first she had found the nonpareil of tenants, for she received every week some nice present from the General—a dish of sweetbreads, a roasting bit of beef, or a quarter of lamb: but she soon had reason to change her opinion, when she saw every article charged at the highest rate, and deducted from the rent. Major H——n, the Brigade Major, was also taken in, like the old lady. He found on his table one day when coming in from riding a kind note from his General, accompanied by a quarter of excellent mutton; which he in due time shared with one or two friends, eating it with all the relish that unsuspecting credulity and fine flavour could confer, but was horrified by a memorandum of its price before the end of the month.

Now, the Author is somewhat ashamed of acknowledging that, not having the fear of the Commander in Chief before his eyes, he determined to raise a laugh at the Brigadier's expense for all these shabby proceedings; but young men will do foolish and irreverent things to the end of the chapter. Accordingly, a number of placards were secretly prepared, and stuck up one night all over the town. One of

these was sent to Plantation House, another to the flag-ship, each regimental mess in the island got one, and the General himself had the pleasure of finding one next morning on his breakfast table. The notices were as follows:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE Public are respectfully informed, that Brigadier General ——— will kill a fat bullock at his house on Wednesday the 10th instant, and three fat sheep on the Friday after. Beef from 11*d.* to 1*s.* per pound, according to the piece. Mutton, hind quarter, 1*s.* 1*d.* fore ditto, 11*d.* The Brigadier General farther gives notice, that tripe is to be had at a reasonable price; and that geese are grazed on his grounds at 1*d.* a head per week, the ganders to pay double.

"By command."

The reader who can enjoy a joke may judge of the sensation these placards excited next day in the limited circle of St. Helena, where ——'s stinginess was notorious. The risible muscles of the community certainly had no sinecure for four-and-twenty hours. The Brigadier stormed, and Commanding Officers assembled their officers, and took steps to find out the audacious wag. It was with a grave face that the author of the hoax listened to Colonel Nicol when he lectured us on this occasion; but careful measures to ensure secrecy had been taken, and the writer of the libel was never discovered. It may be added, that the unseemly practices against which it was levelled were effectually stopped, and Cincinnatus thenceforward only cultivated his cabbages and live stock for his own table.

I hope that in this, as well as several other youthful irregularities detailed in these pages, it may not be supposed that the more matured judgment of the Author approves of such improprieties. Far from it

—they were highly wrong. It can only be urged in extenuation, that I believe they always arose, if not from a generous impulse, at least from a not unworthy one; and in the instance last quoted, from a feeling that Colonel Nicol and the regiment had been very unhandsomely treated by the General Officer in question.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HEALTH OF NAPOLEON BEGINS TO FAIL.—SERIOUS ILLNESS ATTACKS HIM IN MARCH 1821.—DR. ARNOTT, SURGEON OF THE 20TH REGIMENT CALLED IN.—HIS DEATH.—EXAMINATION OF THE BODY.—REMARKS ON THE BEAUTIFUL AND PLACID EXPRESSION OF THE COUNTENANCE.—FUNERAL.—EMBARKATION OF THE SUITE OF THE DECEASED EMPEROR FOR ENGLAND.—AUTHOR ACCOMPANIES THEM.

" Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna clauso." HOR.

" So may he rest! his faults lie lightly on him."
SHAKESPEARE.

" The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife,
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and the sway,
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife,
All quell'd!" BYRON.

THE year 1820, and the beginning of 1821, passed away with little change in our island affairs; but in February it began to be known that Napoleon was seriously ill; and in addition to his bodily sufferings it was said that he had lately undergone much mental distress, from certain reports of the infidelity of the Empress Maria Louisa that had found their way to Longwood. He complained of constant pain at the pit of the stomach, with sickness and total loss of appetite, and suffered great agony from several emetics in succession, which his surgeon, Signor Antommarchi, prescribed. At length he declined all

medicine, and flung the last potion that was offered him out of the window.

Signor Antommarchi had been a pupil of the celebrated Mascagni, at Florence, and was a good anatomist; but, I think, not remarkable for any profound knowledge of the sister therapeutic sciences. This was the opinion at Longwood, and there is good reason for believing that the Emperor never had any confidence in him. General Montholon informed me that on the arrival of Signors Bonavista, Vignali, and Antommarchi at Longwood, they respectively underwent the keen scrutiny of Napoleon. The two last named gentlemen were Corsicans; and, according to my informant, had been sent out by Cardinal Fesch, from a desire to please the Emperor by the society of two of his countrymen: whereas the good Cardinal might have spared himself the pains, for he detested and despised the Corsicans. However this may be, Bonavista, who was a South American Bishop, and a learned man, passed the ordeal creditably, as did the Abbé Vignali, though a man of far inferior attainments. But the doctor, being an inferior chemist, broke down when undergoing an examination in that science, of which Napoleon had learned the elemental principles, and a few of the more shewy experiments. Count Montholon further stated, that on this occasion the Emperor became very angry, and ordered Antommarchi out of his presence with the uncourteous mittimus, "Va-t-en f—— bête!" and the poor doctor came immediately to Montholon, made him his confidant, and complained of the treatment he had received, saying he was "un homme perdu." He was told not to despair, and assured that the fit of passion would soon be over. Montholon farther advised him to solicit an interview the next day, acknow-

ledge his imperfect acquaintance with chemistry, throw himself on the mercy of the Emperor, and promise to improve himself, if his master would condescend to lend him some of the chemical books in the Longwood library. The story goes on to say that he acted on the hint, and that the plan succeeded; but I doubt the fact of his ever having acquired any considerable part of Buonaparte's good opinion, as Signor Antommarchi was the only individual of his suite at St. Helena who was not mentioned in his will. I have heard that this omission was made up to him, and that he was subsequently pensioned by the family.

The state and ceremony which the Emperor still maintained amongst his dependants at Longwood were transferred to his sick chamber, and preserved to the last moments of consciousness. Antommarchi more than once alluded to this in subsequent conversations with me, declaring that he had been often exhausted to the verge of fainting, by preserving a standing posture during his long attendances on the dying bed of Napoleon.

In the month of March matters began to look serious at Longwood; and towards the end of the month the patient, having now become very weak, and being in great pain, consented that an English medical gentleman should be sent for. In consequence Dr. Arnott, Surgeon of the 20th Regiment, then quartered at Deadwood, was requested to attend.

From the first Napoleon appeared to be aware of the nature of his malady, referring it to disease of the stomach, of which his father died, and with which the Princess Borghese was threatened. There is much ground for believing in the hereditary transmission of

a tendency to stomachic ulceration in his family; for, exclusive of himself and his father, the Princess Borghese, and his other sister, Caroline, formerly Queen of Naples, are stated to have died of this complaint. His own feelings appeared to confirm this idea; and Dr. Arnott assured me at the time, that the illustrious sufferer would often put his hand on the pit of his stomach and exclaim, "Ah, mon pylore! mon pylore!"

The 4th of May was an unusually stormy day for St. Helena, where the wind not only always blows from the same quarter, but is also for the most part of uniform strength. During the night it increased to a strong gale; and although the barracks at Francis' Plain were much sheltered, our little wooden houses shook, as with an earthquake, and we were in momentary expectation of being blown into the neighbouring ravine. At two o'clock in the morning, an officer of the 66th, who had slept at Plantation House the night before, came galloping to my door, bareheaded and, I believe, sans culottes, with a summons for me to go instantly to the Governor's, his youngest child being taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Messengers had also been despatched to James's Town, and night signals made by telegraph for farther medical assistance.

I found the little patient—an infant of eight months—apparently gasping its last under a terrible attack of croup, and the peculiarly distressing sound of the spasmodic and stridulous breathing audible over half the house. It was plain that without prompt relief the poor child would be lost. "The child must instantly be bled," I said. "Good G—, Sir," said Sir Hudson, "bleed an infant of this age!" "Yes," was the reply, "else the child will be dead in ten.

minutes." "But, Doctor, you won't be able to find a vein." "We'll try." So the little sufferer's arm was bandaged, a tiny vein opened, and when three ounces of blood had flowed the breathing became comparatively quiet and easy, and after some medicine had been given, the child fell into a sound sleep. In this state it was when the other medical men arrived.

I mention this incident to shew, that during my residence in St. Helena opportunities of observing minutely the character of Sir Hudson Lowe were not wanting; and I believe nobody could fill all the ordinary relations of domestic life and of society better than this much calumniated man. He was to my certain knowledge a kind husband and father, and I believe an excellent magistrate and civil governor. He obtained the consent of the slave proprietors in the island, with some difficulty, to abolish slavery prospectively in 1818, without receiving any compensation; and carried the humane instructions of the British Government into effect on this delicate question with much address and talent. The abolition was dated with grace and propriety from Christmas Day; after which doubly auspicious day for the blacks, no slave could be born in the island, and the supply by importation had long been stopped. Perhaps this cautious and judicious disenthralment would have been a good model to follow in the great change that has lately been effected in the West Indies, and might have prevented some of the evils that have already ensued, and more that are yet to result from a sweeping and premature emancipation.

The morning of the 5th of May continued very blustery and stormy; and, according to the old notion, the conflict of the elements was symbolical of the

violent struggle of a master spirit with the last enemy; for now, as at the death of Cromwell, the great band of Nature played its sublime and sympathetic dirge. Buonaparte was dying! I remained at Plantation House with my little convalescent patient: the Governor went early to Longwood, stayed there the whole day, and did not return until all was over. The important event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation in the evening, as Sir Hudson took a hurried dinner, previous to writing his despatches; and in bare justice to an ill used man, I can testify, that notwithstanding the bitter passages between the great departed and himself, the Governor spoke of him in a feeling, respectful, and most proper manner. Major Gorrequer, the Military Secretary, Sir Hudson, and myself walked for a short time before the door of Plantation House, conversing on the character of the deceased. One of us remarked that he was the greatest enemy England ever had; another, that Providence appeared to have taken that favoured country under its special guardianship, and covered the island for centuries with a shield of adamant, against which all hostile potentates, from Philip to Napoleon, had shivered themselves to pieces. "Well, gentlemen," said the Governor, "he was England's greatest enemy, and mine too, but I forgive him every thing. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret."

The close of the great drama had now taken place; the career of the greatest man of modern times was over. It only remained to satisfy the anxiety of his friends, and the curiosity of mankind, respecting the disease that destroyed him; to pay his corpse all fitting funeral honours, and consign it to the tomb.

The body was examined in the presence of Marshal Bertrand and General Montholon, two officers of the Governor's staff, and all the medical officers of the garrison, with some of the navy, and Antommarchi, surgeon to the deceased. Sir Walter Scott's account of the persons present on the occasion is not accurate, as two or three gentlemen who attended are omitted in his history. The principal medical officer, Dr. Shortt, directed the Author to minute down the appearances, and to write the bulletin which was afterwards published, although his name was not appended to that document, because he was then only assistant surgeon, and the Governor had directed that no officer under the rank of surgeon should sign the bulletin.

Death is often a mysterious beautifier of human lineaments. All turbulent and violent passions are calmed within the breasts of the spectators in its presence, and their workings and traces softened, or even obliterated in the expression of the deceased—

> "Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers."

Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed—"How very beautiful!" for all present acknowledged they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life.

As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even

after death, Buonaparte's inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery; for, notwithstanding his great sufferings, and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that proved fatal, the body was found enormously fat. The frame proved as unsusceptible of material decomposition as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast-bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick; and on the abdomen two inches: whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart were loaded with fat. The last mentioned organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby, in sad disturbance of our venerable associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart.

Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Buonaparte died. Mr. O'Meara had represented the liver as the faulty organ, and this had been echoed by Antommarchi; though, as was said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach, as its seat and source; and, as the event proved, his feelings did not deceive him, and he was perfectly right. This organ was found most extensively disorganized: in fact, it was ulcerated all over like a honey-comb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end, where the intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole made by an ulcer that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was found free from disease, and every organ was sound except the stomach.

Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at one time to have had an issue opened

in the arm, and there was a slight mark, like the scar of a wound, in the leg. The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet.* The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the phrenologists.

The diseased state of the stomach being demonstrably the cause of death, Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin that was published at the time to this effect, when he was called aside by Bertrand and Montholon, and after a conference with them declined signing: the reason being, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict and vitiate the diagnosis of O'Meara as to disease of the liver. With the object of supporting the latter, and also of throwing odium indirectly on the British Government, the death of the Emperor was attributed by Dr. Antommarchi to gastro-hepatitis, which was said to be an endemic disease of the island. Now I will broadly assert, as the result of a longer residence on the island, and better opportunities of knowing its pathology, that we had no such disease, nor any other distinctive endemic disease in St. Helena. We had some rare instances of hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, amongst the soldiers, when much exposed to the sun in the valley of James's Town; but not one twentieth part of the number we used to have in India. At night, too, from wet and exposure, the men would contract diarrhæa, and occasionally dysentery; but the officers who were less exposed to fatigue, and lived more generously than the men, were fully as

* Partes viriles exiguitatis insignis, sicut pueri, videbantur.

healthy as they would have been in England. Indeed few regiments of our strength, with an average of between thirty and forty officers, would pass nearly five years without losing one by disease, in England, or any part of the world, and yet this was our case in St. Helena.

The body of the deceased Emperor lay in state all the 7th of May in full military costume, during which time almost every respectable person in the island paid Longwood a visit. It had previously been carefully embalmed, and the efficacy of the process in its antiseptic powers has been lately proved by the remarkable preservation of the corpse, when raised by the Prince de Joinville to be carried to France. On the morning of the 8th of May, all the garrison, the governor and admiral with their staff, the foreign commissioners, a great number of Naval officers, many ladies and gentlemen, and half the population of St. Helena, attended the funeral.

When the hearse bearing the body came to a point, whence there was only a foot-path down to the grave, the coffin was removed from it, and carried to the willow trees at the bottom, on the shoulders of twelve grenadiers of the 20th, and twelve of the 66th regiments. Two Protestant clergymen attended, as well as the Abbè Vignali, but only the latter officiated. After the funeral service the body was deposited in the grave; the heart being sealed up in a silver vessel, full of alcohol, and put in the coffin. A signal was then made, and three salvos of fifteen guns, and three volleys of musketry from a line of three regiments, grandly reverberated in a succession of fine echoes from the hills and ravines, sounded the requiem of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

It was truly a spectacle of extraordinary and in-

tense interest. There lay the corpse of him whose nod had long swayed the destiny of nations, the conqueror of a hundred battles, the creator of kings and princes, the legislator, the hero of the age, there he lay, borne to his narrow home in the course of the most righteous retribution, not with imperial pomp, over roads palled with sable escutcheons, but carried along a goat-path, by the soldiers of that great nation which he had hated all his life with rancorous bitterness; that had stood sternly in his path to universal empire, and whose prostration and ruin it had been the unrelenting purpose of his heart, and the chief aim of his life to accomplish. There moved his body borne by British grenadiers, whilst the golden letters of "Minden," and "Talavera," and "Albuera," and the "Pyrenees," and "Orthes," flaunted over it from the colours, in strange mockery as it passed. There it slowly moved, to be buried in an obscure but appropriate nook, the crater of an extinct volcano, on a dreary rock, amidst an immeasurable wildness of ocean, without cenotaph or mausoleum, and even beneath a nameless tomb.

All people capable of reflection returned thoughtful from the funeral, for such a lesson of the vanity and instability of earthly grandeur, none had ever before received, as none could receive thereafter. Even at our mess in Francis' Plain, the spectacle we had that day witnessed sobered the most volatile, and we all retired to repose, in a vein not far removed from melancholy.

Two days after the final obsequies, an officer of the 66th and myself were taking our favourite ride towards Sandy-Bay Ridge, when we met the Bertrands and General Montholon going to Plantation House; and that being a novel direction for this

party to take, we turned to accompany them as far as the gate. Madame Bertrand informed me that their object in visiting the Governor, was to convey to him the Emperor's last request, that the past might be forgotten, and that a reconciliation should take place between the parties. Such was their story, and we found afterwards that Sir Hudson Lowe, although doubting its truth, acted on the supposition that such had been the dying wish of Napoleon. The tale was too evidently got up from interested motives, and too inconsistent with the inveterate hostility Buonaparte had manifested towards the Governor to the last, to be very credible. The man who could, in the near approach of death, deliberately pension the assassin of his great enemy in his will, was not likely to act so amiably. However, the story answered its purpose, peace was made between the suite of Napoleon and Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe. The party lunched at Plantation House, and dined there the day after, when the elite of the island, the garrison, and the fleet were asked to meet them; and several subsequent large parties were made for them, both in the country and at the Governor's residence in town.

The island appeared relieved from an incubus by the death of Napoleon, and that disagreeable state of watchfulness, restraint, and coercion, under which all had felt themselves so long bound, was at once relaxed. The sentries were withdrawn from the numerous commanding points about the rock, the cruizers ceased to interfere with strange vessels, the fishermen resumed their labours without police surveillance, and the taboo was every where taken off. Yet St. Helena, on the whole, had been much benefited by the presence of Buonaparte; great sums of money

had been disbursed by the fleet and the garrison, an improved tone had been communicated to the insular society, the blot of slavery removed, agriculture stimulated, and the wretched goat-paths turned into good roads by military labour; to say nothing of prospective advantages from future visitors, attracted to the rock by the celebrity it had now obtained.

When about to quit St. Helena, some of the foreigners were found to be considerably in debt to the shopkeepers in James's Town, and one of the highest rank among them owed no less a sum than between nine hundred and a thousand pounds. Payment being delayed legal measures were threatened, and all was consternation at Longwood. In this dilemma application was made to the Governor, who handsomely offered to guarantee payment of the debt; thus removing the principal difficulty in the way of their embarkation. I have heard that the amount was paid soon after their arrival in Europe, and I should expect nothing else from the high character of the distinguished debtor. This generous behaviour of the Governor, together with other acts of kindness to the exiles, after Napoleon's death, notwithstanding the abuse they had all publicly and privately showered upon his character, prove that Sir Hudson Lowe was a very different man from what he was represented by his enemies at the time, and what the world still believes him to be.

And now that the strong garrison was no longer required, preparations were made to send some of the troops to England. The 66th was directed to prepare for embarkation, after a high compliment in general orders from the Governor. The French people too were to be disposed of; and the Camel, a good ship of five hundred tons, commanded by a master in

the Royal Navy, was got ready for their accommodation. Mr. Ibbetson, the commissary, laid in an excellent stock; and the head quarters of the 66th, two companies, and the regimental band were sent on board, with the Author as their medical attendant.

On the 21st of May, after dining with a farewell party, invited by the Governor and Lady Lowe to meet them at the castle in James's Town, the suite of Napoleon came down to the wharf in the Governor's carriages, accompanied by himself, his staff, and a large cortége of respectable persons. A barge from the flag-ship was in waiting, which brought them to the Camel, attended by Colonel Nicol. In the course of a couple of hours the baggage and stock was safely on board; and the same evening we sailed for England.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VOYAGE TO ENGLAND WITH THE SUITE OF NAPOLEON.—MARSHAL BERTRAND'S FINE FAMILY.—CONVERSATION WITH THE MARSHAL RESPECTING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—DOLPHIN FISHING.—A GALE OFF THE AZORES.—ARRIVAL AT SPITHEAD.

"The morning watch was come, the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flash'd from off her prow
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before,
Behind, our rugged island's rocky shore."

BYRON.

THE suite of Napoleon consisted of Marshal and Countess Bertrand and their four children, Napoleon, Henri, Artus, and Hortense: Count Montholon, Dr. Antommarchi, the Abbé Vignali, Marchand, Buonaparte's principal and favourite valet; besides four or five other servants. The Bertrands, Montholon, the priest and the doctor messed with the captain and our four officers. Marchand presided over a good servants' table.

The run of six hundred miles from St. Helena to Ascension is plain sailing, and the wind always as fair as possible. The sea-sickness soon wore off our friends, the band played all the evening, our fare was good, the weather fine, and our voyage thus commenced auspiciously. But when we approached the Line, we lost our refreshing breeze, and were tossed

about by the long placid undulations of the mirror-like ocean. I had no enjoyment but in looking out for sharks, and killed fourteen of these monsters during this voyage.

The young Bertrands were remarkably fine good looking lively children—Napoleon and Henri, handsome sprightly boys, Hortense, a very lovely little girl of ten or eleven; but the youngest, Artus, a sweet fellow of three years old, was a great pickle. He had learned several naughty words from the soldiers about the Longwood stables, and these he would often apply to his mamma, when she refused him any thing he asked at dinner, after a fashion that was very laughable. There was a large white Newfoundland dog on board, that had been given to Madame Bertrand by one of our officers. This fine animal was Master Arthur's horse, and carried his little master most decorously and regularly for an hour two every morning and evening along the quarter-deck; indeed, Cæsar appeared to enjoy the promenade fully as much as Artus, allowing his long silky hair to be pulled about, and all kinds of tricks played on him with the most perfect good humour. It was very pretty and interesting to witness the perfect harmony between the petulant child and this noble dog, and great was the pity that we had no Landseer on board to sketch them. As the weather became warm, the pitch that exuded from the seams of the deck, marred the beauty of Cæsar's sleek sides sadly; covering them with black unsightly lines, so that the servant who attended Artus was obliged to provide the dog with a saddle, to save the little gentleman's white trowsers.

When this child saw me catching the first shark with a piece of pork, he insisted on trying his hand

at the same amusement. As every whim of the little man was instantly gratified, a tiny bit of pork was put on a hook fastened to a line, which he always carried when taking his morning ride on Cæsar, and took into his little cot every night. Few children could have been more petted and spoiled, and if he has not turned out a self-willed and passionate young man, it certainly was not for the want of careful cultivation of these amiable qualities.

Hortense Bertrand was a general favourite, very amiable, sweet tempered and lively, and extremely handsome, giving promise of becoming a magnificent woman. She has been married, it is said, to an American gentleman of good character and fortune, who will not be displeased, I hope, to hear such good reports of the girlhood of his wife, nor to be informed that I possess a lock of her beautiful hair, which was one day cut off in a frolic, and given to me on board ship.

Our conversation often turned on the events in St. Helena. Madame Bertrand was very frank and communicative generally, now that reserve was no longer necessary, and acknowledged that the Longwood people had found no difficulty in maintaining a clandestine correspondence throughout with their agents in London. She told us, to our surprise, that two British officers of the garrison had been the chief agents in contravening the regulations of Government, and in forwarding letters and parcels to England. General Montholon made himself very agreeable on board, being clever, courteous, and gentlemanly, besides being an admirable raconteur. It is true that he was a little given to hyperbole, but this did not spoil his good stories. Some very marvellous tales he told of his exploits with the French armies

in Spain; and certain scandalous contes concerning the private history of the ladies of the Imperial Court required a large share of credulity on the part of the listeners.

I believe that Marshal Bertrand was the most honest and honourable man of the Longwood establishment, perhaps of the whole court of Napoleon; and on all other subjects than those immediately referring to the Emperor's interests, of unimpeachable veracity. But falsification, deliberate and systematic, had been so firmly and thickly wound around the Imperial portals, that every person privileged with the entrée became, voluntarily or involuntarily, involved in its meshes. Marshal Bertrand has made unfounded assertions respecting Captain Blakeny of the 66th in a letter to Count Las Cases, and published in the eighth volume of the Count's rhapsodical Journal. There are also several exaggerations, and some positive misstatements, which he was no doubt commanded to promulgate, such as snares laid for the Emperor to insult him when riding, affronts intended for him by the sentries, and the like. Assuredly there never could exist in any British soldier's breast a wish or thought of insulting Napoleon; the desire and the act of the sentries in St. Helena, as of their superiors, was to respect the fallen greatness of his unhappy condition.

During one very interesting conversation with Marshal Bertrand respecting the battle of Waterloo, and the last advance of the Moyenne Guarde up the slope of the English position in the evening, I presumed to state my opinion that on that great occasion the Emperor had been wanting to his own illustrious name as much as to the French army, in failing to lead them

on in person to the attack. "Why," M. le Marechal, it was asked, "why did he not in this very agony of his fate act over again the early heroism of Arcola or Lodi? When he knew that all was now at stake, his last reserves brought up, and the Prussians clustering thickly on his right; but that one daring burst through the English centre might in an instant change the aspect of the whole battle, and perhaps enable the Emperor to break up the coalition, and dictate peace at Brussels. When he must have been aware that his presence at the head of this chosen and reserved column would inspire the men with a burning enthusiasm scarcely to be resisted, O why did he abandon them from what must be considered an ignoble apprehension of personal danger? How differently would you and I, and the world, speak of him at this moment had he then perished at their head! Nay, it was become absolutely necessary for his own character then to dare the worst, for Europe had begun to doubt his personal intrepidity in action."

To this appeal, made under the influence of strong feelings, the Marshal replied, "that the personal Staff of the Emperor had seized the bridle of his horse in the small hollow of the road, led him aside, and prevented him by force from heading the Guards when they mounted the English position." To this it was replied, "Pardon me, M. le Marechal, if I consider this as a poor subterfuge; which of you would have dared to stop the Emperor if the will to go on had impelled him? No, no; when you saw him blenching, and perceived that the act would not be unacceptable, you forced your Chief into this fatal shelter, and kept him there, whilst Fate was mowing down his last hopes on the slope above! Yes, however a

plausible sophistry may try to excuse him, you know in your soul that Napoleon was then wanting to himself, to his devoted army, and to France."

This was the truth, and the honest heart of Bertrand felt its force. I even saw a tear gather in his eye; but inviolably true to his great master, he defended him to the last.

After stagnating for five or six days under the line, and seeing nothing but the sun and the sea, covered with the empty bottles that had been thrown overboard, which undulated on the calm surface around us much longer than we wished, we at last got a gentle air, which freshened into a steady breeze, and bore us along in high spirits. During the greater part of the voyage the Author enjoyed a delicious shower-bath every morning, before any body was up. A couple of sailors, having each a bucket and a long cord, got into the rigging over his head, and poured water on him from the height he wished, sometimes as far up as the cross-jack-yard, which was the altissimum. Dr. Antommarchi tried the same plan one morning, but the sailors having mounted the shrouds too high, and he being of delicate frame, the shock was too great, and half killed him. However, after he had swallowed half a bottle of champagne, his blood was once more set in motion.

One day when going very smoothly through the water, we fell in with a shoal of dolphins, which immediately attached themselves to the ship, and gambolled about the quarters and stern very playfully and picturesquely. I tied a couple of salmon-hooks on a line of whipcord, and commenced fishing with a small bit of pork fat. The shoal formed a wedge of forty-five fish, for occasionally they would swim in such close and quiet order under one of the quarter

boats, that we could count them with great ease in the bright sunshine. One large fellow, who appeared to be the commodore, was conspicuous at the apex of the triangle, swimming along leisurely with the ship, at the rate of three or four knots an hour. I singled him out as my prize, and dropped the bait close to his nose. On seeing the white object descending through the clear water, two or three fish broke their order of sailing, and made for it, but when they perceived their leader shewing a wish to gorge the tempting morsel, they dutifully retired. The commodore then seized the pork, and when he was well hooked, I hoisted him up from the head of the squadron, no doubt to their great astonishment. He was a very large dolphin, finely shaped and in good condition, weighing thirty-five pounds.

Let not the sentimental reader be utterly shocked at the unromantic sequel; for even at the cost of being deemed a barbarian destitute of all taste for the sublime and beautiful, the painful truth must be told. Instead of watching the gorgeous play of colour in the skin, which is developed as life leaves these classic fishes, and duly moralizing thereon, the poor commodore was instantly handed over to the black cook, and converted into chops, for it was dinner time. The fish turned out excellent, with much salmon flavour.

There were many opinions on board as to the reception which the suite of Napoleon would meet on their arrival in England, and some even doubted whether they would be permitted to land. The Countess Bertrand herself anticipated rough and rude treatment, but her husband's good sense, which was always conspicuous, induced him to laugh at her fears. The Author never had a shadow of doubt in

the matter; and often represented to the desponding lady, that fidelity such as theirs to their fallen master would probably be better appreciated and more highly esteemed in England than anywhere else; for if any attribute pre-eminently distinguished the great people she was now about to visit, it was generosity. The English nation would not stop a moment to consider —as might be done elsewhere—whether, in attaching themselves to Napoleon, and following his fortunes in the hour of his distress, they had not adopted the most prudent course which their proscribed state and desperate circumstances admitted. The English would solely view them, after alleviating and sharing their Emperor's exile and sufferings, as martyrs of high and chivalrous devotion to him. They would be respected by all parties in England; for it would be the wish of all to compensate now in some degree for the necessary severity of the measures in St. Helena, by acts of kindness to the friends and followers of Napoleon, when that great disturber of the world had ceased to exist.

Near the Azores we encountered a very heavy gale of wind, which rose suddenly, and very nearly threw the ship on her beam ends, blowing every stitch of canvass to ribands, except a new foresail, in five minutes. The dead lights, as they call the storm shutters, had not been put in the stern windows soon enough, consequently one terrific wave beat in through the cabin, and set poor Madame Bertrand and her family afloat in all directions, to the imminent risk of one or two of the children's lives. Bertrand, the Captain, our Colonel, and myself remained on deck, whilst my two brother officers, happy rogues, were asleep in their cots. Montholon was paralysed by sickness, Antommarchi and the Priest were dread-

fully frightened; and the latter, in particular, must have believed it was all over, so piteous were his ejaculations, and so fervent his Latin prayers.

Our breakfast the next morning after the gale was uncomfortable enough, for there was still much swell, and the stomachic agitations of most of the passengers rose and fell in unison. Sea-sickness, however, being an "ill of life" which neither Colonel Nicol nor myself was "heir to," we sat down to the meal as usual, and at length had it all to ourselves.

The cabin of Madame Bertrand was a sad scene in the morning; but mops, and swabs, and brooms being set to work, the half drowned inmates began gradually to revive, and we even heard a giggle from Hortense at the remembrance of the calamities of the night before our breakfast was over.

We made the Land's End on the 29th of July, and after a couple of days' delightful sailing along the coast of England, which looked a hundred fold more attractive and fertile for the black desolation of the rock we had just left, we anchored at Spithead on the evening of the 31st of July, 1821.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CIVILITY OF GEORGE THE FOURTH TO THE ST. HELENA EXILES.—THEIR RECEPTION ON LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH. —MARCH OF THE 66TH TO SUNDERLAND.—REMINISCENCES OF PALEY'S FISHING EXCURSIONS ON THE BANKS OF THE WEAR.

"Ever changing, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys warm and low:
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky.
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower—
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm."

DYER.

WE arrived at Spithead at the time George the Fourth was at Portsmouth, on his cruise to Ireland. As soon as that courteous Prince heard that the suite of the deceased Emperor had reached England, he despatched two noblemen of the court to our ship, to make enquiries as to the health of the Countess Bertrand and her family; a piece of royal condescension that made a great impression on this lady, and tended much to dissipate her fears of an unkind reception; though she was still apprehensive of rudeness from the lower classes, if permission to land were granted. Madame Bertrand observed that she had often heard, that the King of England was the

first gentleman in the world, and she was now convinced of the fact. So much value lies in a little civility.

Oysters had just begun to make their appearance when our good ship the Camel dropped her anchor, and we were next morning surrounded by several shore boats with cargoes of these delectable little fishes; besides fruit, eggs, milk, fresh bread and butter, and other edibles likely to find favour after a long voyage. Consequently, at breakfast there was a scene of indiscriminate and somewhat hazardous voracity amongst our friends the foreigners, both in the cabin and at the servants' table. Indeed scarcely any animal but an ostrich or an adjutant could have escaped subsequent inconvenience from so large and heterogeneous a meal. Oysters were prime favourites with all the Longwood people, and were first attacked; then all other fresh eatables in rotation, or combination—and such combinations! First, oysters, soli, then oysters and gooseberries, strawberries and poached eggs, beef-steaks and cherries, mutton cutlets and red currants, black soles and green apples, with fresh rolls, new potatoes, and new-laid turkey eggs, were devoured by all, children included: as for Artus, he ate like a little cormorant. My entreaties and forebodings of evil were disregarded, and the result may be guessed; but it was more inconvenient to the parties than its detail would be agreeable to the reader.

About one o'clock the Author availed himself of the return of the health-officer's boat to go to Ryde, intending to spend the day with a friend at Newport. The place we had left was not celebrated for its tailors, consequently we had deferred getting plain clothes until our arrival in England; and he now went

ashore in uniform. This rather outré costume in a Ryde boat gave rise to an odd enough circumstance.

George the Fourth in his yacht, attended by a couple of frigates and a tender, besides several private yachts, had come out of Portsmouth as we stepped into the boat, and was now making a sweep round the Roads, towards the Needles, on his way down the Channel. From a wish to get as near a peep as we could of his Majesty, our boat was steered for the Royal yacht, whose course we were now crossing. At this time the vessel was not more than two hundred yards from us, and we saw the King, dressed in his blue jacket, white trowsers, and foraging cap, reconnoitering us through a spy-glass. As our boat still kept its course towards the yacht, and the Author's red coat and cocked hat were conspicuous, and rather puzzling objects, the civil personages on board, finding they were leaving us fast, backed the foresail and lay to. Probably they wished to examine the nondescript in the boat more narrowly, or thought we wanted to board the yacht with something that had been forgotten at Portsmouth, or despatches from London; but from whatever cause it originated, we felt very much obliged to his Majesty or Sir Charles Paget, for it gave us a clear view of all on board. We passed close astern, taking off our hats, which was gracefully returned; and it may be added, that few persons can thus say with truth, that they stopped the course of a King of England, sailing in his own ship, under his own Royal standard, and in his own waters.

The Isle of Wight appeared a paradise after St. Helena, and the drive from Ryde to Newport ten times more pleasant than it had been seven or eight years before. When walking after dinner with some

ladies through a flowery field, I threw myself down in the velvet grass and clover, from sheer enjoyment once more of the English turf, and rolled over like a horse or an ox.

Far from receiving them with coolness or incivility at Portsmouth, and refusing them permission to land, intimation was given the French people, that whenever it would suit their convenience the admiral's barge should await their pleasure to bring them ashore. This was accompanied by an invitation to dinner. Eleven o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of August was the hour fixed; and at the Countess Bertrand's request I agreed to dress in red and accompany the party, as a kind of protection from the apprehended rudeness of the mob, a chimera which still haunted her imagination. At the appointed hour the barge was in waiting, and the whole party went ashore. The fortifications were covered with a very large crowd of spectators, and when we landed, as had been predicted to Madame Bertrand, the most respectful silence was observed, and the foreigners appeared, as they deserved to be, objects of interest and respect.

It was necessary to go to the Alien Office, to pass through certain formularies of enrolment, description of person, &c; when we landed at the Point carriages, were in waiting, but the party preferred walking. The Countess took my arm, the Marshal gave his to Hortense, whilst General Montholon conducted two of the boys, and Antommarchi and Vignali brought up the rear. The priest must have imbibed strange notions of English ferocity, for he was in as great a fright as if about to be roasted in some Cannibal Island. He stuck so close to my coat-skirts, that his panting breath was felt moist on my neck; whilst the

26682

dirty toes of his boots were very inconvenient to my white trowsers.

After the business at the Alien Office had been concluded, we all repaired to the Crown Inn; when the admiral, the commandant, and principal people of the town waited on the exiles, and every civility possible was paid them. Marshal Bertrand and Count Montholon dined with the admiral, whilst I remained at the Crown with the Countess, and in the evening we took the children out for a walk on the ramparts. The little folks expressed great surprise at the redness of the people's faces in England. As we were returning up the High Street, a well-dressed foreign looking gentleman passed us slowly, he stopped for an instant to clap Napoleon on the back, and thus addressed him, "Mon petit ami, sois toujours fidèle comme ton père." Next morning I bade the whole party good bye and returned to the Camel.*

The ship weighed anchor for the Nore the next morning early, and we had a delightful sail up Channel, in company with some hundreds of vessels, all of which we passed with ease. When off Dover the flag, half-mast high, shewed us the Queen was dead. Finally we left our good ship, and arrived in Chatham on the 13th of August.

---

* Since the publication of my first edition, the English government have generously given up the remains of Napoleon by desire of King Louis Phillippe to the French nation. His attached follower and friend, Marshal Bertrand, must have been most highly gratified in being employed on this mission. It was seemly and right, I humbly think, that Napoleon's urn should repose in the bosom of that country with which his name is identified, whose martial fame he so transcendently raised, and for which he performed such great deeds. And it was most especially fitting that the excellent and honourable Bertrand should be the chief agent in restoring the body of the Emperor to France.

A friend and myself got a short leave of absence, and started for London the morning after our arrival. At this time the controversy about Queen Caroline was the great topic of interest in England; a lady, the only other passenger, entered warmly into it, and abused the King lustily for a whole stage of ten miles. She called him a legion of bad names: a tyrant, an adulterer, a glutton, a drunkard, and concluded a long tirade, by expressing a wish he might be drowned, and feed the fishes on his way to Ireland. We did not interrupt her for half an hour, but then gently informed her that she had talked all this treason a little imprudently in the presence of total strangers, who happened to be officers in his Majesty's service. The poor lady was much frightened, and continued mute as a mouse all the remainder of the day.

We arrived in London the day of the Queen's funeral, when serious riots, with loss of life had occurred, and much more formidable mischief was apprehended. The day was dark and gloomy, with mizzling rain; and from many long faces we met, it seemed as if people were apprehensive of some great calamity. But the day passed, and next morning the mighty tides of human beings rolled eastward and westward through the vast city, as quietly and as regularly as before.

The regiment was ordered soon after to Sunderland. In passing through Lincoln, a couple of the officers and myself ascended the bell-tower of the beautiful cathedral on a very windy day. We found a prodigious vibration at the top, and during one strong gust, as we were preparing to retrace our steps, it really seemed not improbable that the tower would topple over, Great Tom and all come down to terra firma together. To those cognoscenti who make it their business to hunt after new sensations, I would

recommend a visit of this kind as a probable source of novel excitement.

There is a fine white beach at Sunderland, notwithstanding the coals; though it could not remain of this pure colour if the sea did not wash its face twice a day. The iron bridge over the Wear is a striking object, from its light and graceful structure and elevated position.

One is reminded of Paley at Bishop Wearmouth, of which place he was rector. I often traced this eminent and good man in his trouting excursions, along the banks of the Wear, half way to Durham, and heard many stories from the old country people of the doctor's affability on these occasions. He would often place his fishing-rod against one of their cottages, enter, sit down, and caress or catechize the children, generally leaving some small pieces of silver to sweeten his good advice. Although passionately fond of angling, as very many clever and good men have been, maugre Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron, it would appear from the accounts of these people, that Paley was a greater dialectitian than fisherman; and far more skilful in persuading his delighted readers to follow the line of his induction, than remarkable for success with the illogical trouts in pursuing any other line.

We had a dreadful gale from the south-east in the latter end of this summer, and three or four vessels were driven ashore close to the town. The sea ran frightfully high, and the piers of the harbour, and line of coast in the neighbourhood, were covered with thick masses of spectators, anxiously watching several ships in the offing, that were making for port. The life-boat was got out in the very crisis of the storm, and we had the delight of seeing the gallant fellows

that manned her impelling their craft in the most admirable manner through the surf, and picking off half a dozen men from a brig that had been driven on the rocks a little while before, and was now going to pieces.

Soon after this happy escape a ship was seen a mile distant, making for the harbour, which has a very narrow entrance. Down she came before the wind, under a close reefed foretopsail, her hull and half her rigging being now and then hidden from sight by some monstrous intervening wave. As she approached we could perceive either that she was steered unskilfully or obeyed her helm very badly, and the sailors on the pier where I stood began to be alarmed, lest she should broach to within half musket-shot of port. On she came, however, labouring and pitching dreadfully in the terrific sea; whilst the assembled crowd, holding on their hats, and bathed in the spray and rain, were watching her progress most anxiously. When the vessel came close to the mouth of the harbour, a tremendous sea, as if determined that the prey should not escape, burst over the stern, and by its irresistible force sheered her in a direction straight for the head of the southern pier, against which, if she struck, she must be dashed to pieces. "Up helm!" "Up helm!" shouted at once a thousand voices, silencing for a moment the roaring of the storm; and we saw three or four sailors obeying the injunction with the force of desperation. Providentially her fatal course was changed only in the very nick of time, for she actually brushed the pier-head, but passed harmless into the quiet water, amidst loud huzzas from the multitude.

Ten modern years produce wonderful changes in this whirling world of ours; and it is not easy to

save one's distance in the progress of the liberal sciences, even at home, "with all appliances and means to boot:" how much more difficult away from England and Europe, or, not to affront Yankee intelligence, America. To rub off the rust contracted during a ten years absence, the Author obtained six months leave of absence, with the intention of passing that period in London and Paris, enjoying himself amidst the medical schools of those great capitals, and making "dainty comparisons" between the impressions of his juvenile years and the more reflective judgment arising from experience and advancing life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LONDON.—CONFESSIONS RESPECTING HETERODOX NOTIONS ON PAINTING AND STATUARY.—LORD STRAFFORD.—SUNDERLAND.—REGULAR PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.—MARCH TO LIVERPOOL, AND EMBARKATION FOR DUBLIN.

"Happy Augusta! law-defended town;
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs the unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land:
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made."

GAY.

NATURE, ever wise and beneficent, intended there should be no idle people in the world, but that occupation and enjoyment should go hand in hand, mutually enhancing each other. Even the laziest people must find or make some employment; and the gross Yorkshire boor, whose beau ideal of happiness with one thousand pounds a year was to have nothing to do but "eeat fat beeacon," found it necessary to add —"and swing upon a gaeate." Business is as necessary food to the mental constitution as animal pabulum to the corporeal; and when we add a little harmless pleasure occasionally, to season toil and give it a zest —like green peas to our roast beef—we ensure a healthy condition. Acting on some such notion as this, the Author, during this winter, devoted five days in the week to medical study and observation, the sixth altogether to miscellaneous sight seeing

and theatrical enjoyment, and the seventh to its own peculiar objects.

The mornings of the London pleasure days were spent at the British Museum, the Exhibitions at Somerset House, one or two private collections of works of vertu, and the Picture Galleries of Lords Stafford and Grosvenor, to which he had the entrée. In these, it is scarcely necessary to say, the Author found great enjoyment; not quite unalloyed, however, on all occasions, nor unmixed with a shock to his anatomical perceptions occasionally, on seeing a manifest fracture in the limb of some chef-d'œuvre of a great master, from incorrect drawing. One day he well recollects seeing Rogers, who was a frequent visitor, frowning at a magnificent Titian Venus in the Stafford collection, and afterwards endeavoured to trace the cause of such misplaced expression on that pale but placid brow. The Poet's displeasure was well founded, for the Goddess had her right arm broken, just above the elbow, yet was looking unconscious or reckless of her misfortune, and smiling with celestial magnanimity.

The Author confesses himself to be somewhat singular, perhaps unfortunate, in his notions respecting statuary and painting, which probably, after all, are about as valuable, comparatively, as the speculations of a young gentleman three years old concerning the celebrated basso relievo in the moon. For the whole sacred tribe of Jupiters, Junos, Minervas, Dianas, Apollos, and all other Gods and Goddesses that ever were invented—impious and Vandal sinner that he is—he would not, for his own personal delectation, give a brazen obolus. All Olympus and Parnassus, on canvass or in marble, appear as totally worthless in his eyes as the asinine fables of the

ethnic mythology; and he would a thousand times prefer the good looking likeness of one being of human flesh and blood to all the deities, male and female, whole or half, or three quarter, that were ever sung by the Greek or Latin Poets. Allegorical representations stand precisely in the same category. All the dainty devices and quaint conceits of Justices, with eyes blood-shot from tight bandaging—Hopes, at single anchor—firm Fortitudes—melting Mercies—and the remainder of the emblem-bearing sisterhood, are rated at the same barbarian estimation—the value of a rush.

But, to do himself justice, it may be added, that the Author is not a universal barbarian in these matters. He is a utilitarian in painting and sculpture; loving the real, the living, and the tangible, though without relish for the imaginary and ideal. He can look with much complacency on a fine landscape or an animal group, admire an historical or battle piece—dwell with veneration on a Scripture painting, and even again stand entranced for hours before a Cartoon of Raphael, a Last Supper of Domenichino, or a Crucifixion of Salvator Rosa. Here is glorious scope for the artist; for the mighty deeds of the Saviour and his Apostles are the noblest subjects for the pencil; and though the fame of the most illustrious Masters has been chiefly founded on their triumphs in this sacred field, triumphs within its extensive limits yet await their successors, not inferior to the past. Here is a sublime object to be attained, for in seeing the primal miracles of Christianity starting again into reality beneath his plastic hand, the Painter may not irreverently consider that his own work will tend to perpetuate the religion, of whose truth it is the secondary evidence, and to extend the

sacred influence and inestimable benefits of the Christian faith to unborn generations.

I rejoined the 66th in May, 1822, at Hull, where it was on the move for its old quarter, Sunderland. During the summer the Duke of Sussex came to Lambton Castle on a visit; and a day or two after his arrival there was a grand procession down the Wear to Sunderland, with much display of flags, pretty boats, and pretty faces, and well dressed women; the whole winding up with great eating, drinking, toasting, and speechifying. The Duke praised the fine bridge, and eulogized his liberal host; and Mr. Lambton bowed and returned the compliment in neat terms. This gentleman lived in good style, and at the Newcastle races this year he sported the handsomest equipage in the field; his four beautiful blood bays in harness, and two mounted by outriders, harmonizing in colour and shape to a hair.

This summer our worthy old Peninsular Brigadier, Sir John Byng, now Lord Strafford, who commanded the Northern District, inspected the 66th at Sunderland. At the mess dinner, after asking me to take wine, he said, "Doctor, I regret to see you still in the same rank as when we were acquainted in the Peninsular." To which the reply was, "You are very good, Sir John, but I assure you, you cannot regret it much more than I do; at the same time, if you will pardon the tu quoque, I don't perceive that you have got a step since yourself." It was unkind of Sir John, to remind an old acquaintance that his name had still the prefix of A double S in the Army List.

Lord Strafford is a clever man, and a first-rate

officer—clear-headed and cool in action, and brave as a lion, as several of us had more than once witnessed during the Peninsular campaigns, and as has been since demonstrated at Waterloo: yet, notwithstanding these good qualities, and doubtless many others, there is one small shade—

" ——— surgit amari aliquid."

His Lordship owes me a sack of oats, with compound interest, since the spring of 1814.

The case stands thus. On the heights of Garris, near St. Palais, there was, as has been mentioned already, a brilliant little affair—both metaphorically and literally—and we took a few hundred prisoners, many of whom were wounded. Which, I may as well observe by the way, proves that Byng's Brigade had something to do in the business that evening, and that the 39th Regiment did not eat up all the French, as the historians and some late writers say. But, to resume—next day, on our advance, these poor people were left in the charge of a very young and inexperienced medical officer. Two days after, Sir John Byng sent for me, and said he had misgivings as to the case of these unfortunates, as he had no confidence in the young doctor who attended them. So, Mr. Henry, I request as a favour that you will ride back to Garris—you have a good horse, and can soon overtake us—see all the French wounded dressed, and sent carefully to the rear; then join the brigade as fast as you can, and I will direct Edwards, the Commissary, to issue you a bag of oats, in consideration of this extra work." I executed my mission with despatch, returned and reported myself to the General, but—cætera desunt—my horse got no oats.

It is but justice to this distinguished officer—who

I hope will pardon my little badinage—to say, that when I dunned him at the mess, he kindly gave both man and horse an invitation to his head quarters at Pontefract, where we might pay ourselves in kind, or any other manner we pleased, but which I could not accept.

In the middle of March we received the route for Liverpool, there to embark for Ireland. The weather was very cold and inclement at the time; and in the course of one long and circuitous march to avoid Durham, where an election for a Member of Parliament was going on, the men were up to their knees in snow and sleet half the way. In consequence, almost every man caught a severe cold, and many contracted bad chest inflammations, dangerous at the time, and in some instances productive of evil consequences, in the shape of subsequent consumptive complaints.

It is not alone in combatting their enemies in the field that British soldiers risk their lives. Here we had four hundred men at once knocked up by the elements, in obedience to a municipal regulation, and under the visionary apprehension of interference with the freedom of election.

Dr. Granville, in his Russian Travels, tells a story of a German physician at St. Petersburgh who treated his military patients in the hospital of the Russian Guards after a very compendious and soldier-like fashion. At the hour of his morning visit he had them arranged in line, and proceeded from right to left—" Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six—saignes—sept, huit, neuf, dix, onze, douze—purgés—treize, quatorze, quinze, &c.—émétique. Whether this practice was successful or not does not appear—at any rate it was regular; and to a certain extent I adopted it on this occasion. When we reached Leeds the

whole regiment began to cough, as if from one common impulse; and on examination the great majority were found feverish, with pain of chest, and impeded respiration. I collected all the sick in the large yard of the inn where the officers messed, and having opened a dozen veins at once, they were bled nearly to a man. This was repeated in some of the worst cases at the end of the next day's march; and having procured carts for those who could not walk, we took them all with us convalescent to Liverpool. Now in this instance Dr. Sangrado is bold enough to believe that "he did the state some service,"—though unfortunately they don't know it.

We stayed a couple of days at Liverpool, admiring the rising grandeur of that great commercial emporium, and were then put on board some miserable schooners, and had a very disagreeable voyage to Dublin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DUBLIN.—CAVAN.—CASTLE-SAUNDERSON AND ITS HOSPITALITIES.—ENNISKILLEN.—THICKNESS OF THE CRANIUM OF AN IRISHMAN AN ENDOWMENT OF NATURE, PROTECTIVE OF THE BLOWS AND BUMPS TO, WHICH SHE KNEW IT WOULD BE EXPOSED.—SLIGO.—A LATE DINNER.

"Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through Life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky."

GOLDSMITH.

THE observation is more true than original, that the city of Dublin is a striking emblem of the country whose metropolis it is. It exhibits extravagant finery, contrasted with the most squalid and extensive misery; magnificent edifices, appropriated to purposes not contemplated at their erection; enormous squares, with no two houses of equal height; and grand quays and bridges of granite, adorning a stream fit only for a cock-boat.

The transition from English wealth, comfort, cleanliness, and neatness, to Irish beggary, slovenliness, and filth is very painful to a stranger; how much more to a rational and observant Irishman. Although by no means disposed to join in the vulgar outcry against the Saxon domination, nor to place the existing poverty and misery of Ireland to the English account, yet I fear that much of it may be traced, indirectly, to sins of omission on the part of England,

and that this country is now suffering, in the constant embarrassment of her relations with the sister island, for her own criminal neglect in one weighty matter. In the course of the world, from the earliest times of authentic history, we see a stern and retributive justice punishing national crimes by their own proper disastrous consequences; as is the case, on a small scale, with respect to the vices of individuals.

England found Ireland the scene of cruel civil wars between barbarous rival chieftains, and made an easy conquest of the island. The Pope blessed the enterprise, and liberally gave over the country to the British Crown; and the first grateful act of England afterwards, was to assist his Holiness in establishing there the Papal supremacy, and in suppressing the ancient and simpler form of Christianity that had before prevailed.

But farther, when the Reformation was spread through England, and the Protestant Church was firmly established in the times of Elizabeth and James the First, the English Government took the worst possible way to extend its benefits to the sister island. The English ministers proscribed and persecuted, according to the custom and spirit of the age, and thus made it a point of honour for the natives to adhere to the Roman Catholic religion. After three centuries of useless coercion the plan was changed; but it was too late. In a word, England might have converted Ireland, and made the whole country what the north now is, had she set about it in a spirit of mild wisdom and pure primitive Christianity; studied the language and customs of the people; sent exemplary missionaries, possessed of a knowledge of their native tongue, amongst them; appointed none but men like the exemplary Bishop Bedell to the

Irish Sees; and ruled the country with impartial justice. She chose to use force in propagating a faith that disclaims and abhors it; and in the just retribution of a superintending Providence, the turbulence and pauperism of Ireland are now paralysing her arm and eating into her heart.

The 66th marched to Cavan and Enniskillen. I was quartered with a wing of the regiment at the former place, which is a poor town, but we found the neighbourhood most respectable, the gentry very hospitable, and many comfortable houses within an hour's ride of the place, amongst which we were disposed to place Castle Saunderson in the first rank. The visits there of ten days or a fortnight in old Colonel Saunderson's time are recorded in golden letters on my memory. This gentleman was advanced in years and of infirm health; the kindness of his disposition, therefore, induced him to attach a professional character to these visits, although the numerous agrémens the house afforded far more than compensated any little services I might be able to render him. First and foremost, there was an excellent library, in which I luxuriated, often wishing for a Briarean power of eye and intellect to read fifty books at once; then all the periodicals of note, with the backs of the chairs and the fender covered with drying newspapers before the blazing turf fire when we came down to breakfast. Next, a pack of hounds, then a billiard table, then fishing in the lake, and a preserve of hares, woodcocks, and snipe in their seasons. Lastly, some pleasant people always in the house, with good wines, excellent pottheen, and a good table.

I recollect with great gusto, but at the same time a melancholy feeling, my last visit to Castle Saunderson, accompanied by Colonel Goldie, a valued friend of thirty years' standing. The worthy host was more than a little deaf, and so was his son, Captain Bassett Saunderson of the 44th. We had a dozen people in the house, but it so chanced that Colonel Goldie and myself found out the exact pitch of voice that suited the Governor's auditory nerve better than any of the party; and one of us was generally placed at table on his good ear side, though bad was the best. Although this position was not particularly agreeable, being the medium of communication between the master of the house and the company at table, and the office no sinecure, yet I liked the old man so much, that the fatigue of my post as confidential minister on these occasions was not at all regarded. Colonel Saunderson and his deaf son used, when I sat between them, to complain mutually of each other's bawling. "Well, I do wish Bassett would speak a little lower, he thinks I can't hear a bit;" and "Certainly I should make out the Governor better if he reduced his voice by an octave; why, I declare he'll split the little nerve I have left."

Bassett was an excellent chess player. After the Peace he went to Paris, and one of his first visits was to the Café de la Régence, the great evening haunt of the Parisian amateurs of that noble game. Enquiring of one of the waiters, he found that a number of players had assembled in the chief salon, and were already hard at work; when, determined to have a little fun, he desired the garçon to take in a message, that an English gentleman, just arrived in Paris, requested to have the honour of a game with the first player in the room. Instead of waiting until called

up by the general voice, as would be done in a more modest country, instantly six or seven of the players started from their seats, and a comic scene of pretending to cede the pas to each other ensued, which my friend witnessed through a side door. At length, after some minutes of grotesque gesticulations, one gentleman came out and played with the stranger.

The Colonel had several times offered me a fee on leaving his house, which I always declined, from a feeling that I could not decently pocket his money after the good things I had enjoyed under his roof. The last morning I left Castle Saunderson, my horse was at the door to ride down to the bottom of the avenue to await the mail coach, when the old gentleman accompanied me into the hall. In shaking my hand, I felt a bundle of bank notes pressed into it, which I returned to his, and he thrust again into mine, and thus we bandied them about for half a minute. At last, when he shut both hands against them, I dropped them at his feet, mounted, and cantered off. Now, dear reader, I will whisper into your ear that I happened to be particularly poor at this precise time; and such is the weakness of human nature, or, begging its pardon, of my share of it, that before I reached the high road, I began to be sorry that I had not the notes snugly filling up the ugly hollows in my pockets. However, I gulped down the regret, jumped into the coach, and went off to Enniskillen.

All the world knows how common bloody battles, softly called rows, are at Irish fairs, and how briskly, yet often how harmlessly, the lively shillelahs jump from one head to another. All the world knows this, and marvels at it, but only a select few have any notion of the cause why so few heads are broken, or

lives lost, on these occasions. A friend of mine, deeply versed in anatomy and physiology, thus explains it.

Benevolent nature has kindly accommodated animals in all countries to the necessities of climate, or other imperious external circumstances. She turns wool into hair within the tropics, and hair into wool, besides making a present of an additional blanket towards the poles. She provides white cloaks and dresses every winter over large portions of the globe, for creatures that require such clothing, either to afford them additional heat, or screen them from the notice of their enemies, or other good reasons. Since, therefore, even to the inferior animals she is so lavish of her gifts, it would be hard if she were not correspondingly indulgent to man, and the "finest peasantry" of man, when their exigencies require a boon from her hand. This might be deemed probable, à priori, but the question is not now a matter of doubt or of likelihood, but of certainty. For my friend informs me that the important physiological fact has been demonstrated by Cuvier, and will be published in his great posthumous Work now printing, entitled, "Récherchés Physiologiques Nationaux," that the crania of two hundred and eleven Irishmen which he had examined and carefully compared with others, are nearly double in thickness, hardness, and specific gravity to what the skulls of the Celtic tribes generally are found to be, and exceed in the same points those of other Europeans in a larger proportion. It is remarkable that this is more noticeable about the frontal and parietal bones, and particularly along the course of the sagittal suture than anywhere else. Nature has thus, in beautiful accordance with her operations in hyperborean and hyperbrumal countries,

fortified and defended the skulls of her favourites of the Green Isle, and enabled them to bear, without serious inconvenience, the manifold beatings and belabourings to which she foresaw they would be liable.

We had the pleasure of witnessing one very respectable fight on a fair day at Enniskillen, about three o'clock, when the whiskey was beginning to develope the pugnacious qualities of the crowd. It was very confined in its origin, being only a simple duel between two men with shillelahs at the door of a public house, but the quarrel extended like wild-fire, and soon pervaded the whole multitude. Thump! crack! crack! whack! thwack! crack! went the sticks on the heads and shoulders of His Majesty's liege subjects, but in consequence of the beautiful endowment discovered by Cuvier, the thwacks and the thumps produced no more effect than a racket ball against the wall of the court. In the very height of the battle we saw a stout man riding on a strong Punch, threading his way amidst the infernal tumult, regardless of the din of oaths and execrations, and wood of sticks, knocking away at the sconces right and left, and everybody shrinking and ducking when they saw him. In five minutes he had cleared the street of the combatants, and restored peace by his sole exertions. It was impossible to see the argumentum baculinum more energetically or more successfully used. "He flured the fight in a crack," as my servant had it. The vigorous peacemaker was Lord Enniskillen.

Loch Erne is, I believe, the largest lake in Great Britain or Ireland, and eminently beautiful, but in a style different from the perfect lakes of Killarney. It is full of green and wooded islands, having one for every day in the year, and one over and above, as the

country people in the neighbourhood aver. Loch Erne abounds in fish, particularly pike and perch, with salmon trout, bream, and eels; but the trout are thinned by the rapacity of that fresh water shark, the pike.

Loch Erne pours the accumulated waters of a large part of the north of Ireland into the Atlantic, by a short and very impetuous river of the same name, which, after a course of rapids of four miles from Belleek, and a last fall of seventeen feet at Ballyshannon, meets the tide at the bottom of a perpendicular limestone rock. The open sea is only three miles distant from the fall, and in early summer innumerable salmon run up and assemble in the pool, as the abyss below the rock is called, checked in their career by this formidable barrier. In the course of a week, many thousands are here collected, waiting, as it would almost appear, for a spring tide to raise the water in the pool, and make the leap easier. Here the fish are taken in great numbers in nets and weirs, and for the greater part sent to the London market.

Men, however, are not here the only enemies of this fine fish. Seals follow the salmon from the sea, and prey upon them in the immense reservoir below the fall; pursuing them with greater speed and success than the unwieldy appearance of these amphibious creatures would lead one to expect. They are often seen emerging from the froth of the boiling eddies at the bottom of the fall, with salmon writhing in their mouths; and generally pay the penalty of their lives for poaching in this preserve of the lords of the creation. I have shot several in flagranti delicto.

During spring tides, when the weather is fine, the Ballyshannon salmon leap attracts a great number of spectators. As the water rises the fish begin to leap,

perhaps a couple of hundred in the hour. The young ones very often miscalculate the direction they should take, leaping vertically out of the water, and of course falling back immediately. But the older and wiser fish, many of which, no doubt, have been up before, and are better mathematicians, manage differently. These dart to the crest of the cataract, in a line with the curve of the falling mass, and there cling for some seconds, wriggling themselves into the torrent. In this very difficult position they can only work on the water with the pectoral and ventral fins; the force of their powerful tail, by which chiefly they had sprung from the bottom, being now lost in beating the air. Many, notwithstanding, succeed; dip into the water at the top, and shoot up the river; but the great majority fail, and after a gallant struggle, are tumbled back into the pool, there to breathe themselves, and prepare for a more successful attempt.

The 66th were always well conducted and popular in quarters. Previous to leaving Enniskillen, Colonel Nicol gave a farewell party at the barracks to the fair ladies of the place, and the dancing was kept up vigorously till daylight. We marched early the next morning; and I am sure it is no exaggeration to state, that the half of the male population of the town, high and low, escorted us two miles, giving us a long series of hearty cheers at parting.

In May 1824 the head quarters of the regiment were stationed at Boyle, with three companies at Sligo, a flourishing little seaport, situated in a semi-circular sweep between two mountains. A lake called Loch Gill, feeding the river on which the town is built, is next to Killarney, I think, in all the attributes of picturesque beauty. Hazlewood, on the north bank,

the seat of Mr. Wynne, is one of the prettiest places in the kingdom.

Lord P——n has estates in the county of Sligo, and in September 1824 he paid the town the honour of a visit, to inspect their condition; when a large dinner party was got up for him by Mr. Abraham Martin, a gentleman of wealth and enterprize residing in Sligo. The hour was seven o'clock, two or three of the 66th officers and myself came a quarter after, and found the company assembled, but his Lordship had not yet arrived. Half-past seven—three quarters—eight o'clock struck, still no Lord P——n. Then commenced a new quarterly series, and went on to nine; but still no Lord. By this time we were all in abominable humour, and I, for one, was ravenous; but the appetite of many of the party had gone off, leaving behind disgust and lassitude, and a sense of personal insult. Cake and wine were now handed round, and our sufferings were thus made endurable for another hour. But at the horrid sound of ten o'clock the whole party rose in open rebellion, took the law in their own hands, and rushed down stairs to what should have been dinner.

Half an hour after, when some signs of returning animation had become visible under the champaigne, in marched Lord P——n; and shuffling up to the head of the table, apologized to the hostess for his want of punctuality, his hack horses having knocked up: and then with one of the blandest smiles in the world concluded, "But I'm glad you did not wait."

The regiment moved to Athlone in August, 1825. The Shannon is here a noble stream, and a little way above the town expands into a fine lake called

Loch Rae, studded with green islands, like most of the Irish lakes, and abounding in large pike and trout.

From Athlone to Ballinasloe is only a ride, and two or three of us went to see the fair. Fancy a huge dusty or muddy plain, covered with twenty thousand cows and bullocks, and a hundred thousand sheep, with ten thousand people poking their hands into their ribs, and chaffering about their price; and you have Ballinasloe fair before you.

We marched to Dublin in October.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR COLQUHOUN GRANT.—SIR GEORGE MURRAY.—SUDDEN DEATH OF AN OFFICER OF THE 58TH REGIMENT.—BIRR.—LIMERICK.—EMBARKATION FOR QUEBEC.

> "It is an actual fact that he, commander
> In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill
> The awkward squad, and could afford to squander
> His time, a corporal's duties to fulfil."
>
> DON JUAN.

WHEN we arrived in Dublin in 1825, Sir Colquhoun Grant was in command of the garrison; a strict disciplinarian, and the terror of officers commanding corps. "Your men ride like tailors, and awkward tailors too, Sir," was a remark often applied by him to cavalry colonels; and "Do you call that handful of men a regiment? why it's only a detachment, and a dirty detachment, Sir," would be a polite speech addressed to a chef de bataillon of infantry. Yet, as they would say in his own country, "his bark was aye waur than his bite," and although he seemed to enjoy making a commanding officer of a regiment tremble to the ends of the spurs, in front of his men, he was too upright and honest to do him an injury in a report to the Horse Guards, unless in a case of the most marked and prominent incapacity.

Sir George Murray was at this time the com-

mander of the forces in Ireland; a man of rare qualities both civil and military. I never saw a finer face than his; indeed, such a pleasing and happy combination of intelligence, sweetness, and spirit, with regularity, beauty, and a noble cast of features, is rarely found in human physiognomies. Nor did the lineaments do discredit to Lavater, for he was universally esteemed and respected.

We were much in society in Dublin in the winter of 1825-6, which was a very gay season. The Marquis of Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant, had fallen in love with a pretty American widow, and married her sometime before. Being a Roman Catholic, the proceeding had pleased the majority of the metropolitans; and the lady managed to disarm the Protestants of any different feeling, by her very graceful deportment and fascinating manners. The vice-regal court patronized the manufactures of the country, and several large parties were given with this object. Amongst the rest a grand subscription ball was got up at the Rotunda, under the patronage of the Marchioness of Wellesley, where the ladies were all dressed in Irish tabinets. The 66th officers wore blue scarfs of that peculiar stuff, looped up with gold cords and tassels, and had the honour of being complimented thereon by the Lady Patroness, who said they looked very elegant. We were rather inconveniently placed for enjoying the gaieties of Dublin, being quartered in the Richmond Barracks, two miles off: notwithstanding, we managed to come in to two, three, and sometimes four parties the same night.

About this time the surgeon of the regiment having imprudently indulged at supper in, I fear, doubtful oysters, was attacked with indigestion, which was

followed by a bad fever. The physician-general, Dr. Cheyne, and another physician attended him with myself; and for some days no very dangerous symptoms occurred. At length the brain became seriously implicated, low muttering delirium set in, and he sank beneath the disease.

From the physical formation of this gentleman, I had anticipated determination to the head, and wished to bleed him, when he sent for me on the first attack; and again on the evening of the same day, but he would not hear of it. And I regret to say that he in common with many other medical men whom I have known, fell a victim to unscientific and groundless apprehensions of the lancet, not less absurd than the "Ah, Dieu m'en garde!" of Napoleon. The Author succeeded as surgeon of the regiment.

Whilst we were quartered at the Richmond Barracks the 58th occupied the other side of the square, and the greatest harmony prevailed between the two corps, who dined frequently together, and attended whist parties at each other's mess rooms. There was a billiard table at the bottom of the hill, on the road to Dublin, where we used often to meet. One day I had been playing with a remarkably fine young man of that corps, named Bell; quite an Apollo Belvedere in face and figure, and much liked by all who knew him. We played till the dinner bugle sounded, and then agreed to meet at the same place for a conquering rubber next day. The morning after, I cantered down the side of the canal, towards Portobello strand, where I saw the 58th at ball-practice; whilst, as I approached, a vague presentiment of evil, which I have sometimes felt immediately before

a great calamity, flashed across my mind—

"For the soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating in the wind,
That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment."

As I rode up I perceived a group assembled, and individuals hurrying towards it from all parts, and on reaching the ground I was shocked beyond expression to find my poor friend Bell just breathing his last, with the blood still gushing from his side. He had heedlessly passed in front of some awkward recruits who were firing with their eyes intent upon the target, and was shot through the body.

In July 1826 we were ordered to Birr, or as it is now called, Parsons' Town, in honour of Lord Ross, the principal landlord, whose name was Sir Lawrence Parsons. I cannot say much in its favour; for one of our men had his skull broke by a stone, held in a man's hand, and another was shot whilst on sentry. The ruffians, however, failed in their murderous object in both instances, for the men recovered.

Our residence at Parsons' Town was enlivened by a certain fracas between a Roman Catholic Priest, named Crotty, and the titular Bishop of the Diocese, against whom he had rebelled. Mr. Crotty had formed a party of the town's people in his favour; and to conciliate the Protestants of the place, his adherents made their band play every night the most notorious Orange tunes; which from them, was almost as absurd as the silly act of pledging the "glorious and immortal memory" in a bumper of Boyne water on the part of Mr. O'Connell. The refractory priest publicly told the bishop, that his spiritual instructions were as little calculated to benefit his diocese, as a farthing candle on the heights

of Dover would be to illuminate Calais. There was no making light of this, so the bishop excommunicated Mr. Crotty, and appointed his own nephew in his place; but when the new priest arrived at Parsons' Town, and prepared to officiate in the chapel on the following Sunday, he found Mr. Crotty already in possession, and could not get in. In this predicament he applied to Lord Ross, exhibited his credentials, and asked for magisterial support. His lordship called on Colonel Nicol for military assistance, and two hundred of the 66th were marched to the chapel, to oust the irregular occupant, and put the right man in possession.

The regiment moved to Limerick in December, a good station, and a place of much intelligence and enterprize. They had just finished a new gaol and lunatic asylum, each a model in its line. They had an admirable club formed after the regulations of the Kildare Street Club in Dublin; of which the Author had the honour of being elected a member.

On the morning of Christmas Day an express was sent for me from Killaloe, sixteen miles distant, to see one of our soldiers who had his skull fractured in a fight in the streets the night before. The surgeon in attendance had bled the patient, and was preparing to trephine, that is, to bore a hole through the skull, near the injured part, so as to obtain a purchase by which to raise with a lever the fractured piece pressing on the brain, but waited for f[redacted]advice before undertaking so formidable a mat[redacted]he skull near the top of the head had been beat in, to the extent of half a crown, by the angle of a large stone, which a brutal ruffian had used with murderous intent, holding it in his hand, as is, I'm sorry to say, too

commonly done in Ireland. No bad symptoms had occurred, and the man was perfectly sensible, although there was a hollow in his skull that would hold half a large walnut. The doctor wanted to set about boring his hole immediately, secundum artem, but was recommended to keep his trephine quiet for a little. In the morning he was advised to put it up altogether, the man having passed a good night, and the brain being evidently prepared to stow away its convolutions in a smaller compass, and accommodate itself to the diminished space. This matter being thus put in favourable train, I proceeded to the quarters of the officer commanding the detachment, to get rid of the mud of a very dirty ride, and accompanied him to the bishop's, (Dr. Arbuthnot) to throw myself on his lordship's hospitality for my Christmas dinner.

Finally the poor patient perfectly recovered, though with an ugly hollow in his cranium that must sadly have disconcerted the functions of the subjacent organ of veneration.

One night after a party at Limerick, as an officer of the 66th, who had lately joined, and myself were returning to the barracks, we heard an alarm of fire, and directed our steps towards the light which was now beginning to spread far and wide. A large range of store-houses, seven or eight stories high, were bursting into a blaze. Immediately after, the garrison was alarmed, and troops were put in motion to assist the firemen a[illegible]tect property. We soon saw Sir C—— D—— [illegible]anding the district, on horseback, riding about among the crowd, very busy in giving his directions. When he recognized us, he accosted my young companion, "Pray, sir, what's your name?" "H—y, sir," "Very well, Mr. H—y, take that

patrol of the 66th, and march them round yonder angle to protect those barrels of pork. Place a sentry on the west side of the store-house, one on the south, and two on the north-east; do you understand, sir?" "I think I do, sir, but I don't know how to set about it." "Not know how! why what the d—l do you mean?" "I mean exactly what I say, Sir C——, I joined yesterday, and have only been six days in the service." "Oh, oh, Mr. H—y, that's very true, you can't know much about it yet. But get drilled, sir, get drilled quick. In the mean time your friend the doctor there will assist you in posting the sentries." So the pork was protected in all due military form.

The indulgent reader by this time knows me sufficiently to believe, that in the course of my peregrinations, when I reached a new quarter, my first thought was concerning the angling facilities it afforded. Thus the sight of the Shannon at Limerick instantly created associated reveries of springing fish, and the delightful sound of the revolving reel, and the winding up, and last dying struggle, and all the anxiety, and excitement, and rapture of a successful salmocide. There is good fishing above Limerick, and the salmon of the Shannon bear some proportion in size to the fine river they inhabit, and here are in full possession of all their marine strength and vigour; but the stream is so broad that the best cast can only be fished from a boat. This takes away much of the zest of the sport, for when one hooks a fine fish, it is pleasant to stand firmly on the solid rock, or to feel the turf of the bank springing under one's feet.

In March I commenced my fishing operations, and on the first day proceeded in a skiff with an old guide, who was well acquainted with the haunts of the sal-

mon. We trolled through some beautiful holes for an hour without seeing a fish, at last I hooked one, but soon perceived by its want of liveliness and force, that it was a spent salmon on his way down the river. I brought him to the shore and landed him without injury, and although the old fisherman begged the fish as his lawful perquisite, I had compassion on its feebleness, and threw the poor valetudinarian back into the river, with a bit of medical advice to make the best of its way to the sea. Soon after I hooked another of the same description, and turned him also adrift without injury. Next I caught a large pike, at the imminent risk of my fly, which was a beauty of its kind; for the voracious rascal had succeeded in biting through two strands of the twisted gut, but the third luckily got between his teeth. This fish was bestowed on the boatman, who appeared somewhat annoyed by the chivalry exercised towards the distressed salmon. Generous actions by land or water are not always unrewarded, and the liberation of the attenuated individuals was soon recompensed by the luck of hooking a noble fish of twenty pounds, fresh from the sea, and of extraordinary activity and strength. After exhausting him by half an hour's play in mid-stream, we made for the shore, I jumped out, played him five minutes longer, then gaffed and crimped him; and he was produced at dinner at the mess the same day.

In April we received orders to march to Buttevant, there to form our depôt, previous to embarkation for Canada. Here we were inspected by our old friend Sir George Bingham, who dined with us at the mess three days following. Poor Sir George! the grave has since closed over him, as over many a kindred

manly form, and warm and honest heart. He enjoyed himself with us at Buttevant, as one always does at meeting with old and valued friends; and we gave him wine as generous as himself; for the last dozen of our invaluable Madeira, that had sailed with us twelve hundred miles up the Ganges, twelve years before, ripened at St. Helena, and travelled with us ever since, here exhaled its nectareous spirit.

The regiment embarked at Cove in June 1827, on board the Romney, of fifty guns, and the Arab transport, bound to Quebec. I sailed in the latter vessel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.—COD-FISHING ON THE GREAT BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—ARRIVAL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE. —QUEBEC.—VISIONARY GRIEVANCES OF THE CANADIANS. —CANADIAN WINTER.

"————I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales."
TEMPEST.

"Meantime the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew."
CORSAIR.

EVERY body knows that the voyage from Europe to America is up-hill work, while the voyage home is like going down an inclined plane. The reason, namely, the greater prevalence of westerly over all other winds, is also notorious. But what is not quite so palpable is the fact, that there is a perpetual cause for this; or at least, one that will continue to operate as long as the big ball we inhabit spins from west to east: which to us of the present generation is much the same thing. Human science has triumphed over this since the period of which I write, but not altogether; for the swell from the westward, and the westerly winds, retard the course of the swiftest and strongest steam-boats; and the voyage from England to Halifax is still from twenty to thirty hours longer than the voyage home.

We stretched out into the Atlantic with a fine fair breeze, and went on all day as favourably as we could

desire; but at night the wind chopped directly in our teeth, and we were obliged to stand away to the south. After this we had a succession of calms, and baffling little breezes, and all kinds of cross purposes, for nearly a month; by which time we were not more than two thirds of our way.

At length we reached the Great Bank, and got soundings, and one day when it was calm commenced cod-fishing; which was quite novel to me, but after all, very miserable angling. For as we fished at a depth of nearly fifty fathoms, the difference of pressure on the body of the fish at the bottom and top, and the unusual expansion of the air-bladder, consequent thereon, appeared to stupify and paralyze them near the surface, and they allowed themselves to be dragged out of the water quite passively, and without resistance. However we did much execution amongst these lubberly fish, killing three hundred of them, of which number twenty-five fell to my share. One of our officers amused himself in opening the stomachs, and a very odd and heterogeneous collection of items was discovered. One gadus of very large size, who must have been an epicure in his way, had an oyster-knife in his stomach, but how he used it puzzled us all; another had a large cuttle-fish, several had different kinds of shell-fish, and the remains of capelin: on examining one of the largest of them all, lo! a mouse was found perfect, as if recently swallowed, probably an unfortunate passenger in our own ship.

We had here a gale of wind from the north-west, that rattled our crockery in good style. It lasted only seven or eight hours, and as the night was clear, and we had plenty of sea-room, a good ship, skilful

master, and efficient crew, it was more a matter of enjoyment to most of us than of suffering.

Off the Island of St. Paul's we fell in with a very gorgeous iceberg, about the size of York Minster, and having a curious resemblance to that noble cathedral. We approached it very close, and were struck with the cooling effect its enormous mass had on the atmosphere. The two towers on the roof were well defined, but there were also three spires, with half a dozen cascades of clear water: the whole berg shining brightly in the sun, and throwing out here and there at the salient points the richest prismatic colours.

At length we saw the low desolate island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but were a week beating up the river. The little European rivers hide their diminished heads, compared with this magnificent stream. As we advanced, the shores grew bold, and wild, and primeval; with the pines and the rocks as they appeared a couple of centuries after the flood. This savage uniformity at length became fatiguing to the eye, for nothing was visible but firs and granite, not a morsel of a clearance, nor smoke, nor human habitation. At length a straggling house began to peep out of the eternal forest, on the Gaspe shore; and as we approached Kamouraska the mountains on that side receded from the shore, and the country became flat and alluvial, but only to an inconsiderable distance from the water. On the north shore the aspect was still abrupt, high and bold; and we could just see the extraordinary fissure or ravine in the mountain-bank, through which the deep Saguenay pours its copious tribute. Then begin the long lines of white houses, and the narrow selvages of green cultivation, along both banks; and every

seven or eight miles a shining church, and the hundreds of picturesque islands in the broad stream, ending in the fertile and grape-covered island of Bacchus, now Orleans, thirty miles long, and the column of silver opposite, which after a second glance we discover to be the high cataract of Montmorency. At length we drop anchor in the fine basin of Quebec.

I have never yet beheld that prospect, nor heard that harmony, nor met that celebrated person, nor enjoyed that sensation, which had not been previously amplified, beautified, and exaggerated, far beyond reality, by that false but flattering limner, imagination. Quebec had been pictured in brilliant colours as to its own appearance, the beauty of its site, and the imposing attributes of natural and artificial strength with which it was invested. We found the town an ugly cluster of old quaint houses, pitched on the extremity of a bald promontory of table land; the streets narrow, crooked, and steep; and those built low along the river side, disgracefully filthy; with zig-zag wharfs pushing irregularly into the mighty stream, whose surface was thickly dotted with shipping.

This is the first impression when the realities of Quebec are "oculis subjecta fidelibus." But after a day or two we find the place improving in our estimation. We gain the rampart and ascend to the citadel, and are delighted with the glorious views on all sides that spread themselves out before us. We visit the numerous sweet spots in the immediate neighbourhood; ride along the pretty banks of the delicate little river, and luxuriate amidst the rich rural scenes at Lorette, or enjoy the fine view from thence of the city we have left. We awake the sleeping echoes of that gem of lakes, St. Charles, explore

the bold rocks of the Chaudière, or gaze with straining eyes at the lofty torrent at Montmorency. We consider also the historical memorials and associations with which the place is rich, as the scene of the first planting of civilization and Christianity on this Continent; the toiling and patient missionary; the listening and wondering savage; then the final transference of dominion to England; the plains of Abraham, the triumph of the British arms, and the refulgent name of Wolfe! Last, but not least, we appreciate it as the impregnable bulwark of British power, and at last arrive at the conclusion, that in the mind of an Englishman, there is no city in North America so interesting, so classic, or so celebrated as Quebec.

We found political agitation running very high when we reached Quebec. The Earl of Dalhousie, the governor-general, finding the house of Assembly refractory, had just dissolved them; but he gained little by this step, as most of the old members were again returned, and the house once more chose Louis Joseph Papineau for their speaker. This person, since so notorious, had already made himself conspicuous in 1827, by violent attacks on the British Government, and the Provincial Executive, both in committees of the whole house, and at various public meetings, to an extent altogether inconsistent with the moderation to be expected from the Speaker of the Assembly. The penetration of Lord Dalhousie saw even then the future traitor in his true colours; for at his own table I well recollect hearing the Governor say, "Mark my words, gentlemen, that man is a political incendiary, whose ambition will never be satisfied until he has hopelessly embroiled Lower Canada with Great Britain."

"Griefs," or grievances, were the order of the day with the discontented Canadians in 1827, amongst which we discovered that our occupation of the Jesuits' Barracks, where the 66th and 79th Highlanders were quartered, was not the smallest on the long list. This extensive building was formerly the College of the Jesuits; and on the suppression of that remarkable body of talented but unprincipled men in France and her colonies, it was vacated, and after the conquest was occupied as a barrack by the British troops. The banishment of the Jesuits having been nearly simultaneous with the cession of Canada by the French Crown, not a word was said for forty or fifty years about the "grief" in question; for it was perceived that any reflection on the British Government in this matter would recoil against the Duc de Choiseul and the French King, who drove the reverend fathers from their seats in the Sorbonne, and their halls in Quebec. But of late years, when all manner of grievances were got up, this was too promising a subject to be lost sight of; accordingly, it has had a prominent place in the catalogue, and has been the subject of virulent abuse against the British Government session after session.

Yet I believe the Canadians have themselves to blame in this as in many other things; and but for the apathy or dislike of one of their ecclesiastical chiefs towards liberal studies, their Jesuits' College might now have been an university, diffusing around the lights of science, learning, and philosophy, and reflecting honour and celebrity on their city and province. In 1787, the government of Lord Dorchester wishing to give an impulse to the public mind in Canada towards liberal studies, to elevate the character of the city of Quebec, and generally to promote the

good of the Canadian people, took steps to obtain the opinions of the most respectable and influential Canadians as to the propriety and necessity of establishing an university in Quebec. It was intimated that certain English funds formerly appropriated to objects in the colonies, now become independent, would no longer be required in that quarter, and might, on application to the Crown, be granted as an endowment to the university. A grant of land was also to be expected for the same beneficent object; and it was believed with great probability that the Government, when they saw the project maturing under Lord Dorchester's auspices, would be induced by this nobleman's representations to give up the Jesuits' College for the accommodation of the new institution.

Unhappily this scheme turned out abortive; the Canadians generally shewed no interest about the matter, and the Bishop of Quebec found so many good reasons for opposing the project, that he concluded a long epistle to the chairman of a committee of the council, by stating his opinion that it was quite impracticable. Monseigneur Hubert added, "A farmer in easy circumstances, who wishes to leave his children a comfortable inheritance, will rather bring them up to agriculture, and employ his money in the purchase of land, than procure them learning, of which he knows nothing himself, and of the value of which it is scarcely possible that he should have an idea." His Lordship concludes with the sagacious and happy observation, that "as long as there was so much waste land in Canada, there was no need of an university;" and with the conclusive argument, that as the University of Paris, the oldest in the world, only dates from the twelfth century, whereas

the monarchy originated in the fifth, ergo, it would be time enough to talk of the proposed institution after the lapse of two or three hundred years!

As I have entered into this subject, I may mention that the coadjutor Bishop, M. Bailly, was of a totally different opinion, and stoutly and resolutely defended the project of the university. In the course of his letter he is rather severe on the good Bishop, convicting him of some startling mistakes in chronology with respect to the antiquity of universities. He urges the council "to pursue with diligence this great and honourable enterprise, and to second the good intentions of our Governor, that he may see the steps he has taken crowned with success."

It is impossible to avoid reflecting how different a character the city of Quebec might now have possessed, had the liberal spirit of M. Bailly animated the narrow-minded Bishop. Learning and science might here have found their chosen seat, and alumni from all quarters have flocked hither for education. But as the coadjutor Bishop observes, quoting from St. John, "et delexerunt homines tenebras magis quam lucem."

The winter of 1827-8 came on early, and we prepared to meet it. At first the sensation of cold, in a clear blue sky, illuminated by a bright unclouded sun, was cheerful and exhilarating, and our numerous pic-nic parties under these circumstances were very agreeable. Lady Dalhousie was fond of these excursions, and patronized them much. Her mode of assembling her party on these occasions was neat and characteristic; she sent round a miniature whip to the persons she wished to compose it on the morning of the day selected, which was the well known signal for the meeting of the carioles at the Chateau at

eleven o'clock, the usual hour of starting; and the whip, like the fiery cross, soon produced a gathering.

When the winter advanced and the cold increased, pari passu, and I had my nose pulled half a dozen times in a friendly way, to wrench it from the sterner gripe of John Frost, it then was no joke. When the weather was calm, we could bear twenty, or even five and twenty degrees below zero tolerably, but with wind this cold was insupportable. Notwithstanding this severity of temperature, the winter in Canada is by far the healthiest season of the year. With the exception of frost-bites, and accidents from carting or chopping wood for the numerous stoves, we had scarcely any sick during the two first winters here. Amongst the children, both civil and military, however, the winter is not so healthy, for eruptive diseases are then more common; and small pox was rife in the town and suburbs during some part of the cold season for several years after our arrival. Winter appears also to be unfavourable to canine health in Canada, and instances of hydrophobia are then not uncommon.

"Il n'est si grand jour qui ne vienne à vêpres." Long winters, like the most tedious things, must come to an end. In April, 1828, it appeared that nature had made a mistake, and intended to give us two cold seasons instead of one; but at last, when

"Winter, lingering, chill'd the lap of May,"

even by freezing her apron, a warm breeze stole from the south, melting the frozen air before it; a genial rain fell in the evening, and at noon next day we had jumped into a tropical summer without any intermediate spring. Off instantly went furs and woollens, disbanded were carioles and sleighs, fast down the

eaves and gutters ran the melted snow, and young mill-streams took possession of the streets. Hats and white trousers resumed their empire; dinners and dances and whist-clubs were prorogued, and double windows sent to ruminate in garrets. By and by, the white-winged ships came in by thirties and forties, thronging the noble stream that laves the city walls, and hundred handed commerce bustled and busied herself throughout the lower town.

CHAPTER XL.

RICH VERNAL AND AUTUMNAL TINTS OF THE CANADIAN WOODS.—MONUMENTAL PILLAR TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM AT QUEBEC.—A VETERAN WHO HAD SERVED WITH WOLFE PRESENT AT LAYING THE FOUNDATION.—DEPARTURE OF LORD DALHOUSIE AND ARRIVAL OF SIR JAMES KEMPT.—THREE RIVERS.—FALLS OF SHUANAGAM.—MILITARY EXECUTION AT CAPE DIAMOND.

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas! quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus."
VIRG.

"On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon."
FRENCH PROVERB.

BOTH the spring and autumnal colouring of the vegetable world are richer and fresher here than at home. Vegetation, long oppressed by a severe winter, bursts at once into liberty and luxuriousness, with the apparent gusto of animal sensation and consciousness, as if determined to enjoy the genial but transient summer to the utmost. In the autumn, the juices are not dried up in the leaves by a slow sering process, as in England, before they fall off shrivelled and discoloured; but the first smart night frost in September changes the foliage at once, with much of the sap still circulating vigorously, into red, brown, yellow, or other tints, as if by a direct chemical or dying operation. All may be green during our evening walk, and in the morning the aspect of the

forest may be entirely metamorphosed, and we are presented with the most rich and varied picture of different but harmonious hues, according to the nature of the leaf, its smoothness of surface, strength of texture, and the age of the branch from which it proceeds. The woods at this season present one magnificent and unrivalled Mosaic painting. The birch and the white ash turn brown and yellow in a night, the butternut tree adopts a buff livery, the maple becomes of a rich blood red; every family has its own peculiar colouring, while the hardy pine tribe leaf defies the cold, and preserves its green unaltered amidst the general change. The nice grades of colour vary infinitely, according to the age and position of the trees, the quality of the soil, the earlier or later cold weather, the severity of the frost, and numberless other causes.

There is no place near Quebec where the mellow and beautiful tints of the declining year are seen to more advantage than the fine woods surrounding Lake St. Charles. This sweet little lake has more the aspect and softness of Italian than the ruggedness and wildness of Canadian scenery. It is shaped like an hour-glass, with a fine echo at the narrow part, a superb belt of wooded hill coming down to the edge, and a grand back ground of a triple range of mountains. It is a favourite resort of pic nic parties, and abounds in trout, which form a very common dish on these occasions, whilst the echo affords an unfailing source of amusement. Much was the laughter of a bevy of pretty Quebec damsels at one of my idealess brother officers, who, when called upon by them to address the echo, could only draw upon his recollection of the manual and platoon exercise. How intense must have been the disgust of the nymph in her

grotto, when forced by a spell she could not resist, to respond to such uncouth sounds as "Shoulder arms!" "Order arms!" "With cartridge, prime and load!" "Return ramrods!" The pretty river St. Charles runs out of this lake, and there can be few pleasanter rides than along its banks from Lorette, where it tumbles in picturesque cascades, and then winds easily through the valley, spending its short life in frolicksome meanders, before its waters are lost in the St. Lawrence.

Shortly after our arrival in Canada, a project of erecting some memorial of the death of Wolfe began to be talked of in Quebec, and a subscription list was sent round the regiments in the command, and also circulated amongst the civilians, headed by a most handsome sum on the part of Lord Dalhousie. To assist this laudable undertaking, the Author sent in the following poetic mite, which, however, must not be considered as his only subscription:—

TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

SHALL costly cenotaphs proclaim
On battle fields each glorious name;
And on this hallow'd spot,
These smiling banks his valour gain'd,
Those frowning heights his life-blood stain'd,
Is only WOLFE's forgot?

Deeply each British heart hath mourn'd,
His dust nor trophied nor inurn'd,
Unnoticed and unknown:
Be thine the stain to wash away,
Be thine thy country's debt to pay,
And for the wrong atone.

And thou, brave veteran, on whose breast
Wolfe, cheer'd by victory, sank to rest,
Wilt on the labour smile;
And while we pay the well earn'd meed,
The Christian priest will bless the deed,
And consecrate the pile.

On the 15th of November, 1827, we were witnesses to the highly interesting ceremony of laying the first stone of a monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, on a commanding eminence in Quebec, overlooking the river. The whole of the garrison was assembled, and fired a salute on this stirring occasion; and the interest of the scene was much heightened by the presence of one of Wolfe's soldiers, a Mr. James Thompson, who was in the action, now a fine-looking and silver-headed veteran, a hundred years old. With kind attention to the brave old man's feelings, Lord Dalhousie paid him the compliment of presenting him the masonic mallet, and requesting him to give the three mystic strokes on the foundation stone.

This monumental pillar is chaste and classic, finely placed, and ornamental to the city. However, I have heard it criticised for want of sufficient profile by a gentleman of much architectural taste; and I am not perfectly satisfied that in the line of the inscription,

"Monumentum posteritas dedit,"

the tense is right, or whether posterity can ever be spoken of except in the future. There is a precedent, I know, for the "dedit," in the celebrated question of Sir Bryan O'Toole, "Why should we work for posterity? I should like to know what the d—l posterity has done for us?" but this will not pass for much with the learned. Seriously, I must add that the writer of the inscription is an able man, and an excellent classical scholar, prepared to defend his tense, which may after all be perfectly right.

The handsome liberality of dedicating this monument to Montcalm the vanquished, as conspicuously as to Wolfe the victor, is in fine taste, and every way worthy of Lord Dalhousie, and the magnanimous

country of whose Sovereign he was the representative. Notwithstanding, the French Canadians took no part in the proceeding, but in a sordid and unamiable spirit they deemed the name of Montcalm only introduced to swell the triumph of Wolfe.

My Irish countrymen of the lower orders improve much on exportation, and in this colony particularly, they become valuable members of society. They leave on the other side the Atlantic many of their bad qualities, finding the good ones far better capital to thrive on in a new country; here, generally speaking, they are quiet, honest, and industrious, and get on very well. Several flourishing settlements of Irish are to be found in the country round Quebec; and in the city there is a very large congregation who have a good and handsome church dedicated to St. Patrick, built a few years ago, partly by their own funds, assisted by the contributions of their Roman Catholic brethren in Montreal and Upper Canada, and essentially aided by the liberality of their Protestant friends. It was remarked that the French Canadians were of very little assistance in this matter, for Jean Baptiste is not very liberal of his money, nor has he much to spend; moreover, he is not partial to the Irish, nor are they to him.

A worthy ecclesiastic, the Rev. Mr. M'Mahon, of whose tender and assiduous spiritual attentions to sick soldiers of his communion I can bear testimony, officiates amongst his countrymen. This gentleman devotes himself to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of his flock; and I believe is eminently useful in inculcating quiet, sober, and industrious habits, and restraining excess. Crowds of emigrants surround his door at the opening of the navigation, in hope of receiving advice and assistance from this good

priest, and his hand is open to them all to the extent of his limited means. He is an eloquent preacher too, selon sa façon; but I would humbly hint to him that his annual two hours sermon on the Real Presence, in which he strenuously endeavours to convert the Protestants whom he catches in his church, when the affiliated charity societies repair there on St. Patrick's Day, is not in the best taste. He may be assured that they go there out of compliment to himself and the Irish, and to give their money for charitable purposes, not to buy Transubstantiation.

The short summer of 1828 soon passed away. In the end of autumn, Lord Dalhousie went home, and was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, an admirable military officer, and a clever man. The demonstrations of attachment to his high minded predecessor were strong and general here among the British part of the community. A grand entertainment was given to him by the principal people of the town a little before he embarked; and when he sailed, a steam boat full of Quebec ladies and gentlemen escorted the frigate that took him home a considerable distance down the river.

The Colonial Legislature met in November, and Mr. Papineau was recognized as Speaker of the Assembly, although he had been solemnly and deservedly rejected by Lord Dalhousie the year before. This gentleman had incapacitated himself for the chair of the house by the extreme partiality, violence, and acerbity of the line of politics he had taken, and the hostility he had shewn to every measure of the Home and Colonial Governments. The Judge who, over his bottle, had already prejudicated a case of life or death, or the Juror who has irregularly given an opinion of guilt before trial, might as well be per-

mitted to discharge subsequently their important duties, as a hot headed and seditious partisan, like Mr. Papineau, be allowed to fulfil a trust requiring forbearance, impartiality, and moderation.

But after the decisive step of rejection had once been taken on such good grounds, there should have been no backing out; the wise decision of Lord Dalhousie ought to have been supported at all hazards by the Home Government, and his successor forbidden to reverse his work, which was a lamentable proof of weakness both here and at home, and pregnant with many bad consequences.

For some time all was harmony between parties under the new Governor; the French Canadians took their cue from the Speaker, and he condescended to be civil to Sir James. But the cloven foot would sometimes protrude from under the cloak; and they who knew the man well, averred that the pact between him and the new regime would not be of long duration.

Winter is not only a healthy and enjoyable, but a very gay season in Canada; and before politics had disturbed all the relations of society, we passed our cold seasons most agreeably. We had friendly dinners and whist clubs, snug little dances often, with occasional balls. Then there were curling clubs and their dinners, and tandem clubs with their lunches, and snow shoe parties, and hutting or camping out parties, whose object was to acquire a more perfect enjoyment of the comforts of a good warm house by passing a night or two in the woods. As a climax to all, there was the fatiguing excitement of the moose hunt.

The motion of gliding over the hard and smooth snow on a calm and clear day, thermometer ten above

zero, is very exhilarating and delightful; and few things in Canada are more joyous than the first burst of a tandem club, of a dozen neat equipages, with good robing, good driving, harmonious bells, a pretty girl to take care of, and something in perspective, either lunch, dinner, or dance. For the dull routine of driving up one street and down another, overturning pigs, and frightening old women out of their propriety, does not accord with our notions of the fitness of things, and savours too much of cockenage, yet it is the usual fashion of the clubs in Canada.

In the beginning of the summer of 1829 we had a visit from Mr. ——, the British Ambassador at ——. His Excellency, soon after his arrival, happening to eat fresh salmon rather too freely at dinner, with an accompaniment of new potatoes, au naturel, became indisposed in the course of the evening, and sent for the Author. It so chanced that Sir Charles and Lady Ogle from Halifax were at the same time on a visit to Sir James Kempt, and residing in the chateau as well as Mr. ——. A large party was asked to meet the strangers at dinner the next day, but the disconsolate patient was kept on spoon diet, and confined to his room by the Doctor. When dinner was over, the servants had retired, and Sir James was in the middle of a good story, when the apparition of a pale man in a dressing gown and nightcap, with a bedchamber candle in his hand, and an expression of suffering in his face, stalked into the room. Lady Ogle was the first to observe him, and tittered incontinently at the odd figure; this was soon caught by the rest of the company, and ended in a general laugh. The uproar brought the intruder to a standstill, then right about face, and a hasty retreat. It was the poor Plenipotentiary, who, not yet quite au

fait as to the topography of the chateau, had wandered into the dining-room in the course of his evening explorations.

In the month of September 1829, the Hon. Matthew Bell, a gentleman residing at Three Rivers, took me up to see his eldest son, who was in a bad state of health. Three Rivers is a long straggling town, ninety miles above Quebec, built on a sandy bank, a little above the confluence of the St. Maurice with the great river, and deriving its name from the three mouths of this dark and large tributary. My kind host has a comfortable, well kept, and English-looking establishment here, and is the lessee of the Government forges; an iron foundry, five miles up the right bank of the St. Maurice, where he has a little colony of three hundred Canadians, to whom he gives employment.

Two days after our arrival we visited the forges. These are situated in a ferruginous tract of country, containing a considerable quantity of superficial patches of bog iron ore, lying in the vicinity of a forest, containing hard wood for charcoal. Mr. Bell obligingly conducted me over the premises, and pointed out all the mysteries of washing the ore, fusing, casting and hammering; processes on a smaller scale, but differing little otherwise from what I had seen before in Scotland. Mr. Bell's workmen appeared contented and comfortable; they occupied good cottages, with a small plot of garden attached to each. When we had seen all the lions of the place, we went to dinner in an old French mansion, finely perched on a high bank of the river, where we joined the ladies of the family.

There was talk during the meal of a bubbling spring at the bottom of the bank; and I hazarded an

opinion that the well might contain carburetted hydrogen, and would probably ignite if fire were applied. The ladies, sweet intellectual creatures, are always apt at taking a hint; accordingly, whilst the gentlemen were over their wine, they made one of the workmen carry down a pan of live coals; and when we joined them half an hour afterwards, we found the spring blazing away briskly, surrounded by a large group of the Canadians, with the greatest astonishment depicted in their black phizzes.

There are some fine falls on the St. Maurice, about twenty-five miles from Three Rivers. On expressing a wish to see them, my host sent for a canoe, with a couple of voyageurs; and the next morning early, one of his sons and myself embarked above the forges, and proceeded up the river. The country through which we passed was one continued forest, quite uninhabited, though the soil in many places was richly alluvial, and the timber consisted of fine hard wood trees. We passed two considerable rapids, and at each were obliged to make a "portage," when it was pleasing to see with what facility our boatmen jumped out, took the light birch bark canoe on their shoulders, and moved along the path through the woods no more encumbered than if they were carrying an umbrella.

The falls of Shuanagam when the river is full, are, I believe, next to Niagara in grandeur. When the water is low, as it was on this visit, there are three distinct streams, tumbling boldly over a vertical precipice of granite rock, two hundred feet high; but every spring two of these join about half way down, and then, as the mighty torrents rush into each other's furious embrace, the "hell of waters" produced by the collision is really terrific. The fine accompaniments of enormous rocks thrown about in the most

singular confusion, deep fissures and caves in the banks, fine trees growing to the very edge, and the utter solitude and distance from any human habitation, give a character peculiarly striking and interesting to these remote and unfrequented falls.

After admiring the secluded wonders of the place for a couple of hours, I commenced fishing for our dinner. When a good dish of black bass had been caught, our voyageurs lighted a fire, and fried them near the mouth of a huge limestone cavern, opposite the Falls, hung round with prodigious stalactites, and studded on the floor with equally large stalagmites. The whole place is full of objects of geological curiosity; but our journey had made us most unscientifically hungry, and for the present more inclined to scan the stratifications of our provision basket than hard or soft stone. Accordingly we set to, con amore, and opened the first bottle of claret that had probably ever divulged its ruby contents in our romantic grotto; and when George the Fourth's health was given in a bumper, we had a Canadian duet from our friends at the fire. We shot down the stream and the rapids at a glorious rate in the evening, and arrived before ten at the forges.

Our third winter in Canada commenced early and continued long, without favouring us with a pont across to Point Levi, which is a great desideratum at Quebec. In politics the aspect of affairs did not improve: on the contrary, the financial difficulties began to thicken. The Home Government were willing to give up the King's revenue, amounting to about one third of the fiscal income of the province, on the reasonable condition of a moderate civil list for the King's life being voted, which should assure a certain degree of independence to the Governor, the

Judges, and four or five of the principal officers of the executive. But this arrangement, however rational and equitable, by no means suited Mr. Papineau, whose object was to concentrate all power in the Assembly, over which he presided with absolute sway, and to have every officer, from the Governor downwards, dependant for their bread on the

"Sic volo, sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas"

of himself.

Towards the end of the session it was plain to close observers that Sir James Kempt was beginning to be disgusted with Mr. Papineau, and to perceive that his own position, notwithstanding all the flummery and flattery lavished on him at the beginning of his administration, was becoming daily more difficult. Foreseeing little good to be done in the work of reconciliation, where one of the parties was predetermined to continue hostile, like a wise man he abandoned the scene of present strife and future mischief, and asked for permission to go home.

Desertion is a crime of painfully frequent occurrence in the corps quartered in British America even now; but at the time of which I am writing it was fourfold in extent. The vicinity of the States, and the wild liberty and high price of labour anticipated there, are sufficient inducements to overcome all considerations of honour, all sense of duty and allegiance, and all fear of punishment with those worthless characters that will be found in all regiments. We suffered less than several other corps; still we lost many men, although every exertion was made to put a stop to this disgrace.

It would be the interest of the United States, even more than ours, to enter into some arrangement with

Great Britain for the discouragement and eventual suppression of desertion, by mutually giving up deserters; but I fear the same jealousy in the nation which forbids any mutual right of search on the sea, will be equally hostile to any stipulation of the kind here alluded to. Yet their loss annually by desertion, chiefly on our frontier, amounts to one third of their whole force. There is a great difference between the treatment of our deserters and theirs: they enlist our men, and promote them speedily to be non-commissioned officers when properly qualified. We never enlist theirs.

We had one execution—the extreme penalty of desertion—in the Quebec garrison in 1829; for the crime had been attended with circumstances of violence and an attempt at murder. At five o'clock on a beautiful June morning, the whole garrison of Quebec was assembled in the ditch of the citadel to witness the awful ceremony. When the time arrived, the prisoner, attired in white, and supported by two Roman Catholic clergymen—with his coffin carried before him—moved slowly out of the gate of the fortress into the fosse, and proceeded past the long line of troops, whilst the band played a funeral dirge, and the firing party brought up the rear of the melancholy procession. The sound of the mournful music was heard by the assembled garrison long before the head of the party became visible: thus the doleful tones of the Dead March had full time to produce their utmost effect on all present before the prisoner came in sight; and certainly nothing could have been more impressive than the whole painful scene. When the sentence of the Court Martial had been read, and the last religious rites were concluded, the poor wretch knelt on his coffin, two yards from the muzzles of a

dozen loaded muskets. The priests slowly retired—the word "Fire!" was uttered, and the lifeless corpse lay doubled across the coffin!

Yet one man, who stood within thirty yards of the deceased, deserted the same night!

In May, 1830, the 66th Regiment left Quebec for Montreal. During our stay of three years, the conduct of officers and men had been exemplary, and the Magistrates addressed a highly complimentary letter to Major Baird, the Commanding Officer, at its departure, to that effect. The evening was fine when we embarked; and as the steam-boat passed under the citadel its lofty ramparts were crowned with the soldiers of the garrison and crowds of the inhabitants, who cheered us repeatedly as we shot up the river. These affectionate demonstrations were echoed and prolonged from the heights above the Coves by numerous spectators; and thus we moved on, honoured by prolonged acclamations, to a considerable distance above Quebec.

CHAPTER XLI.

SALMON-FISHING IN MALBAIE RIVER.—MORAL CANADIAN POPULATION IN THIS SECLUDED VALLEY.—GOING DOWN A RAPID WITH A SALMON.—TRIP TO LA RIVIERE NOIRE.—MEETING A BEAR AT BREAKFAST.—CAPTURE OF A LARGE SALMON.

"But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights and ingenious deceptions, &c. will say that it deserveth like commendation, and requireth as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hunting and hawking are very laborious; much riding and many dangers accompany them: but this is still and quiet, and if so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brook-side, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good aire and sweet smels of fine, fresh, meadow flowers; he heareth the melodious harmony of birds; he seeth the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of hornes, and all the sport that they can make."

ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

WELL said, eloquent old Burton. Under the sanction of thy mellow "English undefiled" I proceed to give an account of two of my Canadian salmon-fishing expeditions.

Ninety miles below Quebec, and nearly opposite Kamaraska, the Malbaie river enters the St. Lawrence on the north shore: after an impetuous mountain course of two hundred miles, it escapes through a gorge, tumbles down a granite rock, and then winds very prettily along a cultivated valley, for a distance of seven miles, until it reaches the great estuary. There is a wooden bridge at its mouth, whose large

abutments, with their sharp angles and load of large stones, tell of the formidable floods that sometimes sweep down the valley. A respectable church, with its long roof and glittering spire, and a tall elm or two, stands on an elevated point near the junction of the river with the St. Lawrence.

A very quiet and moral population of seven or eight hundred people inhabit this retired valley. After the conquest, a number of soldiers of Murray's regiment obtained land and settled here, intermarrying with the Canadians, and leaving traces of their larger stature and peculiar lineaments, which are still visible. The cross appears to have improved the breed considerably; the language of the military settlers, however, which was probably half English half Gaelic, has yielded to that of the more numerous class, and the whole community speak French.

Many of the Malbaie families are very large, and from twelve to twenty children are not uncommon. They marry early, get a stripe of a "concession" from the seigneur, and a house is run up for the young couple, more Hibernico, by their relations. They are then cast adrift, but never separate far from their own connexions. There is much social comfort in this custom, but much poverty in its train; for the bit of land is soon exhausted. The peasantry of this remote and pretty glen are the most virtuous people I have ever seen in any country. On the various occasions that I have visited them, flagrant crime of any description was quite unknown—doors were never locked at night; and as to temperance with regard to spirituous liquors, our good philanthropists who are endeavouring to reform the world in this way, would find their labours needless here. Amongst these primitive people drunkenness is never heard of—indeed whole families

pass their lives without one of their number ever having tasted intoxicating fluids. Several surprising instances of this kind have come to the Author's knowledge.

In the latter end of June, 1830, my friend Major Wingfield, of the 66th, and myself set out from Montreal on a fishing trip to Malbaie. We embarked in buoyant spirits, well provided with choice apparatus, and taking with us materiel for preserving our fish; namely, salt, sugar, spices, and a large cask of vinegar. A good natured American General, with his Aide-de-camp, were our fellow passengers in the steam-boat to Quebec. They were heretics of the utilitarian school, and thought it not a little extraordinary that we should go three hundred miles to catch fish, that we might buy in the market at our door. Simple souls!

The elements have no sympathy with the feelings of sportsmen. On reaching Quebec we found to our great mortification the wind blowing up the river, strong against us, and no steam-boat running whither we were bound. We were therefore obliged to wait there three days, and then to take our passage in a small Kamaraska schooner, the captain engaging to land us first at Malbaie, on the opposite shore. The voyage was extremely tedious and disagreeable, lasting four interminable days and nights, though the distance was but ninety miles. Moreover, our lubberly skipper very nearly upset us half a dozen times by bad management, during the gale from the eastward, that lasted the whole voyage. To add to our misfortunes, we were half starved as well as half foundered, for our sea stock was laid in under the anticipation of a few hours' voyage, and consisted only of a loaf, a quarter of cold lamb, and a bottle of wine. Thirty or forty

dirty habitans from Kamouraska were on board, and occupied the limited space below: we were therefore obliged to wrap ourselves in our cloaks and bivouac under the "grande voile" on deck. This was all very well as long as the weather continued dry, but on the third day the rain came down in torrents, often extinguishing our cigars, but we took fresh ones, still maintained our ground on deck, and puffed away bravely, in hope of better times. Towards the end of our wretched voyage, sheer hunger made us purchase some bad salt pork, and sausages crammed with garlic, as our own barrels of provisions were hooped up, and if we broke bulk there might be a sorry account of them. At length, with beards like Jews, cold, wet, half starved, and every way miserable, we reached the mouth of the Malbaie river, where we had bespoke lodgings at the house of a Canadian named Chaperon.

By a beneficent ordination, our sense of present enjoyment is keen in proportion to the recollection of recent discomfort or distress; but I shall say nothing of the converse of this, having little to do with that branch of the subject at present. Dryden has condensed the idea in five words—

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

Indeed the sensations of my friend and myself, when at length we found ourselves clean and comfortable in Mr. Chaperon's pleasant parlour, were much to be envied. Sweet, very sweet, was our shave and our bath, and the feel of cool linen, and the sense of total renovation pervading our whole persons; but the most expressive language fails in describing the exquisite taste of gunpowder and pekoe, after rancid pork and garlic.

On our way from the shore we had cast our hungry eyes on a salmon just come in with the tide, and floundering in a net: we incontinently licked our lips and purchased him. When we reached the house our servant handed the fish over to Madame Chaperon, with instructions to broil it for our breakfast—not alive, but as near as might be. Our toilet being finished, we drew the breakfast table to the window, into which a rose-bush in full bloom was peering from a flower garden underneath. There, amidst the mixed aroma of flowers and fish, we commenced an attack on a pyramid of toast, fit to form a new apex to that of Cheops, numerous dainty prints of fresh butter, some half gallon of thick cream, and half a bushel of new laid eggs, which was kept up vigorously for a couple of hours.

On Monday morning, July the 5th, we engaged a calèche, with a good looking Canadian boy, named Louis Panet, to attend us on our daily visits to the Chute, or chief fishing ground, six miles distant. The road up the valley is very good, following the winding course of the river, and overhung on the other side by green, globular hills, which are steep in many places. These are covered with a thin soil, which often after rain peels off in large patches, carrying down trees, fences, flocks, and even the houses, "in hideous ruin and combustion," to the bottom. One of these frightful eboulements had fallen across our road lately, and the country people were still busy in clearing away the rubbish.

From my former experience, the first glance of the river assured me we should have good sport. Instantly our fishing rods were got ready, and taking Jean Gros with us, a habitant who had accompanied me on former occasions, we descended the steep bank from

his house, got into his crazy canoe, and were ferried across to the best part of the stream.

There was a large granite boulder in the river, in the wake of which I had formerly hooked many a fine fish. At the very first throw here I rose a large salmon; but though he appeared greedy enough he missed the fly. On these occasions, particularly the rise of the first fish of the season, the best and most experienced anglers will feel a slight palpitation, arising from a struggle of opposite emotions—hope of success, doubt of failure, and uncertainty and curiosity as to the size of the fish. Giving my finny friend time to resume the position at the bottom he had quitted, and to compose himself, I then threw the fly lightly over him, communicating to it that slight motion which imitates life. He instantly darted at the glittering deception, and I found him fast on the line. After a moment's wonderment, he dashed madly across the river, spinning out the line merrily, and making the reel "discourse eloquent music." This active fish did not stop in his career until nearly touching the opposite bank, when he turned, made another run for the middle, and then commenced a course of leaping a yard or two out of the water. This is a dangerous time, and here unskilful anglers most frequently lose their fish; for each leap requires a corresponding movement of the arms and body, to preserve the proper tension of the line. In fact, on these occasions a good salmon-fisher will make a low courtesy to his fish. I played this merry gentleman three quarters of an hour, when he gave up the contest, and I gaffed and secured my prize—a fine male fish of twenty-five pounds. This was a good coup d'essai for the season.

We continued at our sport till mid-day, when it

became too hot and clear. My companion, who had never fished for salmon before, was not lucky enough to hook any, but he caught a number of large salmon trout, in fine season, and marked with the most brilliant colours. I had landed two more large salmon and several trout of the same description, who took eagerly the largest salmon flies. We then crossed with old Maitre Jean to the shady side, and reposed ourselves; and having discovered a copious spring bubbling through the gravel, close to the water's edge, we enlarged it into a well, into which we plumped our fish, and a bottle of Hodson's pale ale, covering it with green boughs. We then employed ourselves in collecting strawberries for a dessert to our sandwich, and after lunch enjoyed our cigars and chatted over our morning exploits:

"Fronde sub arborea, ferventia temperans astra."

When the shade of the high bank stretched across the river we resumed our sport, and returned to a late dinner at Chaperon's with our calèche literally full of fish. At this early season the salmon and trout are nearly all of large size; and truly our day's sport made a goodly show as the beautiful fish reposed side by side on two of Madame Chaperon's largest tables. The sum total was, five salmon, weighing a hundred and five pounds, and forty-eight trout, averaging three pounds a piece.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, and setting our hostess and soldier-servant to work to parboil and pickle our fish, we started for the Chute, taking a tent with us, which we pitched on a green knoll overlooking our fishing ground. It proved however more ornamental than useful, the right bank being so um-

brageous that we did not require it by day, and we always returned to our lodgings in the evening.

Nothing mundane is without its alloy. Our enjoyments were great, with one serious drawback—the flies, those volant leeches that surrounded us, and, notwithstanding our defence of camphorated oil smeared over our hands, faces, and necks, sucked our blood without compunction. A fly is considered a stupid creature, even with his powers of observation in a small circle; but our Malbaie mosquetoes were far-seeing and sagacious insects, for they appeared to watch their opportunity to take us at a disadvantage, and when they saw us occupied in playing a fish, they made play too, and had fifty spears in our skins in half a minute. The little invisible sand flies, too, teased us extremely; and those insidious black wretches the brulôts, who give no warning, like the honest mosqueto, these crawled about our necks and up our sleeves, tracking their way with blood.

Another plague that annoyed us not a little were the dogs on the road from home to the scene of our sport, who were certainly the most ill mannered brutes I ever had the pleasure to be acquainted with. Twice a day had we to run the gauntlet, and sustain a continued attack, each cur, when he had barked himself hoarse, handing us over to his neighbour. Horses in Canada are so accustomed to this that they pay little attention to yelping, unless some brute, more savage than the rest, attempts to seize them by the nose, when they sometimes get frightened and may run away. Once or twice we observed our sagacious little horse looking alarmed at the assaults of one fierce brute, who must have had a cross of the bull-terrier in his blood. This was a black, shaggy cur, of great size, whose wont was to dart savagely at the

poor horse's mouth. We had often flogged him severely, but he appeared so protected by his long hair that he did not fear the whip. Being determined to punish him en pêcheur, and in a way he did not bargain for, I put a long handle in my salmon gaff for his express use, and when the savage darted at us, I watched my opportunity and hooked him by the side. Louis whipped his horse, who by his movements appeared to enjoy the punishment of his enemy. Away we went at a rapid rate, the dog yelling hideously, and the habitans running out of their houses at the noise, and holding up their hands in astonishment. After a little we stopped, and I shook him off, apparently not much the worse for the discipline he had received. Next morning, in going to our sport, we saw him at the door of his own house; and certainly no punishment could ever have a better effect. As soon as the brute recognised us, he put his long tail between his legs, limped into the house as mute as a fish, and never annoyed us again.

During our second day's fishing I had a little adventure, which was not unattended with danger, though such was the excitement of the moment that I was scarcely conscious of it. Having observed a large salmon rising at a fly in the middle of the river, I got into the canoe, and made old Jean Gros pole me out to the spot; kneeling, as we were often obliged to do, for fear of upsetting the unmanageable little craft. I soon hooked the fish, and making my Charon stick his pole firmly into the bottom, we brought our tiny vessel athwart it, keeping our position against the force of the current, which here ran very strong; and having a fine range of the open stream, I played the fish for half an hour, until he was quite subdued. M. Jean was then desired to weigh anchor, and push for a

shelving sandy bank, where we had been accustomed to gaff our salmon. In pulling up the pole, which was shod with iron, the old man, by some inexplicable awkwardness, lost his hold of it: away the strong stream bore us, whilst the long pole was left standing perpendicularly, vibrating still, and ominously shaking its head at us.

Jean Gros' shoulders elevated themselves to his ears instantly, and his wizened and corrugated face was elongated some three or four inches, to the obliteration of manifold wrinkles that adorned it. It was irresistibly comic, and I could not help a loud laugh, though it was no joke. We had no paddle, nor any thing else to assist us on board, and were running at six knots an hour towards the jaws of a dangerous rapid. My old voyageur, after his first astonishment, uttered two or three indecent oaths, like a veritable French colonist; then, apparently resigning himself to his fate, he became paralysed with fear, and began to mumble a prayer to some favourite saint. In the mean time some good natured habitans, who had been watching me playing the salmon, and had seen us drift from our moorings, ran down the shore opposite to us, flinging out every stick they met, for the chance of our catching and using it as a paddle. All this time the salmon remained on the line, and the large rod sufficiently occupied one hand, and embarrassed me a good deal in stretching for the pieces of board thrown out by our friends on the shore; still the idea of abandoning rod or fish could not be entertained for a moment. Once I overstretched myself, and canoe and all were within an ace of being upset. At last success attended us: I secured a piece of plank, and the first employment of it was the conferring a good sound thwack on Jean Gros's shoulders,

accompanied by "Ramez! s——e, ramez!" The effect was electrical—the old fellow seized the board and began to paddle vigorously, steering, as we approached an island, down the smaller branch of the river, where the rapid could be passed with comparative safety. By great good luck our co-voyageur in the water took the same channel, and down the stream we all went merrily together for half a mile. Here the rapid ended in a deep and quiet hole, where the fish was soon gaffed; and after a little rest, and a cup of brandy to the old man, notwithstanding his delinquences, he placed the canoe on his shoulders, I carried the fish, and we returned by the bank.

We spent a delightful fortnight at Malbaie, killing many fine salmon and a great number of magnificent trout; whilst we employed our servant, when we were fishing, in pickling, smoking, or salting them. But the season became dry, the river fell, and the fish ceased to run in any considerable numbers. Towards the end of July we struck our tent, embarked in a large boat, and proceeded twenty-five miles down the north shore of the St. Lawrence, with the intention of exploring a small salmon stream, called the Rivière Noire, which, it was said, had never been fished with the rod.

The north shore of the great Canadian estuary is an interesting field for the geologist, and has not been half explored. Indeed a comprehensive and scientific research through the whole of Canada, now happily reunited into one province, is yet to be made; and would, I am persuaded, develop great mineral and other natural riches, as well as bring to light many curious objects. At the Falls of the Montmorenci, a little below Quebec, that river has cut through the junction of the sienite with the super-

incumbent limestone, and illustrated not a few of the recondite secrets of the private and early history of rocks. At Beaufort, in the same neighbourhood, enormous quantities of marine shells, in a state of remarkable preservation, with the colours yet perfect, are found imbedded in blue clay. Farther down the same shore the limestone formations cease, and the country becomes purely granitic, bold, and mountainous to the very edge of the St. Lawrence; the lofty capes and headlands increasing in altitude and wildness until they are interrupted in the most abrupt and singular manner by the enormous ravine through which the Saguenay runs. The waters of this great tributary, beneath a vertical bank from six to eight hundred feet high, and only a yard or two from the shore, have been found by Captain Bayfield to be eight hundred feet deep. Were the channel of the St. Lawrence dried up, the Saguenay would still be five hundred feet deep.

It was a fine afternoon when we left Malbaie; the river was calm, and the white porpoises, those unwieldy looking creatures, were tumbling about in all directions. We had guns, and tried a few shots without effect, the balls ricochetting off their smooth and oily skins whenever they struck them. As it approached sunset our Canadian boatmen began a quartetto, by no means inharmonious, though the voices were rough enough, and kept it up with great spirit nearly all the rest of the voyage. At midnight we arrived at the mouth of the river, where we found a fine, dry, sandy beach, with a line of creamy surf rippling gently against it, in a wild and uninhabited country. We landed, found plenty of drift wood to kindle a large fire, ate our supper, which we shared with our voyageurs, for which they gave us a song or

two, under the cheering influence of a moderate coup of brandy. We then wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looked out for a soft stone for a pillow, placed our guns by our sides, put our feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep.

The morning sun awoke us: we started up and took a refreshing swim in the salt water, whilst our attendants were getting breakfast ready. When the meal was over we prepared our rods, and set out to reconnoitre the stream, the banks of which were covered with almost impenetrable jungle; but after great exertions we explored to the distance of four or five miles, yet only got one salmon, which my friend caught, for our pains. We might have known that the water was too low, and saved ourselves the journey: the river stood in pools, and as far as we could reach was a continuous succession of small rapids and falls from one rocky ledge to another; whilst enormous granite boulders—many as large as an ordinary house—lay spread along its course in the wildest disorder.

On our return through the forest we disturbed a large bear, who was busily employed in tearing up a rotten pine, and feasting on a colony of ants that inhabited it. We stopped, and so did he; feeling, no doubt, as displeased as any Christian at being interrupted in his meal. He might have feasted on any of us if he had chosen, for we had foolishly left our guns in the boat, and our fishing-rods were sorry weapons. But Mr. Bruin behaved very civilly, being probably unwilling to contend with four of us, and after half a minute's hesitation walked away, and left our path clear.

Next day we returned to Chaperon's, and the following morning visited the Chute, and found that a

fresh batch of fine trout had made their way up the river, low as it was, which afforded us capital sport, rising greedily at our salmon flies, and being very lively and strong on the line; but we could see no salmon until late in the evening, when we noticed a very large one sucking in some small flies in the middle of the stream. We both embarked with Jean Gros, and covered him in rotation, endeavouring to tempt his palate by various flies resembling those on the water, using at the same time a single gut casting line, but all in vain. At last, just before starting for home, I tried one more small Wren's hackle over him, when he rose like a young whale, and I struck and hooked him.

And here let me warn the young salmon-fisher against the mistake of supposing that he is not to strike at all, but allow the fish to hook himself. Let him be assured, on the word of an old hand, that in this way he will lose half the fish he might otherwise catch. A salmon wishes to enjoy the pleasures of the palate as much as we do; and no doubt feels as much satisfaction in masticating a fat stone fly or green drake as a human epicure in delectating his gustatory nerves on the thigh of a woodcock. If, therefore, you supinely permit the fly to remain in his mouth long enough to let him detect the imposture you have practised on him, and to ascertain that he can make nothing of your hackle, and mohair, and gold twist, and steel, he will do as you would with a bad nut—spit it out. But if you strike the instant he seizes it, you have ten to one in your favour of plunging the barb into some of the soft parts of his mouth.

To these chances ought to be added those of hooking him externally, when he misses his bite at

the simulated insect; and these are not inconsiderable—even in the apparently hopeless case of a fish leaping some distance from the fly. The author, on one occasion, was fishing a broad part of a stream, with a long line, when a salmon pitched himself out of the water, apparently across the line, but at least twenty feet from the fly. The Author struck involuntarily; and was extremely surprised to find he had been so quick in his movements, as to hook the fish in the belly before it could get out of the way of the line.

But to resume our story. I had little expectation of killing this fish, though the low state of the river was in my favour: the tackle was slender, no doubt, yet the delicate fibre that held him prisoner was of the best description, and though of nearly invisible tenuity, possessed great strength, which the flexibility of a long and admirable rod materially assisted. Great was the

" . . . certaminis gaudium"

during the exciting play of that noble fish, and many, many, dismal appréhensions had we of the result; for my friend Wingfield became fully as much interested in the long struggle as myself. But the staunch O'Shaughnessy kept its hold, and the tenacious gut failed not. Finally, after a glorious contest of an hour and a quarter, this splendid fish lay gasping on the bank. It weighed thirty-one pounds.

On the 3rd of August we returned to Quebec, with two large barrels of fish for distribution amongst our friends; and I guess, if our utilitarian Yankee acquaintances had met us then, we should have been less the objects of their derision.

CHAPTER XLII.

FISHING EXCURSION TO PONT DÉRY, JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—DESCRIPTION OF THE ROMANTIC GLEN THERE.—RESERVOIR OF LIVE SALMON.—OBSTINATE CONFLICT WITH A FISH AT THE HEAD OF THE CHUTE.—CANADIAN NAMES FOR THE CHIEF HOLES.—LAMENTATIONS OVER THE GROWING DEGENERACY OF THE CANADIANS, AS PROVED BY THE THEFT OF THE AUTHOR'S WESTPHALIA HAM.—RACE OF ONE HALF MILE HEAT WITH A RUNAWAY SALMON.

" . . . . but near the well
That never fails, the golden pimpernel
Enjoys the freshness of this Alpine clime;
And violets linger in each deep, cold dell,
As lovely virtues of the olden time
Cling to their cottage homes, and slowly yield to crime."
ELLIOTT.

A GOOD deal of rain having fallen lately, my friend Wingfield and I judged the time favourable for a trip to Déry's bridge, on the Jacques Cartier river, a celebrated fishing ground. Accordingly, early on a beautiful morning, the 5th of August, we set off from Quebec for that pretty spot, distant about thirty miles up the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

There are three roads to this place—that along the shore of the great river affords one of the finest drives in the whole province; and I particularly recommend this route to strangers who like picturesque and panoramic views. We chose the St. Foy road, which runs along the north slope of the elevated plateau

between Quebec and Carouge; from whence the prospect of the valley of the St. Charles, the mountains at the source of the Montmorenci, and a long reach of the north channel of the St. Lawrence, is singularly fine. In less than four hours we reached a high woody bank, from whence we looked down into the fine vale we were come to visit; with the turbulent river roaring and foaming below, and Déry's bridge, and white cottage, and garden, immediately beneath us.

The Jacques Cartier takes its name from the great French navigator, who once wintered at its mouth. It is as large as the Thames, but of a very different character. Like most of the northern tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence, which have their sources in the wild and sterile mountain regions, running several hundred miles to the north, north-east, and north-west of Quebec, it runs for a long way through mountainous defiles, impeded everywhere by a chaos of primitive rock, whose hardness almost defies its power. At length, escaping from the mountains, it subsides into a tranquil stream, flowing through considerable tracts of alluvial soil for nearly twenty miles, where some lately established colonies of Irish emigrants are now thriving. Shortly before the river reaches Déry's bridge it becomes extremely rapid, descending three hundred feet in the course of little more than a mile. But it has no longer the granite or syenite to deal with; and has scooped out for itself a wide, deep, and canal-like bed in the softer limestone, fully half a mile in length; through which at all seasons, especially when the river is full, a formidable torrent tumbles and rages with the most picturesque impetuosity.

A high wooden bridge, as handsome as its square

outline will permit, crosses the stream boldly, a little below the commencement of this extraordinary natural canal. This forms a striking point in the secluded spot, from its height and position, as well as its perpendicular supporting beams, looking like a huge portcullis, with the characteristic salmon-vanes at the top. Louis Déry, the civil lessee of the fishery —for which he pays the seigneur five pounds currency a year—resides in a white cottage at one end of the bridge, and his house is the chief resort of sportsmen during the fishing season.

This very pretty glen is bounded by high banks, but whose slope affords soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees; with here and there a tall pine, rising above the thick mass of foliage. The graceful mountain ash grows in abundance. Part of the rock, for thirty yards from the river, on the left bank of the canal rapid, is only covered with dwarf trees and shrubs, growing out of the live rock; and along its surface innumerable little streamlets of the purest spring water, each in its tiny channel, run sparkling from the bank. On one side of the most rapid part, huge cedars growing out of the edge, fling their grotesque arms nearly across the river; nor are floral ornaments wanting in this scene of sylvan wildness and beauty, for flowers are found in great profusion and variety.

Déry's bridge is six miles from the St. Lawrence, and the Jacques Cartier continues a most rapid stream all the way. The poor salmon, consequently, have a rough journey; and when they are caught here, we constantly find the skin of their snouts white and excoriated, and their fins and tail more or less split and injured, from being driven against the rocks, in the course of their toilsome voyage. But when

they reach the lower end of the canal rapid, they find their troubles only beginning; for here is a torrent of such magnitude and force as no piscine power can surmount, unless when the river is low. They are now obliged to wait, as at the Malbaie Chute, and many other rivers in this country, until a more favourable state of the stream may permit them to pass.

Alas, poor salmon-kind! Like the hapless flying-fish, which escapes the albatross and gull, only to fall into the jaws of the albacore and bonito—when they have surmounted the lower rapids, evaded the tempting snares of the angler, and worked themselves with great exertions through the terrible canal to the very top, they find here a cataract worse than all, yet to ascend. At the bottom of this fall, which is distinctly seen from the bridge, there is a circular and lateral recess, worn into a comparatively quiet hole by an eddy, where the fish are obliged to stop for breath, before attempting to overcome the last grand impediment. Whilst quietly reposing at this place, dreaming of no evil, and only occupied with their fluvial difficulties, they are mercilessly scooped out of the hole by Louis Déry with a pole net, carried alive to a reservoir of water, fed by a copious spring from the bank, and only a few paces distant: into this the writhing captives are plumped, and left to moralize over their hard fate with their companions in misfortune.

Here the salmon remain a week or two, until a sufficient number is collected to be sent to the Quebec market. Although they have nothing to eat, and would not eat if they had, there is no perceptible loss of flesh; for, like generous animals, they bear their imprisonment with fortitude, and never repine. Yet captivity to them, accustomed to roam through the

vast deep, and make an annual migratory tour into the interior of the continent, must be a dreadful calamity. If cautiously approached, whilst swimming about in the reservoir, and then gently handled, they will permit many liberties to be taken with them. They like to have their skin rubbed or scratched, inclining their bodies to the hand as a cat does; and I have frequently availed myself of this penchant; scratching them smartly, bringing away even a scale sometimes; playing with their tail and fins, or putting the point of a finger a little way under their gill-covers, where they are most sensitive—and even into their mouths without disturbing them. Considering that I have been all my life one of their greatest enemies, it argues no little magnanimity to have forborne on these occasions from giving me a snap.

From a number of observations made and noted down one day, on the respiration of seven salmon in the reservoir, the mean of respirations in the minute was fifty-five. I have never been able to perceive anything like pulsation in the outermost range of the bronchi; nor any impulse from the heart.

The Canadians have given odd names to different holes, or remoux, formed by the eddies of this powerful stream. Immediately under the bank of Déry's garden is a recess, worn deep in the rocky bank, and generally shaded by the impending precipice, called the "Trou noir." This is close to the bridge, from whence the fish in it may be distinctly seen. A little lower down, on the opposite side, the bank slopes at about an angle of forty-five degrees, to within eight or ten feet of the water; and here the fish lie in a tolerably quiet eddy, where one may hook them sitting on a ledge immediately over their heads, and even see their mouth opening as they snap at the fly. This is

called the "Grand Réts," out of which I have picked many a good fish. Lower down on the same side is the "Petit Réts;" and at the lower end of the canal, where the river expands, is a famous fishing hole called "L'Hôpital," where the wounded salmon are supposed to wait to be cured of their cuts and bruises, in attempting to force their way up this last and worst rapid.

For half a mile below this, on both sides, the fishing is good; the best being immediately above a sloping rock, running quite across the river, where the stream makes a chute; or rather runs violently down a long inclined plane, at an angle of about twenty degrees.

Having breakfasted and prepared our tackle, we proceeded to our sport; taking different sides. The rain had swollen the river much; consequently, neither the Grand Réts nor L'Hôpital were in a state to be fished. At last, wading to mid-thigh, and in a powerful current, I tried the top of the Chute, and there hooked a heavy fish at the third rise.

It is well known that the late Sir Humphrey Davy was fond of salmon fishing, as every philosopher ought to be; and has left his brethren of the angle "Salmonia," a scientific and delightful little book; from the same benevolent principle as prompted the gift of his Safety Lamp to the Miner, namely, to guard them against the dangers incident to their sport. Nevertheless, judging from the ban he placed upon wading, and his own practice, in always fishing in india rubber boots, I am presumptuous enough to doubt whether he was a top-sawyer in the noble art. For it appears as incomprehensible to me that a first-rate Salmon-fisher should be hydrophobic, as it would be for a duck. And that such a man should leave a fine fish in possession of the middle of some broad stream, to suck

down with avidity every fly in the neighbourhood, because he dares not of a hot day cool his limbs to get at him, passes my understanding. But "aliquando bonus Humphrianus dormitat;" and the wading prohibition was issued, when our illustrious brother had not quite awaked from one of his longest nods.

For my own humble part I am half a fish from long habit; and though in any other way than an angler, not worthy to carry the gaff of the great man just mentioned, I presume to differ from him in this point toto cælo. My principle is, if a man has reason to believe himself sound, wind and limb, let him not be afraid of the water, but wade up to his shoulders, if necessary to secure his object, and the stream permits him; still with the proviso, to keep moving, and don dry clothes the instant he gets home. Moreover, let him eschew all manner of fishing boots, and use only strong shoes, with no nails; wearing woollen stockings, drawers, and trousers; and thus practising the sport, with the necessary temperance and moderation in other matters, my life for his, he has less chance of catching cold, than he would have, from sitting half-an-hour in a pair of damp boots in his own parlour.

There is not much exaggeration in the story of the Scotch Laird, who enjoyed unvaried good health, whilst dabbling in the water all day along the shores of his loch, catching trout; but lamented that he could not intermit his sport for a day, and expose himself to dry feet without catching cold.

But, to return from this digression, hooking a large salmon on the brink of a water-fall, or strong rapid is a very nervous affair. Fortunately you have the instinct of the animal in your favour, for he keeps continually ascending the stream till his object is accomplished; and has besides, in all probability, a

particular objection to retrace his steps down a difficult place, recollecting the toil it cost him to get up, and how vexatious it would be to have it all to undergo again. But a hook in the jaw would disturb any body's power of ratiocination; we need not wonder therefore if Mr. Salmo gets at last somewhat bothered, and when he cannot extricate himself any other way, if he borrows the aid of the current, and makes a race down the river.

I stood, as was said, mid-thigh deep on the ledge of a rock, and in strong water, when I hooked this fish on the very crest of the Chute. So slippery was the smooth limestone, polished for ages by the current, and so strong was the momentum of the stream, that the question admitted of some doubt, whether the fish would run down with the man, or the man up with the fish. Having a powerful rod, strong silk line, and treble salmon-gut casting line, I immediately gave butt, as we technically call easing the line by a particular manipulation of the rod; and found to my satisfaction that the fish was held fast in his original position. After tiring him somewhat by a strain on his muscles for two or three minutes, one foot was slowly moved up the ledge an inch or two, and then the other; and thus we cautiously stole up the stream at about the rate of a snail in good wind. At length a foot and then a yard was gained, and having now decidedly the mastery I began to wind up, and succeeded in conducting the gentleman to a safe distance from the Chute. Then followed the usual course of racing and saltation, and once the fish nearly got back to his old dangerous position. At last he succumbed, and I flung him from the gaff on the dry rock. He was a very good fish, fresh from below, and large for the Jacques Cartier—weighing seventeen pounds.

My friend on the opposite side hooked a salmon when I had just caught mine; and while resting for a minute or two, I had the pleasure of seeing him play and gaff his fish in very good style. After a morning's good sport we returned to our lodgings to dinner. Our fish were put in a large cask of cool spring water, fed by a little aqueduct, running across the bridge from the opposite bank, which also served to cool our wine. We then changed our clothes, and sat down to dinner; and I need scarcely add, that, although we had provided ourselves with the usual condiments, our sport and exercise furnished a source for our broiled or boiled salmon, which was infinitely better.

In the evening we killed three more fish, and two or three large trout. Before retiring for the night we solaced ourselves with a cigar or two, seated on the pleasant bridge, which, from the constant current of air created by the rapid river, always furnishes a cool position, and one, commanding a good view, up and down, of this romantic ravine. The evening was beautifully clear and fine, with the shining columns of the northern lights commencing their mysterious evolutions; and as we bestrode our bench, and returned the polite salutations of the passing habitans, we enjoyed much our "otium cum dignitate." There was something piquant too in replenishing our temperate glass of brandy-pawny from the delicate aqueduct that trickled beside us; whilst a torrent that would sweep away St. Paul's roared and raged beneath. When we retired to rest, the voice of the river was softened to a lullaby; which in our case was very unnecessary music.

Next day was Sunday—a day often desecrated by anglers; but their sport is never so perfect then as at other times, as I know by my own experience—for

the "aliquid amari," the suspicion, if not the certainty of doing wrong, diminishes their enjoyment. At any rate our rods had rest for the day; and after breakfast, and a walk in the garden, we strolled along the river side, picked wild raspberries, examined the curious traces and remains of old organized existence, that abounded in the limestone, collected bouquets of harebells, or borrowed its pitcher from the provident sarracenia. After a long and pleasant walk beneath umbrageous trees, we sat down on a high bank, commanding an extensive view of the stream. The morning was deliciously clear and calm: even the leaf of the Rowan was motionless; and every object around us appeared to harmonize in deep quiescence with the boon of Sabbatical rest, conferred by its Creator on a toiling world. Beneath us flowed the now placid river, with its low monotonous voice, as if constrained into unison with all around it, whilst the occasional twitter of the kingfisher, as it shot along the surface of the water, like a line of blue light, the distant sound of the cow-bells, and the cooing of the wild pigeon amidst the thick foliage of the banks, all joined in pleasing and appropriate harmony.

"Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er 'our favourite stream' with fond delay—
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs died away."

But this was no scene for melancholy: who, with a clear conscience, could feel otherwise than happy and tranquil, where every object around—bird, tree, flower, and stream, and the stainless azure that o'ercanopied the whole, breathed peace, serenity, and repose?

The rock through which the Jacques Cartier runs,

abounds in transverse, and perpendicular, and oblique fissures; which the severity of the winter frost, and the action of water, have worn into curious caves and long subterranean passages, such as are commonly met with in soft limestone. Into one of these a branch of the river dips, about a half a mile above the bridge; and gushes out of the face of the bank, the same distance below. This cave was long called La grotte des amants, and there is a legend connected with it, to which I shall advert in the sequel. For ages the subterranean stream had brawled away "at its own sweet will," unvexed by man, and formed one of the many natural beauties of the place. Now, however, the avaricious barbarism of a new Seigneur, regardless of the sacrilege committed against the genius loci, has laid profane hands on its cool and crystal waters, and turned them into a mill-stream; tearing up, and undermining one of the most secluded and picturesque points, to lay a foundation for his mill:

"Even now the devastation is begun,"

the axe is lopping the verdant honours of the beautiful bank, and the Naiads and Dryads, frightened at the Vandalism, are leaving the spot for ever.

For the greater part of its course from hence to the St. Lawrence, the river runs through a deep ravine, with steep precipitous banks, and a belt of forest on each side. Hence, when the water is at all high, it is impossible to follow it to any great distance below the bridge; consequently, although there must be many good holes, affording resting places for the fish, and sport for the angler, they are little looked after, and short as the distance is, it has never yet been fully explored.

Having heard of a new hole of great merit, as a

resting place for salmon, bearing the fine name of the Remoux St. Jean, I set out at day break on Monday morning to pay it a visit, accompanied by my host Louis. At one part we were obliged to creep for three or four hundred yards, along a narrow and crumbling ledge of the half rotten limestone; with the high vertical cliff over our heads, through which the numerous springs poured on us like a shower-bath, and a boiling rapid under our feet. It was rather perilous work; for in some places the narrow footing, which the edge of a decaying stratum afforded us, had been worn quite away, and we were forced to cling as we might to the side of the precipice, something after the fashion of a fly on the ceiling. We had taken the precaution of putting our shoes in our pockets; and the powers of adhesion of our wet woollen stockings, like suckers, assisted us admirably. At length after a long struggle and some unpleasant slips, we weathered the point; cut our way with Louis' axe through the forest, near the hole we sought, and were rewarded by a couple of good fish.

Although probably in our whole lives, considering the zest its accompaniments gave it, we had never enjoyed a déjeuner so absolutely perfect as that at Chaperon's after our disastrous voyage to Malbaie; yet our breakfasts here were capital; and as we always started for our sport very early in the morning, and had plenty of salutary exercise in running through the woods, mounting and descending the steep banks of the river, exclusive of the fishing itself; we came home to our meals—particularly the breakfast—with a very ravenous appetite.

On the return this morning from the newly discovered hole, the animal part of our nature became very troublesome; hunger craved for food with sharp

pinches in the epigastrium, and I could not help contemplating the certain sweetness of some slices from the Westphalia ham we had for dinner the day before. The waking vision of their diaphanous fat, and high flavoured lean, even haunted me when shaving, and flitted between my eyes and the glass. But when that disgusting operation and its concomitants were over, nature could bear no longer without possible injury to the gastric coats, and my friend and myself sat down to table. There, horresco referens! was everything else—but—

"In the middle a place where the jambon was not;"

for, O misery of miseries—the whole succulent and delicious ham—manifest product of a gramnivorous and nucivorous pig, which had lived all its amiable life under the shade of oaks and chesnuts, had been feloniously abstracted from the larder by some vile Philistine. Next morning one of our best salmon was stolen from our tub.

O Louis Joseph Papineau! to our dying day will we hold thee responsible for this outrage. Whilom, before thy pestilential politics had corrupted thy simple countrymen, ironmongers and locksmiths groaned and starved, for in the rural districts there was no need of locks. Securely reposed our clothes drying in the garden, or before the oven by the road side, our viands in the open cupboard, and our fish in the tubs; for theft was not. But when thy compatriots were taught by thee that they were oppressed and plundered by the strangers who had conquered them, and that resistance to the Government was wise and patriotic; when thou didst urge them to retaliate on the "base Bretons" in every safe and practicable way—to cease all commercial transactions

with them—to contribute nothing to their revenue—to cause a run upon their banks—to confound right and wrong—call evil good, and good evil—to prompt and shield military and civil crime—to sophisticate, lie, plot, and rebel—is it strange that they should have nefariously filched our ham?

Safely and cheerfully, before thy fatal ascendancy, did Jean Baptiste plough and sow his own land, and gather his grain, and drain his sugar from the liberal tree, and carry his produce to market, and enjoy in his quiet home the comforts and even the luxuries of agricultural life. No avaricious Intendant fleeced or cheated him, as in days of yore—no tax-collector crossed his threshold—no despotic mandate tore him from his family—no wrong oppressed him, for the sway of a mild Government shielded him from injustice. Decently on a Sunday morning did he don his best clothes, get into his calèche, or his sleigh, and take his family to church; and then, after mass, visit his little circle of friends, and laugh, and joke, and smoke, and fiddle, and fuddle, and dance all the evening, and return to his white cottage as happy as a prince. But when thou, evil tempter, didst with wicked industry disturb the peaceful tenour of his life, and instil discontent with his lot, and ungrateful disaffection to his guardian government, the uninformed simpleton listened and believed, and was perverted and undone!

By the middle of the week the river had fallen sufficiently to allow fishing in the Grand Réts, out of which I picked several small salmon; but one large fellow, who had been there for some days, would repeatedly come up to the fly, reconnoitre it carefully, and then dip into the deep water again, evidently not liking its appearance. Where I sat, on the edge of

the rock, was not more than eight or ten feet from the surface of the hole, so as to enable me to see his motions very distinctly. I tried various flies to tempt his palate, and even dressed some for his express use, but all in vain. The fastidious gentleman would tantalize me by darting at the fly, turning one eye to examine it more closely, even touching it with his nose, but he would never open his mouth.

Now this was mighty provoking, and it was a thing scarcely to be expected to find a salmon so good an entomologist. So, abandoning for the time every other object, I devoted my whole attention to this learned fish, and resolved to catch him by hook or by crook.

There was not much chance of his leaving the hole, as under the existing circumstances of difficulty in getting higher up the powerful rapids about the bridge, he might be obliged to wait in the Grand Réts three or four days longer. So I taxed my ingenuity to prepare the most captivating fly possible. It was a mallard's wing and grouse's hackle, with a small black head, adorned with two party coloured antennæ, velvety spirals of alternate black and orange round the body, ending in the most natural tricuspid tail imaginable. Waiting till the shadow of the umbrageous bank opposite fell on the hole, I took off my shoes, stole quietly along the rock, and sat down on a ledge close to the brink. After a little I dropped the new fly within a couple of inches of the water, and bobbed it up and down, as if the insect meditated alighting, but did not much relish the thought of wetting its delicate wings and feet.

No salmon that ever swam could resist the temptation. Up came my friend with open mouth—darted his huge muzzle out of the water—took the fly

in the air, and then disappeared in the depths of the eddy. After I struck and found him fast, he made a rush out of the hole into the main rapid, and having lost all self-command in the first frenzy of his surprise, he appeared determined to take down the stream. But when he had proceeded fifty yards, to where the current slackened a little on one side and the eddy forming the hole first began, I stopped Mr. Salmo, and brought him round with the swirl of the eddy into the hole; and seeing that he was of a size not to be trifled with, I hallooed lustily to Louis to bring the gaff to my assistance.

For a full hour I played this fine fish, standing on the extreme brink of a sloping rock, slippery with the numerous small springs exuding from the bank above. So perilous seemed my position to a well-intentioned friend, who was a spectator on the bridge, that he ran down and caught hold of my skirts, adjuring me strongly to be careful of my steps: but after some difficulty I shook him off. In the mean time I had brought the fish to the edge of the rock, lower down the hole, on which Dery stood, gaff in hand, ready to plunge it into his side. At last, in a moment of comparative quiescence, my aide-de-camp attempted to use the gaff, but missed the proper part, and only tore the skin near the tail, thus unintentionally doing mischief, and maddening the fish. It made one desperate running leap into the mid-rapid, and down the foaming stream it went, at the rate of Highflyer or Eclipse.

In anticipation of the possibility of such an event, I had, whilst the fish was yet in the deep hole, moved round a difficult part of a recess in the bank, under some embarrassing trees, and was now ready for a run as well as the salmon. As soon, therefore, as the

line on the wheel was reduced to its last yard, fish and fisherman commenced a race, in which the latter would have had small chance if the former had not relaxed his speed. For we had not gone down the rapid more than two hundred yards when I observed the salmon wheel right about face, and descend the stream leisurely, tail foremost, no doubt from an apprehension of danger from the previous speed, and the chance of collision again with some unseen rock. I could now easily keep up with him, and even wind up some of the line. After six or seven hundred yards, we both arrived, tolerably flurried and out of breath, at L'Hôpital, in which fine hole the fish brought up, and in three or four minutes was gaffed by Louis.

After a week's good sport we returned to Quebec, and there took the boat for Montreal the same evening, which we reached in high spirits, delighted with our expedition, in augmented friendship towards each other, and feeling, as honest salmon-fishers ought to feel, in good humour with all the world.

THE FIRST SALMON OF THE SEASON.

PONT DERY, JACQUES CARTIER RIVER, JUNE 1837.

The rain-cloud has pass'd, and the sun rises high,
The mist from the river floats up to the sky;
The shade of the maple still rests on the stream,
With its dottings of gold from each quivering beam:
The flood has subsided, the water is clear—
Hurrah for a salmon! the prime of the year.

Our tackle is ready, and first in our way
The glittering deceit hovers o'er the "Grand Rets;"
It lights in the eddy. By Jupiter Ammon!
Already darts at it a silvery salmon.
I have miss'd him! and back with a dash and a gleam
The fish seeks indignant the depths of the stream.

Once more he has risen, and amply display'd
His beautiful form on the billow he made;
I have him! he's fast! hark! the musical steel
Sings sweetly as rushes the silk from the reel—
He makes for the rapid—a harlequin spring!
Another! again! he's a fish for a King!

He has gain'd the mid-torrent, fast spins out the line;
We must fly down the bank or the beauty resign;
The margin is rock; and such racing, I ween,
'Twixt a man and a fish has but seldom been seen:
Now a plunge—now a leap—and in air when he spins
He dashes the foam in white showers from his fins!

They are dangerous crags, but my path is well known,
And the hosen, like wax, catch the slippery stone;
Whilst the reel's sounding treble enlivens the chase,
And the roar of the river booms deep as a bass:
Down, down the swift current now dashes the fish,
As gallant a salmon as angler could wish.

We have gain'd L'Hôpital, and the rapid is past—
There's leisure to breathe and to wind up at last.
Now hie thee, good Burnet—no more can he fly;
Gaff slowly and surely—our triumph is nigh.
'Tis done, bravely done, the long struggle is o'er,
And a bright twenty pounder gasps high on the shore!

ROYAL ASIAT

CHAPTER XLIII.

MONTREAL.—ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—RELIGIOUS SCANDAL.—PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO KINGSTON.—FINE SITUATION OF KINGSTON.—BASS FISHING IN LAKE ONTARIO.

"Homo sine religione sicut equus sine freno."
SABELLIUS.

"Thy walks are ever pleasant; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively or serene—
Rich is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat within the shrubbery bound;
Where shines the expanding lake, and where appear
From forests bounding, unmolested deer."
CRABBE.

MONTREAL is a city of great merit and promise, built at the limit of the ship navigation, though even for this it is a little too high. It rejoices in the pretty little mountain from whence it derives its name—the pleasing Island of St. Helens—great intelligence and commercial enterprize, and a grand Roman Catholic cathedral of modern erection, which towers superbly over the whole city; and is, I believe, the most majestic church on this continent, east of Mexico. Montreal is built on the southern side of a large island, formed by the Ottawa and St. Lawrence at their junction. These two streams, although at last they blend harmoniously, keep a separate establishment for the first three or four miles after their union; and at Montreal, about a hundred yards from the bank,

the line of demarcation between the clear water of the St. Lawrence and the dark current of the Ottawa is very conspicuous.

There is great rivalry between Quebec and Montreal, the Queens of the St. Lawrence. If Montreal boasts of her beautiful St. Helens, Quebec is no less proud of her ramparts, her citadel, her noble position, and her magnificent basin. The former may glory in one unique cathedral, the latter possesses two—such as they are. The drives round the mountain, and through the Ile Jésus, along the Ottawa may be very attractive; but Quebec points exultingly to half a dozen cataracts and lakes within a morning ride: and if the trottoir of Notre Dame and St. James's streets, and the poplar shades of the Place d'Armes be delectable to pedestrians—what are they compared to the walk round the ramparts?

In the middle of May a small ephemeral fly (a Tipula) makes its appearance at Montreal and the neighbourhood in prodigious numbers; and at the same time the Shad-fish begin to run up from the sea, and are caught by hundreds in the Ottawa and St. Lawrence. Although the fly and the fish have about the same relation to each other as Tenterden steeple and the Goodwin sands, yet, such is the force of a coincidence, that the latter has given its name to the former, which is only known as the Shad-fly.

The water of the river here disagrees with strangers, and produces unpleasant effects for the first week or two. Our regiment experienced this to a certain extent on our first arrival; but the inconvenience soon wore off, and we found Montreal a healthy and agreeable quarter. Yet, according to the most accurate statistical information that can be obtained, the duration of human life is shorter here than in Quebec;

and both places are considerably behind the large towns in England in point of salubrity. The violent extremes of atmospheric temperature must here try the integrity of the lungs, develope any latent germs of mischief, and can scarcely fail to shorten life.

The Roman Catholic cathedral at Montreal is a very noble building; but the interior, I regret to say, falls far short of the majestic exterior, and is finished in paltry taste. The stained windows, and the imitation of the scagliola marble in the wooden pillars are very wretched. Yet the vast space—the ever burning lamps—the ever open doors—the gorgeous altar—the Madonnas on the walls, and the constant presence of kneeling penitents, far apart—each in his own little isolated circle of solitude—are, as a whole, exceedingly impressive and imposing to the strongest minds—how much more so to the mass. Cleverly has the astute genius of the Roman Catholic religion availed itself of the ornamental arts, to charm the imagination, and through the eye and the ear to captivate the heart.

The Hôtel Dieu, both here and at Quebec is admirably managed by the good nuns. I esteem and respect French nuns. They appear to me a distinct and superior class to all the other European sisterhood, most active and indefatigable in their beneficent labours, and of pure morals. Indeed, such was the utter vileness and wickedness of the other half of the French at the Revolution, that their country might have now formed a lake, like that of the cities of the Plain, but for the redeeming virtue of many of the better sex. The Canadian religieuses have not degenerated from the time they were chiefly instrumental in founding the institutions of benevolence and mercy, still flourishing in the province. "The

early history of Canada teems indeed with instances of the purest religious fortitude, zeal, and heroism; of young and delicate females relinquishing the comforts of civilization, to perform the most menial offices towards the sick; to dispense at once medical aid to the body, and religious instruction to the soul, of the benighted and wondering savage."

During our residence of a year at Montreal, we witnessed a scene of religious scandal with great pain. A quarrel took place between two Presbyterian clergymen, officiating in the same church; and there was a violent contest in consequence between their respective partizans as to the possession of it. One party had got in; early on a Sunday morning too—barricaded the doors and windows, and were there blockaded by the other, who endeavoured to starve them into submission. But the besieged held out stoutly, and a supply of provisions having been obtained through a window in the course of the night, they shewed a determined front in the morning. All this time the crowd of Canadians in the street were laughing disdainfully at these disgraceful proceedings, and enjoying this extraordinary spectacle as a good joke. It was by no means agreeable to my Protestant feelings to see persons of the greatest respectability committing themselves in this serio-comic manner; and when I beheld a most estimable medical friend, with whom I had dined the day before, figuring as a ringleader in the fray, he appeared like the blind Samson making sport for the Philistines.

Early in May, 1831, we left our pleasing quarter for Kingston in the Upper Province. The route is exceedingly interesting and full of beauty. As an introduction the La Chine rapids are fine objects at starting; then the pretty Lake St. Louis, and at its

head, the confluence of the dark and sluggish waves of the Ottawa with the silvery cascades of the St. Lawrence. From this point to the Cedars, the glories of the latter majestic river develop themselves beautifully; and at the rapids below Couteau du Lac, the richly wooded pyramidal islands, standing firmly in the midst of the boiling stream, are wonderfully fine.

Lake St. Francis is a broad, but unpicturesque sheet of water; the shores tame, with some interesting Indian villages. The course of the river, now become deep and narrow, winds boldly up to Cornwall; and from thence to Prescott is graced with numerous rich islands, and full of varied beauty; the finest object along the whole route being, beyond all question, the stupendous rapid of the Long Sault, perhaps the grandest on the face of the globe.

They shewed us Crystler's Farm, a scene of some bloodshed in the late war, where the invading Americans were defeated; and our cicerone appeared to suppose that this slight affair was as well known to fame as Marathon or Waterloo. At Prescott we embarked in a steam-boat, and how we managed to steer by night through the nineteen hundred and odd rocks, that are called the Thousand Islands, without bumping against some of them, puzzles me much. They are said to be beautiful; and everybody admires them, and travellers make a point of passing by daylight to see them. I confess I could see little to admire. In their prodigious numbers they are, doubtless, objects of curiosity; yet this archipelago of sugar-loaf islets, with a tuft of pine and rock on each, is monotonous and tame. As an Irishman may be permitted to say—they are all twins; for there is the same uniform abruptness of outline; the same

rocks and trees, and same combination of rock and tree, ad infinitum.

But we are now in sight of Fort Henry—presto, we are abreast of it. Anon the three deckers on the stocks, and the miserable remains of the St. Lawrence of one hundred and four guns, make their appearance; we now round Point Frederick and the Dock-yard; and broad arcoss the fine bay stretches a huge wooden bridge. Before us is the good town of Kingston.

Kingston, finely situated on a rising ground, at the north eastern and lower extremity of Lake Ontario, and at the upper end of the extraordinary Rideau canal, is a town possessing great local advantages from this favourable position, and from the deep water of the adjoining harbour, which is sufficient for the largest ships. From these physical reasons, to say nothing of the strength of the military defences of Fort Henry, the new works now in progress, the excellent character of the inhabitants, nor the important circumstance of its having been selected as the seat of government—this must necessarily be always a place of note. By and bye, when the wild land in the back townships around it is brought into cultivation; the shores of the beautiful bay of Quinté made the resort of emigrants, as they ought to be, and the impediments to the navigation of the Trent removed; this loyal and respectable town must participate largely in the general prosperity of the neighbourhood.

The bridge is a substantial wooden one, six hundred yards in length, spanning the neck of the bay; with a draw arch for craft passing up to the Rideau. The sail to the first batch of locks commands a prospect of finely wooded banks of moderate elevation; and on each side, patches of cultivated land and good

farm houses, appear in rich and luxuriant relief. This riant aspect is strongly contrasted with the gloom and melancholy of the view on entering the canal. The black stumps of the half-burned trees sticking out of the drowned land—the solitude of the literally dismal swamp—the shallow, inky, and fetid water, with its unhealthy associations, are utterly disagreeable to the eye, and excite the most unpleasing ideas; and it must be confessed, that however advantageous to the province this additional internal communication and artery of trade may be, the inundated shores of the Rideau add nothing to its beauty.

John Bull may have faults and weaknesses, but his generosity and kindness to his own family admit of no dispute. He constructed this canal, at an expense of a million and a quarter of pounds sterling, for the convenience of one of his youngest sons, who lived a great way off, and complained of being annoyed by the aggressions of a powerful neighbour. When the work was completed, John, honest man, thus addressed his child:—"Now, my good boy, your wish is gratified—the canal is finished; I make you a present of it; only stipulating that myself and my servants may take a sail on it when we please, and that you and your people, for your own benefit, will keep the locks in order, and not permit a work to fall into decay on which I have laid out so much money." What ought to have been the answer of Master Canada Bull? Surely immediate acquiescence and the most grateful thanks. What was it only last year? "Much obliged to you, Papa; but as you dug the canal, you must keep it in order yourself—all I shall undertake to do, is to make use of it."

This has been for many years an Artillery Station.

We found two companies quartered in a neat little barrack; clean and very comfortable, as that superior and most respectable arm of the service soon makes itself everywhere; with a snug cottage on a pretty eminence for the commandant, and the officers' mess house on the ridge above; commanding a glorious view of the lake and the bay from the windows.

The 66th occupied three points here, the Tête du Pont barracks, Fort Henry, and Point Frederick. For the first month or two we were very healthy, but as the summer advanced, the malaria from the Rideau swamps began to act on the men, and we had a good deal of intermittent fever, generally of a mild description, and that yielded readily to medicine.

In settled weather we had a pleasant breeze from the lake every day at eleven, which continued to blow regularly from the south-west till evening: the cooler air from the surface of the water rushing along to fill the vacuum occasioned by the rarefaction of the atmosphere over the land. As the three principal streets of the town are broad, and at right angles with the bay, this lake breeze played through the houses very refreshingly during the warm weather.

After a few weeks, when we had looked about us a little, and reconnoitred our position, we began to bethink us that Lake Ontario was celebrated for its fish, and to take measures of hostility against the black bass, which we heard highly spoken of, as affording lively sport on the line, and making a capital dish at table. So I bought a skiff, prepared minnow tackle, struck the royals and top-gallants of my salmon rods, and one fine day in June crossed over to Garden Island, sitting in the stern of my pretty little craft, whilst my servant plied a tiny pair of oars. I had a rod and line at each side, at right angles with the skiff, and another line astern. Having attached a

minnow and a gaudy fly to each, I commenced trolling along, with the stern line rolled up as far as was necessary on a stick in my pocket. We had not gone a hundred yards when one reel spun away merrily, and there was a bass of a couple of pounds on the minnow hook, leaping out of the water most vivaciously. Before I had secured this gentleman I felt a tug at my pocket, and found that another of the same size was fast on the stern-hook. I caught him also; and thus we went on, amusingly enough, for four hours, returning in the evening with three dozen of good bass, a few of which were four pounds weight.

Our officers enjoyed themselves much in their boats and skiffs this summer on the glorious lake, or in fishing along the shores of the creeks and islands. The shores of Garden Island, Simcoe Island, Long Island, and Snake Island afforded good sport; but the best fishing ground for the bass was round three small wooded islands, exactly alike, called the Brothers, lying at the entrance of the Bay of Quinté. My plan of operations was to start in my skiff at daylight, with a servant, and a little ark in tow, through which the water had a ready passage, to bring home the fish alive; to proceed trolling along the very pretty coast of the lake, pick up every stray bass by the way, land to breakfast and dine at one of the Brothers; spend the day about these islands, and return to Kingston in the evening—the distance being only eight miles.

One clear morning in July I set off from Kingston at sunrise—rods all set—with a strong battery, or baitery, of three lines, mounting two gaudy salmon-flies and a live minnow on each. On my way up the lake I hooked a very large pike when abreast of the Provincial Penitentiary, and caught him, somewhat

to my annoyance, having no love for any of his fraternity. He was put into the ark, where he could swim, by bending his tail to one side, but could not turn: and I went on my way, securing now and then a bass, and plumping them into the same floating prison. Mr. Pike very soon shewed symptoms of impatience as the intruders dropped in, and at length became savage and attacked them. Then ensued a most grotesque scene of fighting and splashing, for the bass is a strong and courageous fish, until in the course of the day there were so many new arrivals that this voracious "dispeopler of the lake" was jammed in so effectually that he could do no mischief, but lay at the bottom of the fish-boat, with scarcely room to breathe, like some cruel tyrant, deposed and fettered by his own subjects.

I had excellent sport that day, and the lively recollection of it still gives me pleasure. About two o'clock we landed on one of the round, verdant little islands, set in its shining circle of white sandy shore: I roamed about picking strawberries, whilst my servant kindled a cedar fire, and fried fish for dinner. We resumed our amusement soon after, and at one place got amidst a large shoal of bass, eight of which were on my lines at one time, jumping about in the most lively manner, and splashing in all directions. This was too much of a good thing, for the lines got entangled, and I lost time in setting them to rights; so that we had quite an embarras de richesse, and I was obliged to take off three of the baits. We reached home at nine o'clock, with ten dozen live bass and the pike, who appeared at his last gasp. Two servants had no sinecure that evening, in carrying compliments and struggling fish all over Kingston.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA AT KINGSTON.—PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—MONTREAL RIOT.—BURNING OF THE CASTLE OF ST. LOUIS AT QUEBEC.—SOLITUDE OF CANADIAN WOODS.—FATIGUES OF CANADIAN SNIPE-SHOOTING.

"Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head.
———— with incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side.————
———— but naught assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish; then a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died."

ARMSTRONG.

"———— nec bellua sævior ulla est
Quam servi rabies in libera colla furentis."

CLAUDIAN.

THE question whether the pestilence, which, under the name of Asiatic cholera, had spread through the British Islands in 1831 and 1832, would be able to force its way across the broad barrier of the Atlantic, was mooted in this remote province with much interest, some apprehension, and a great difference of opinion. The generality of my professional brethren, with myself, thought the ocean was too vast to be passed; and that the new world would continue happily exempt from the plague that was devastating the old. Unfortunately these hopes and speculations turned out unfounded. The cholera crossed the Atlantic in an emigrant ship, and poured over Canada

and all North America like a destroying flood. Indeed the mortality attending it was proportionately much greater than in the mother country, or any part of Europe.

On the 8th of June, 1832, the pestilence made its first appearance in Quebec: it proceeded up the river to Montreal, where it burst out like a volcano on the 11th. Its course was capricious and uncertain; some intermediate villages being ravaged, and others passed over altogether. At Prescott two deaths occurred on the 15th, and on the 17th it reached Kingston.

The Director General of the Army Medical Department, Sir James M'Grigor, mindful of the maxim "Venienti occurrite morbo," had providently issued orders to his officers early in the year, respecting the proper steps to be taken in preparing, as well as possible, for the approaching mischief, which my friend Dr. Skey, at the head of the department here, was indefatigable in enforcing, with the addition of such local directions as his perfect acquaintance with these provinces, and long general experience elsewhere, might suggest. I am certain that many lives were saved in the Canadas by the preventive measures then taken throughout this command; and no doubt similar beneficial results attended like measures in other stations of the British army.

As soon as it was known that malignant cholera had really appeared in Quebec, it was plain enough that it would find its way to the shores of Lake Ontario. Colonel Nicol was our commandant at Kingston, and I well knew what fearless energy might be expected from him in the midst of any epidemic, however deadly. We first had the barracks and hospitals most carefully cleaned and whitewashed: the duties and fatigues of the soldiers were lightened

as much as possible, and they were daily inspected with great care by their medical officers: the canteen was placed under vigilant supervision, and preparations were made to isolate the barracks, and to remove the married soldiers resident in the town with their families, to a camp on the other side of the bay.

On the morning of the 17th of June, a fatal case of undoubted cholera having occurred in the town, these measures were carried into effect. A camp was formed on the hill near Fort Henry, and the barrack gates were shut. Although the disease raged in the town for the next fortnight, we had no case in the regiment till the 4th of July, when two grenadiers were attacked with the most frightful spasms. I was sent for on the instant—bled them both largely, and they recovered. Ten other soldiers were taken ill, and treated in the same way: the agonizing cramps yielded to the early and copious bleeding, as to a charm, and they also all recovered.

Encouraged by the result of these, and several similar instances amongst the poor people of the town, I began vainly to imagine that this plan of treatment would be generally successful, and wrote confidently to this effect to Dr. Skey; but I was soon to be undeceived. Three men and a woman of the 66th were attacked the same night. I saw them immediately; and the symptoms being the same, to all appearance, as the first cases, they were bled, and all died in twelve hours. The spot which their barrack at Point Frederick occupied was a promontory near the dockyard, the air of which was vitiated by the neighbourhood of the rotting ships. The company quartered there was removed to camp on the hill the next morning, and had no more cholera.

The fact is, I believe, that we had two different

diseases, confounded together under the common name of cholera, to contend with, one of these maladies having very much the character of tetanus, or locked jaw. This genus was marked by early, severe, and universal spasms, affecting every muscle, and causing great torture. This form appeared to be easily curable; and the early bleeding, in this peculiar and sthenic type, wrought miracles when judiciously employed. In the other more dangerous form, when the disease stole on more quietly, the patients sunk early into hopeless debility, and here medicine was of little avail.

We heard wonderful accounts of the effects of transfusion of saline fluid into the veins; and Dr. Sampson, the principal practitioner in Kingston, and a man of talent, was determined, as well as myself, to give it a fair trial. We used it in twenty hopeless cases, unfortunately without success in any; though the first effect in every instance was the apparent restoration of the powers and functions of life: in one remarkable case of a poor emigrant from Yorkshire, life was protracted seven days by constant pumping. Here the man almost instantaneously recovered voice, strength, colour, and appetite; and Dr. Sampson and myself, seeing this miraculous change, almost believed we had discovered the new elixir of life, in the humble shape of salt and water.

The appearance of Kingston during the epidemic was most melancholy—

"While the long funerals blackened all the way."

Nothing was seen in the streets but these sorrowful processions. No business was done; for the country people kept aloof from the infected town. The yellow flag was hoisted on the beach, near the market-place,

and intercourse with the steam-boats put under quarantine regulations. The conduct of the inhabitants was admirable, and reflected great credit on this good and public spirited little town. The medical men, and the clergy of all persuasions, vied with each other in the fearless discharge of their dangerous duties; and the exertions of all classes were judicious, manly, and energetic: for the genuine English spirit shewed itself, as usual, undaunted in the midst of peril, and rising above it.

We had thirty-six cases of cholera, of a malignant kind, in the 66th, besides a host of choleroid complaints; many of which, but for early treatment, would have ended in cholera. Of these we lost seven No child suffered.

During the prevalence of the disease, it seemed to me that a number of errors in diet were generally entertained, and acted on in our little community. Because unripe fruit, or excess in its use, does mischief, all fruit was now proscribed by public opinion, and vegetables of every description were placed under the same ban, so that the gardeners saw their finest productions rotting unsaleable. This was folly; for the stomach was more likely to suffer than to benefit from the want of its accustomed pabulum of mixed animal and vegetable substances. It was proper to live temperately, to avoid supper-eating, or eating late in the day, as four-fifths of the attacks came on in the night—to avoid excesses of all kinds—to strive against depressing passions—but, above all, to place confidence in Providence.

If, amidst so much distress, ludicrous ideas could be entertained, there was enough to excite them on this subject of abstinence from vegetables. Huge Irishmen, who had sucked in the national root with

their mother's milk, and lived on it all their lives, now shrank from a potato as poison. I heard a respectable gentleman confess, that he was attracted by the tempting appearance of a dish of green peas, and ate one pea, but he felt uncomfortable afterwards, and was sure it had disagreed with him.

The disease ceased entirely in the middle of October.

The state of public affairs in the Canadas had been lately proceeding at an accelerating pace from bad to worse. Sir James Kempt went home, like a wise man, when he found he could do no good; and was succeeded by Lord Aylmer, a frank and honest soldier, of a kindly nature. At first, as usual, every thing proceeded quietly and harmoniously; the Governor told the Legislature, in his inaugural speech, that his first thought when he awoke in the morning was, what he could do that day for the good of Canada. From the loyalty of this nobleman's nature I have no doubt that the statement was literally true; still this formal announcement of his private feelings, à la Titus, appears to have been a little injudicious, for few would believe the romantic assertion.

But Lord Aylmer, I conceive, soon made a more important mistake; he suspended from his functions a very talented man, and one of the principal supporters of his own government, Mr. James Stuart, the Attorney General, on an address of inculpation by the House of Assembly. In other words, he sacrificed Mr. Stuart as a victim to propitiate Papineau. Under this person's absolute control the Assembly was now palpably engrossing all the power of the province; but as its strength increased, so did not its wisdom, for the violence of its proceedings defeated their

object. The course of action of the House towards the objects of its dislike was barbarously penal, and after a fashion only paralleled by arbitrary courts some two centuries past. "Castigatque auditque" was the motto of the House; for it punished first and tried afterwards—though, as a favour, it sometimes granted no trial at all.

The British Government, although they condemned Lord Aylmer for suspending Mr. Stuart on the address of one House of the Legislature, declined reversing the act; and that gentleman went to London, and fought his own battle with great ability against successive Colonial Secretaries for a period of two years; and many persons believe he had the best of it. At any rate, the Government offered him a seat on the bench in Newfoundland, which he declined, and came back to practise his profession as a lawyer in Quebec. Since then he has been made Chief Justice and a Baronet; whilst the powerful Speaker, at whose hest Sir James Stuart was formerly degraded from his high post, is now a traitor, an outlaw, and a vagabond. So turns the wheel of fortune.

On the 21st May 1832, during an election riot at Montreal, the mob became so extremely violent, and were proceeding to such extremities, in pulling people's houses about their ears, that the magistrates having the recent burning of Bristol in recollection, called out the military and read the riot act. The mob did not regard these proceedings with any apprehension; they believed, either that the soldiers had no ball cartridges, or would not use them. Under this impression they became more and more outrageous, and began to pelt the troops with stones and brick-bats. The men bore this patiently for some time; but finding the chances of having their brains knocked

out increasing every moment, at last fired, and shot three of the crowd, who then dispersed. The officers and soldiers behaved with coolness and forbearance, and fired no needless or wanton shot. But for this well-timed and energetic military interposition, at the lawful request of the civil power, Montreal would in all probability have shared the fate of Bristol.

The Canadians had thus the first specimen of the dangers into which Mr. Papineau's seditious harangues were hurrying them; but this act of painful, though necessary, severity was too good a "grief" to be overlooked by this gentleman. He wrote on the instant to Lord Aylmer, denouncing the military, the magistrates, and all concerned in what was called the "Montreal massacre" as murderers, and peremptorily demanding special inquiry and exemplary punishment. The Governor was naturally offended by the insolent tone of this communication, and declined availing himself of the speaker's proffered services in investigating the matter; which was left to the ordinary tribunals. Bills of indictment for murder, founded on a Coroner's inquest, were exhibited against two officers of the 15th Regiment, but thrown out by the Grand Jury of Montreal. The Governor, very properly, took no notice of the business until the accused parties thus stood clear; and then, in his capacity of Commander of the Forces, he issued a general order, in which, after regretting the painful circumstances of the case, he praised the troops for their steadiness, coolness, and forbearance, on this trying occasion.

The slight done to Mr. Papineau, in declining to follow his advice in this matter, was the signal for open war on his part, and that of his adherents, against Lord Aylmer. He was abused as a bloody-minded tyrant,

and every opprobrious name was showered on him; whilst the newspapers in the interest of the Speaker put their columns in mourning when the Governor came to Montreal. The Assembly, of course, took the business in hand, and proceeded in committee of the whole House to enquire into the affair. Witnesses chiefly on one side, and only for inculpation, were brought down to Quebec, and kept there at great expense during the session. On the prorogation in 1833, the enquiry was put off till the next meeting of the provincial parliament, and then resumed, and the witnesses were again brought down. Notwithstanding all these prolonged and costly proceedings, the whole affair died a natural death; for no report was ever made.

Previous to this unfortunate business, the Governor had unwittingly given offence to the leaders of the Assembly, by the plain honesty of one of his messages about the eternal grievances. As he then happened to be making up a packet of them, with which the House had entrusted him; and there was still room in a corner to stow away a few more, he requested them to rummage carefully in every creek and cranny, for fear some unfledged imp might be overlooked, and turn out afterwards a grief of magnitude. He said it was his earnest wish to transmit the whole black brood to the foot of the throne. Lord Aylmer did not then know—though he found out afterwards—that grievances are indigenous in Canada, and jump from the soil as thick as grasshoppers.

In the following winter the celebrated castle of St. Louis, perched most picturesquely on the top of the precipice above the lower town of Quebec, and for many years the residence of French and English

Governors, took fire in broad daylight; and although thousands ran to its assistance, yet the day was so cold that the water froze in the hose of the engines; all attempts to extinguish the flames were useless, and this remarkable building was burned to the ground. The conspicuous position of the blazing edifice rendered the fire visible from a great distance; and when night set in, it cast its gorgeous reflection far and wide on the basin of the St. Lawrence.

The Governor notified the calamitous event by message to both Houses of the Legislature. The legislative council made a condoling and courteous reply: the House of Assembly did not deign to answer.

We had tolerable shooting about Kingston. Partridges and Woodcocks were common enough in the woods; and Snipe were abundant. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the town there are marshes, where one might pick up fifteen couple of good fat snipe in a forenoon of October. But it is hard fag; the marsh being an extensive quagmire, covered with long, tough, matted grass, which gets entangled about one's ankles, and sometimes requires great exertion to burst through. Besides, if by a heavier step than usual, your foot penetrates the quaking stratum of thin soil, down you go, and the extended arms, and the gun thrown across, are necessary to prevent disappearing altogether.

Nothing strikes a stranger more than the mute solitude of the woods in Canada; for no sound, except the chirp of a squirrel, or the croak of a frog, is ever heard in the interminable forest; and these but rarely. Even Woodpeckers are found on the skirts of the woods only, close to cultivated ground, where the sun vivifies the insects on which they feed. Yet the

cause is obvious, the severity of the winter drives away the feathered tribes; and the migrating races either remain in the cleared country during the summer, or retire to breed in the most secluded depths of the mountain forest, far away from the haunts of man. An oppressive feeling of melancholy comes over one, in passing through the gloomy recesses of a Canadian forest; seeing at every step the decay of vegetable nature; bestriding the rotten trees, and perceiving the living ones half-choked by pressure and confinement, and contending with each other for air and sunshine. No gay creepers entwine their trunks—no flowers gem the ground at their roots—no turf covers the earth between them. All is cheerless, and unadorned, and monotonous gloom and silence.

The winter in the Upper Province is about six weeks shorter than in the Lower; but is much too cold in both to be agreeable. They do not defend themselves so well against the severe weather in the former as the latter; and double windows, so generally used below, are not often put in at Kingston and Toronto.

Our regiment soon became popular at Kingston. We flattered ourselves that we were well conducted, and it is certain that the people were staunch in their British feelings, and well-disposed and friendly to the military. Thus the main elements of kindly sentiments on both sides being in existence, it was easy to bring them into operation, and a degree of mutual attachment sprung up. We spent two years very pleasantly in our quiet quarters; partaking of much attention and hospitality. The first winter made us well acquainted with our new friends; and the second would have been still more agreeable, had it not been shaded a little by the recent distress occasioned by the cholera.

CHAPTER XLV.

TORONTO.—SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—RESEMBLANCE IN FEATURES TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—FONDNESS OF HUMMING BIRDS FOR PEAR TREE BLOSSOMS.—HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—MR. MACKENZIE PURSUED ROUND THE HOUSE BY THE SERJEANT AT ARMS.

"If thou canst hate, as oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great;
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of those frantic times
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes.
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control;
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god."

MOORE.

In May 1833, the 66th were ordered to York, now Toronto. We embarked in the fine steam boat the Great Britain, amidst loud and long continued cheering from our Kingston friends, and arrived the next day in the capital of Upper Canada.

The Indian names of places are not only, in general, soft and liquid, but exceedingly impressive; generally condensing in one musical word the distinctive and permanent local features. Toronto in Mohawk means "trees growing in water," and is happily significant of the appearance at a certain distance of parts of the lake shore, near the town. This is a long straggling place, rapidly rising into importance and wealth,

though very recently redeemed from the forest; running for two miles along the lake, where an inlet protected by a peninsula, forms a tolerably good harbour. The water however is scarcely deep enough; and depositions from the small and sluggish river Don, a little to the east of the town, with the debris of the crumbling clayey banks, threaten to fill it up at no very remote period, if not prevented by some scientific interposition.

In 1794, the Duke de Rochefoucault Liancourt visited York, which then contained only twelve small wooden houses; whose inmates, that nobleman adds, were not of the best character. A more questionable authority, Mr. Gourlay, sneeringly says, they have not improved much since. But this is a gross libel. The population of Toronto is highly intelligent, moral, and respectable, and of orderly and quiet habits. When returning to the barracks from late parties in the town, our officers have often been struck with the profound quiet of the streets.

The view of the city in sailing up the harbour is pretty and rather imposing. There are several good-looking buildings, a fine high shore, much planting, and a grand back-ground of tall forest—all rising strikingly and scenically from the lake. But on a nearer approach I regret to add that the eye has much fault to find—principally with the architecture of the public buildings, which are far more substantial, than ornamental erections. The Parliament House, built of brick, looks very heavy; and has a deep and disproportioned cornice; somewhat after the fashion of a grenadier's cap on a child's head. The College has the aspect of a manufactory; but will soon be hidden by planting in front. The Government House is a strange aggregation of wings and angles, without

body or substance, and the court house and gaol are utterly abominable.

The Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada in 1833 was Sir John Colborne; a man, according to the historian Napier, "of an extraordinary genius for war." Nor was he less adapted for the discharge of the civil duties of a Governor. His attention to public business, the devotion of his whole time, and all his powers, to the improvement of Upper Canada, his exertions in encouraging emigration, and assisting and locating emigrants—were so conspicuous and unremitting, that they could not be denied by his most virulent political enemies. His affability, hospitality, and private virtues, and the wide spreading charity of his excellent wife, though devoid of all ostentation, were necessarily well known in a small society, like that of Toronto; and the estimation in which he was held in the province was signally demonstrated by the universal tribute of respect paid to him all along the road, when leaving his government on the arrival of Sir Francis Head. In fact his journey, contrary, I believe to his own wish, had more the character of a triumphal procession than the quiet progress of a displaced Governor.

I never had the pleasure of seeing Sir John before 1833, although he was Lieutenant Colonel of the 66th in the Peninsula, and I had often heard there, of an extraordinary and hazardous incursion he had made into Andalusia in 1811; carrying his brigade through the very centre of the French cantonments; marching by night, magnifying his force, and causing general alarm, and the concentration of large masses of French troops; and thus producing a valuable diversion in favour of our operations before Badajoz. When we first dined at Government House we were

struck by the strong resemblance he bore to the Duke of Wellington; and there is also a great similarity in mind and disposition, as well as the lineaments of the face. In one particular they appear to harmonize perfectly—namely, great simplicity of character, and an utter dislike of show and ostentation. I believe there never was a soldier of more perfect moral character than Sir John Colborne. He is truly "sans peur et sans reproche."

Our regiment had its head quarters in the barracks at Toronto, with detachments at four or five outstations. The barracks are poor buildings, but agreeably situated on the bank of the Lake, a mile and a half west of the town. All the principal people of the place called on us soon after our arrival; invitations followed, and our commanding officer, Major Baird, being a veteran of fine appearance and gentlemanly manners; the other officers, also, quite what they ought to be, and the soldiers sober and well-behaved, we found ourselves in a short time far advanced in the good opinion of the Provincial Metropolitans, and in a fair way of becoming favourites here, as we flattered ourselves had been the case at other quarters. To this desirable object the goodness of our band, which played pro bono publico two evenings in the week, did not a little contribute. For, notwithstanding the "segnius irritant animos demissa per aures," of Horace, people are caught by the ears.

There was an old gentleman, Sir W—— C——, at Toronto, a patient of mine, who was sinking in a general decay of nature. But his mind retained its powers; and as he took very little medicine, it became necessary to administer a dose of politics in its place, by a visit for a couple of hours chat, two or three

times a week. In common with most intelligent men here, he deprecated the policy of the Home Government, in the countenance they gave every needy and noisy demagogue, who went home and brawled against the Provincial Administration.

My worthy patient became very weak towards the end of the year; his nights were restless—his appetite began to fail, and he could only relish little delicacies and tid-bits. Medicine was tried fruitlessly, so his doctor prescribed snipes. At the point of the sandy peninsula, opposite the barracks, are a number of little pools and marshes, frequented by these delectable little birds; and here I used to cross over in my skiff and pick up the poor Chief Justice's panacea. On this delicate food the old gentleman was supported for a couple of months; but the frost set in —the snipes flew away—and Sir W——— died.

There is a prodigious migration of pigeons in summer from the Southern States of America to the Canadian forests. Crossing over the upper end of Lake Ontario, innumerable columns of them hit the land close to the barracks, and continue to pass over in quick succession of flocks for three or four days. Many of these poor birds are quite young; the down on their bodies being still visible, and their tails not grown. These young birds, yet fearless of man, used to fly so close to the ground as to be knocked down by the soldiers with sticks; but the old ones, known by their long tails, kept their course high in air. The slaughter about the barracks, and on the large common between them and the town was enormous; and the whole country was covered with sharpshooters during the time the birds were passing.

We had a garden belonging to the mess at the barracks, in which there were a good number of fruit

trees; and when we arrived these were in blossom, and one of them in particular appeared to be the object of great desire to the humming birds. This was a large pear tree in full bloom, and early every morning it was surrounded with a couple of dozen of these beautiful little creatures, when every other tree in the garden was neglected. I watched their manœuvres with great pleasure; though they manage to rifle the flowers always on the wing, and flit about so rapidly that it requires sharp sight to follow them. What a pity the tiny beauties cannot sing. What numerous happy images, comparisons, illustrations, and allusions, connected with them we should have found in Shakespeare, if the great bard had been acquainted with these delicate creatures.

Salmon ascend the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, and are often speared, or caught in nets, on its shores. I ate of them several times at Toronto, but the fish is greatly deteriorated by the fatiguing journey up the rapids, and loses much of its pink colour and fine flavour. There is a large trout in the lake, which resembles the salmo salar a good deal, and passes with many for that princely fish. To the practised eye the difference is at once apparent, in the greater size of the head, the duller colour, the different number of rays in the fins, and the shape of the tail.

The Parliament of Upper Canada met in November 1833, and our officers frequently attended to hear the debates. The former house of Assembly had been of what are called liberal politics; but at the late election, a number of the members had been displaced, and this house had a conservative or tory character.

Mr. Mackenzie, since so infamous, having foully libelled the whole of both branches of the legislature in his newspaper, which he sent the same day to every

member, was expelled the Assembly, and again elected three times; but as he shewed no contrition, and would make no apology, he was as often expelled. Finding that he could not accomplish his object in the regular way, nor induce the Lieutenant Governor to dissolve the Assembly, he came down at the head of a mob, to take possession of his seat by force. But the Speaker was firm, and ordered the gallery to be cleared, and the House went on coolly and regularly with its proceedings.

A day or two after, this pertinacious creature, watching an opportunity, when the Serjeant at Arms was off his guard, glided into the House, unnoticed by that functionary, and took possession of his seat. I chanced to be present, and was infinitely amused by the scene that followed. As soon as the Serjeant at Arms (a stern looking and formidable personage) discovered the trick that had been played on him, he knit his brows and advanced on the usurping member, with a frown that boded him little good. Mackenzie saw the point he made at him; and when the Serjeant was within a yard of his chair, he started up and ran towards the door, to make his escape. But his pursuer was not to be thus baffled; he secured his prisoner, and after giving him a rough shake, to keep him quiet, he led him to the bar and awaited the pleasure of the House.

I stood beside Mackenzie here for a short time, and have seldom seen a more contemptible little man. The only features that shewed any power or expression were his eyes; which immediately brought to mind the optics of my old Indian acquaintances, the Cobras de Capello, or hooded snakes; for they had exactly the same red appearance, fierceness, and malignity. At this time Mackenzie's popularity being

on the wane, he was very desirous of reacting a little political martyrdom, and dying to be sent to prison. But the House knew their man, and would not gratify him by any severe measure. He was merely reprimanded and discharged.

When we were at Toronto, Mr. Bidwell, notwithstanding his

> "—— nasal twang, heard at conventicle,"

was the best speaker in the Assembly. In the Legislative Council, Chief Justice Robinson, the President, shone conspicuously as an orator and most clever man. He is moreover one of the most courteous gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure to meet; a man who would distinguish himself any where, and in England might reasonably aspire to the Woolsack.

We were ordered back to Kingston in May 1834. The 66th embarked in the most perfect state of order and sobriety, and returned in the middle of the month to our former quiet quarters.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Niagara cleaves the wave-worn precipice—
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss—
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture." BYRON.

I HAVE visited the Falls of Niagara four times; and on three of these occasions in company with ladies—for the view of any thing grand or sublime in nature or art is not worth two pence in selfish solitude, or rude male companionship, unembellished by the sex; and I have noticed that the predominant feeling at first is the inadequacy of language to express the strength of the emotion. One of the ladies alluded to, of a refined mind and ingenuous nature, after gazing for the first time, with a long and fixed expression, on the sublime object before her, looked for an instant in my face and burst into tears. There are others so constituted as to be fascinated by the spectacle to such a dangerous and overpowering extent, as to feel a strong desire to throw themselves into the abyss. A lady of good sense and mature age assured me, that as she stood on the edge of the Table Rock, this impulse became so strong and over-

mastering, that she was obliged to recede rapidly from the brink, for fear of the consequences. Here the mind must have been momentarily deranged by the awful grandeur of the scene.

I am now of a calm and subdued temperament, the result of long effort and much reflection on the silliness of giving the rein to strong feelings and emotions. But when, on my first visit, I proceeded through the Pavilion garden towards the Table Rock, and beheld an ocean moving over the precipice, and flashing and gliding into the enormous milk-white pool below, without any apparent effort, and with all the ease of a quiet rivulet stealing through a meadow, all mental restraint gave way, and my inmost spirit burst out in loud and enthusiastic admiration.

All grand objects, natural or artificial, grow greater under prolonged observation. The vault of heaven becomes more immense to our conception in proportion as the faculties are educated to comprehend its vastness. So on a smaller scale, St. Paul's, the dome of St. Peter's, the Alps, the ocean, and eminently so Niagara. I am not ashamed to confess that my first rapturous emotion at beholding this stupendous sight soon subsided into a feeling of profound awe and devotion at the greatness of that Being who poured Niagara "from the hollow of his hand," and before whom its flashing mass is as "the small drop of the bucket." In its perfect sublimity it fascinates and totally absorbs all the senses. The ear is never stunned or stupified by the sound of the plunging waves, nor the eye tired or sated in beholding their endless and majestic course. The march of the glorious cataract is ever the same, though its aspect is eternally changing; like the coronary Iris that serenely hovers

over the tumultuous waters: as if mankind required here, more than any where else, to have their diluvial apprehensions soothed, and to be reminded of the merciful covenant of the bow in the cloud.

Napoleon's favourite quotation, respecting the near neighbourhood of the sublime and the ridiculous, has here a remarkable exemplification; for this glory of the Western Continent and of the world, and sublimest of all natural sublimities, is sadly desecrated by human absurdity. Every wall, and tree, and door, and window in the vicinity is covered with initials, and names, and dates, and details, and eulogies upon eulogies, the contributions of innumerable visitors. Lines, distiches, paragraphs, pages, and volumes of trash, in prose and verse, and all the multiform gradations of doggerel, are cut upon the panes and pencilled on window frames and doors, and whittled upon benches and walls, and hacked into trees—both on the British and American side—so as to overwhelm the whole neighbourhood.

There is a difference observable in these inscriptions, illustrative of some distinguishing traits of national character. I noticed that the English visitors had been generally content with leaving their initials, date, and address—sometimes their whole names; whereas the Americans far more frequently appended some expression of admiration, original or as a quotation. The French, German, and Italian visitors were unmerciful in their enthusiasm, and sad monopolizers of space. Some of the couplets and verses were respectable enough; but all the writers appeared to sink under the magnitude of their theme. The majority of the original effusions, however, were the most abominable trash; and after an ardent and protracted gaze of intense admiration at the moving mass of

sapphire water, the eye probably rested on some such scribble as this on the back of the bench—

"Father and I went to the Falls
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the knaves and fools
As thick as hasty pudding.
T. OLIVER,
Boston, July 1, 1831."

Or,

"Good fellows, after all,
What is it but a small
Tarnation big waterfall.
J. BROWNE,
Syracuse, May 25, 1828."

With what intense loathing, after this, does the offended eye turn back to the cataract.

The sensation in passing under the Fall is unique; something like what we may suppose the feeling of annihilation to be, or that of the world splitting to pieces about your ears. The tremendous, voluminous mass of roaring water, shaking the deep rooted rock with strong vibration—the ghastly light—the whizzing and rushing sound—the whirlwind of spray—the perilous footing, and the total isolation—are, altogether, inexpressibly grand and awful.

The boating, not merely in crossing at the ferry, but close up to the English Fall, is perfectly safe, however perilous such a vicinity may appear. The water boiling up from the abyss has such a superincumbent quantity to penetrate, that it is nearly calmed before reaching the surface, and reduced to such a state of comparative quiescence as to be navigable by a skiff out of the immediate vortex of the great cauldron.

The view of the edge of the Schlosser Fall on the American side, as you mount the long steps, is ex-

tremely grand and extraordinary; and the curve of the cataract appears so near that you think you can dip your hand in it. The quantity of water, however, is not, probably, one fifth what passes down the British Fall; and the sheet is so thin that, in the sunshine, one can see the distinct profile of the rock all the way across. This Fall is somewhat higher than its mighty neighbour, but is imperfect and ugly at the bottom, where there is not water enough to cover the black, unseemly rocks. A crescentic curve is forming in the middle, from the stronger action of the central stream and the reflux of the thick spray from below, as in the Great Horse Shoe Fall.

The bridge at Goat Island is itself no small curiosity; and the man who first pushed out into the dangerous rapid, to lay its foundation, required the "æs triplex" around his heart much more than Horace's navigator. Once, when staying at the Eagle on the American side, after two days strong easterly winds, which dammed up Lake Erie, there was a great flood in the river, and the water was still rising so fast that there was much ground for apprehension, when we were crossing to the island, that the bridge would be carried away before our return, and our communication thus be effectually cut off from the world. The ladies of the party only laughed at the idea. Dear souls! they will fret and fidget enough for a trifle now and then it is true, and the sight of a wasp or a spider may produce a scream or a small fit of beautiful terror; but here they could look in the face the mighty Niagara rising in its wrath, and threatening to isolate them from the human kind, without the least apprehension. But Fate did not decree this magnificent imprisonment; the bridge stood firm—

we paid our quarter dollar each, and roamed about till dinner-time.

Never were any poor trees so barbarously treated as those in Goat Island: they are carved and cut all over with myriads of names. We noticed one gentleman's appellation thirty feet up the stem of a very large maple, where there were no branches to hold by, and which was too big to be embraced: he must therefore have realized the force of Beattie's lines—

> "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

For we were credibly informed, that, finding all efforts to get up fruitless, he had borrowed a ladder, and carried it half a mile to inscribe his name above all the rest. The name of this aspiring hero ought to have been Frederic, or Augustus, or Alexander, at the least; but I am sorry to spoil the incident by telling the truth, whatever bathos may be in it, that thirteen sesquipedalian letters only made up Phinehas James, of Philadelphia, who devoted himself to an immortality of maple bark, perhaps maple sugar, on the 10th of June A. D. 1830.

Every thing is great or little by comparison. The Rapids above the Fall, which would be elsewhere so admirable, are here lost and eclipsed. In every attribute of grandeur, however, I think they are inferior to the Long Sault, near Cornwall. The burning spring on the British side is fed by a column of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Our party found Whitney's hotel much more comfortable and retired than the bustling Pavilion; yet the view from the top galleries of the latter was splendid indeed, and I have sat there for hours by moonlight, in a state of admiring abstraction, meditating

and musing on the glorious objects before me, softened and mellowed by the silver light. Then would discursive fancy wander amidst the past scenes of life, cross the ocean, weather the Cape, and revel in Hindostan—raising with her wand the graceful military figure of my inimitable hookebader, Bhasthee Rhamm, with his magnificent mustachios and reverential obeisance. By a simple gesture would the enchantress, potent over time and space, waft him to the highest gallery, and there would my old servant hand me the silver-mouthed tube, wreathed in snowy muslin, lined with the young bark of the Persian apple-tree, and redolent of the fragrant nicotiana and the rose, whilst his master would puff and gaze, and gaze and puff again, until he had finished his second chillum.

But chills being much more likely to be met with than chillums in a cool north-west breeze at midnight, the rêveur descended from his altitudes and imaginary enjoyments, and sought his couch, as the fine writers say, and found it too—phrases not quite synonymous at Mr. Forsyth's.

We drove one evening to the "deep cut" of the Welland Canal; the road ran through a richly cultivated country, covered with peach and apple trees. As we approached the canal, we saw traces of malaria in the countenances of the poor people we met; and close to the bank, when we entered a house, we found the man and his wife lying shivering in the cold fit of a tertian ague, which they had had for a fortnight. The poor people had neither children nor friends nor attendants to assist them; and on several days had been attacked with the paroxysm at the same time, so that they could not help each other.

After giving them some water to drink, I wrote a prescription with a piece of burnt stick on a board, in default of ink and paper, after the fashion of the stylus and waxen tablet, which the man said he could get an apothecary at St. Catharine's to make up next day.

After visiting Buffalo, and making a short tour through the States, our party returned to Toronto.

CHAPTER XLVII.

KINGSTON DURING THE CHOLERA OF 1834.—BEAUTIFUL BAY OF QUINTÉ.—SNIPE SHOOTING, WITH NATURAL FALCONRY. EMBARKATION FOR QUEBEC.

> "Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
> Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death:
> Infectious horror ran from face to face,
> And pale despair." ARMSTRONG.

> "The service past, around the pious man
> With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
> Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
> And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
> His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
> Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd—
> To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."
> GOLDSMITH.

OUR numerous friends in Kingston received us on our return with a warm welcome; for our former residence of two years in their kind hearted town had produced an almost affectionate intimacy. The place had improved in appearance, and several substantial houses, including a Bank, had been built during the year we were absent.

Again the two Provinces were destined to suffer severely from an invasion of cholera; and once more there were very discordant opinions amongst medical men, as to the probable mischief it would occasion. Many persons supposed that the character of the disease was changing, and that its malignancy was

on the decline generally throughout the world; consequently we should have it light this year. Besides, it was natural to suppose that its pathology was now better understood than formerly, and that the practice would be more successful. Now, though the community generally were less frightened than during the first epidemic, and paid more attention to preventive measures, and the premonitions of the malady, and perhaps the practice was better—it turned out that the second attack of the pestilence was more fatal than the first. The town, with a population of five thousand, lost two hundred in 1832; whilst not less than three hundred were carried off in 1834.

According to my own observation, the latter epidemic had more of the asthenic character than the former; that is to say, it was more marked by symptoms of debility and prostration, immediately after the first attack, and less by violent spasms and extreme distress. It was thus more insidious and dangerous, and the patients sank sooner into a state of utter hopelessness. The same general feeling of discomfort and malaise was prevalent as before, and every one complained of loss of appetite and vigour, with nocturnal restlessness, or sleep without refreshment. I again noticed a ferruginous taste in the air; and this was observed in Paris and other places where cholera raged in 1832. Fortunately the disease broke out late in the summer, the first case having occurred at Kingston on the 26th of July.

Warned by the experience of 1832, no time was lost in isolating the garrison as much as possible. When the first case of malignant cholera took place in the town, the barrack gates were shut, as formerly; the married soldiers living in lodgings with their families were encamped near Fort Henry, on the same

ground as before. The Royal Artillery, having become sickly, were also sent to camp. These measures proved highly useful; the health of the numerous women and children was preserved, and that of the Artillery restored.

A strict hygeian police was established and sedulously maintained in the Regiment, with the object of watching and crushing the first germ of the malady. Any deviation from the men's ordinary habits was at once noticed by steady non-commissioned officers appointed for this purpose, and reported to the Surgeon. They were directed to observe the men at all their meals carefully, and give notice if they should perceive loss of appetite in any individual. Drills and parades were discontinued, and all duties made as light as possible; but the men were marched a short distance in the cool of the evening by the Adjutant, after medical inspection. On hot days they were permitted to amuse themselves, and cool the barracks by watering them and the square wherein they stand, with a fire engine, in which they enjoyed themselves much, making jets d'eau in the air ad libitum. Cleanliness of person, clothing, bedding, and barrack-rooms was strictly enjoined and maintained. The men were allowed to take reasonable rest in the morning, and their sleep at that hour, which is generally the most refreshing after a hot night in a barrack room, was not abridged under a mistaken notion of the advantage of extreme early rising. No fastidiousness was practised as to their diet, which was not changed; the Author conceiving, as mentioned before, that the stomach would be more liable to get out of order if deprived of the vegetables grateful to it, and to which it had been accustomed, than if they were permitted to be used. The Regi-

mental Canteen, that fruitful source of mischief, was placed under strict watchfulness, and intemperance prevented as much as possible. It ought to be added, that in this respect, and indeed every other, the conduct of the soldiers of the 66th during both epidemics was eminently good.

With these precautions, and early attention to premonitary abdominal disturbances, the disease touched us lightly, and we had only eight adult cases of cholera, out of seven hundred and sixty-nine individuals. However, we had besides a host of bowel complaints, many of which, no doubt, would have merged in the pestilence but for early treatment. This was a ratio about twenty fold less than amongst the civil population; and our total loss was fifty fold less, or thereabouts, being only one man and two children.

There was a material difference between the practice of 1832 and 1834. Laudanum, brandy, and other stimulants were administered now much more sparingly than before; when, probably, they had been used too freely. Bleeding, also, was not so common, for those violent tetanic spasms which it had so frequently relieved in the former year were not now so general. Calomel had been given then very largely, but was now used less indiscriminately. In 1834 acetate of lead was used in some hopeless cases with much benefit. My favourite remedy was castor oil, combined with a small quantity of laudanum, given in some grateful and demulcent fluid, as hot as possible; making the patient lie on his right side, for the assistance of gravitation towards the pylorus, and to prevent nausea. In some hundred cases on this and the former occasion, I witnessed the most excellent effects from this remedy; and moreover, experienced them

myself in the early stage of two attacks of cholera I had at Kingston. Once, when attending a gentleman who died of the disease, I was conscious of the very moment of contracting it at his bedside. I instantly went home and to bed, and took the oil and laudanum, when five minutes' delay might have cost my life. For some time there was a terrible internal conflict; the heart laboured tumultuously, and I lay quietly, yet under the perfect consciousness that a great struggle was going on for life or death, whether the thin part of the blood, called the serum, should rush fatally to the coats of the intestines, or be determined in a warm and salutary perspiration to the skin. All this time the pulse could not be counted, and the feeling of anxiety and oppression of the vital powers was dreadful. At length the circulation gradually became calmer, the shriveling skin swelled out with warm moisture and grateful heat, and the crisis was past. Here, and in numerous similar instances, like the fabled action of oil on a stormy sea, this invaluable medicine soothed the internal commotion, and effected a grateful and healthy calm.

As on the former occasion, the conduct of the manly and intelligent community of Kingston was becoming the character of their town. Nobody shrank from kind offices to the sick—nobody ran away; a health committee sat daily, and the doctors, and clergy of all persuasions did their duty nobly as before.

Although we have seen cholera following roads and rivers, and the great lines of human intercourse in various parts of the world, it has often left some favoured spots untouched, in a very capricious and unaccountable manner. In England, Exeter was never visited by the disease, though it prevailed in

the neighbourhood. During this invasion of 1834, the south shore of Lake Ontario was exempt, but not the north. Opposite to Kingston is a village on a height, called Barriefield, where numerous deaths took place from cholera; whilst in another village, or hamlet, but half a mile distant, and nearly level with the lake, the malady did not shew itself at all. We found it pertinaciously sticking to some houses, and occurring in them again and again; and those elevated parts of the town, which had always been considered the most healthy, suffered the most. By the middle of September the health of Kingston was restored, but half the inhabitants were in mourning.

It was necessary to relax and refresh a little after the anxieties and duties of those frightful times, when life was held by a tenure little better than a day's purchase. Taking my dog and gun therefore, I went on a visit to some friends residing on the shores of the Bay of Quinté, having been promised good snipe shooting in that quarter.

The shores of this extensive and beautiful arm of Lake Ontario are, beyond all question, the most pleasing and best cultivated section of the whole Canadian coast of the lake. But this has been settled for many years; and the farms approach those of England and the south of Scotland in their appearance and in skilful husbandry: on all sides we see neat and warm farm houses, extensive orchards, abundance of cattle, good fences, and a general air of snugness and comfort. Whilst staying with my friend, the Rev. William Macaulay, at Picton, I was much struck with the appearance of that pretty village, at the head of a navigable creek, sheltered in the bosom

of a high, bold, and richly wooded hill, with its imposing court house, modest church, and quiet parsonage. From the top of this fine hill, or rather mountain, is a most extensive view of the diversified shores, promontories, creeks, and sinuosities of this great bay.

Having received intelligence of a retired marsh, of considerable extent, abounding in snipe, which the country people knew not how to shoot, and that had been seldom visited by gentlemen, a friend and myself started early one morning to explore it. The day turned out singularly dark and gloomy, though without rain, the sky was like bronze, with here and there a patch better polished than the rest. We met with a great number of large, fat snipes, which we could scarcely see sometimes, but still had good sport —bagging forty couple. After the first shots we discovered two hawks attending us, who continued our sporting companions the whole day, and really appeared to comprehend what we were about, and to be determined to turn our amusement to their own advantage. They hovered high above us, quite out of range, on the watch for the birds we missed, several of which they pursued and caught before our eyes. The falconry sometimes was extremely beautiful and interesting; the snipes flew strong and swiftly, and doubled most scientifically, but their fine condition for the table was against them: they were thick-winded, and far too fat for a race.

I afterwards spent a week with the Rev. John Grier, at the Carrying Place, a clergyman whose humble and secluded mansion, happy and well ordered family, exemplary life, diligent ministrations, and affectionate intercourse with his rural flock, realize

in his remote circle the well known picture of Goldsmith's minister.*

Until these visits I had an imperfect idea of the extent of cultivation and general fertility of the country adjacent to the Bay of Quinté. Yet such is the unwise ardour for pushing on to the far and unhealthy west of a strange and foreign country, that this quiet, salubrious, and fertile nook, with its moral population, thousands of acres of wild land calling for the axe, and its admirable steam-boat communications with Kingston, has been hitherto almost entirely overlooked by emigrants.

The banks of the river Trent, which runs into the head of the bay, are covered with hard wood, indicating a strong soil, and the current is very rapid, which promises a healthy neighbourhood. This must at no remote period be the opening of an extensive line of internal communication with Lake Huron, through Lake Simcoe and Rice Lake, throwing open immense tracts of good land to the enterprise of the settler.

---

* In the course of a second visit to my exemplary friend, in 1838, I found him exulting in the good conduct of his flock during the troubles of the previous winter. A hundred of them had marched to the frontier, maintained the most exact discipline, and were models both in military appearance and moral conduct to the militia assembled at Chippawa.

Shortly before my arrival, an impudent American Methodist preacher had visited the neighbourhood, and requested permission to call upon Mr. Grier, for the modest purpose of proving to him —as the letter stated—that he was "a wolf in sheep's clothing, and still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity." Leave was courteously given; but after a long conference, conducted with much meekness on one side, and ignorant cant and rant on the other, this zealous Yankee, who thumped the table, as he had probably for many years hammered his lapstone, left my friend as he found him.

In May, 1835, we received the route for Quebec. The magistrates of Kingston complimented Colonel Nicol and the 66th very highly, after so long a residence amongst them, which was duly and courteously answered. We embarked amidst a burst of cheering, were towed to Prescott by a steam-boat, shot down the rapids beautifully, and returned to Quebec after an absence of five years.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CANADIAN POLITICS.—DEPARTURE OF LORD AYLMER, THE GOVERNOR.—ARRIVAL OF LORD GOSFORD.—CONVIVIALITIES OF THE CHATEAU DE ST. LOUIS.

"Le mensonge subtil qui conduit ses discours
De la vérité même empruntant le secours."
HENRIADE.

"———————————— s'death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing." SHAKSPEARE.

"Why my master, kind soul, said the Corporal, hasn't the heart to hurt a fly." STERNE.

We found a great change in the Canadian capital, and in society generally throughout the province, which was by no means for the better: the rage of politics was felt every where, and more and more estranged the French Canadians from those of British origin. Besides, and this was painful, there seemed a growing distrust of the wisdom of the British Government in the minds of many of the most loyal and respectable people, who exclaimed against its policy as timid, vacillating, and infirm of purpose, under every successive administration, Whig or Tory. They averred that the gentle and conciliating plan, adapted to honest and generous natures, when swerving from the right, would never answer with Mr. Papineau and the other leaders, who on each con-

cession would found claims for a dozen more; and that the French Canadians, generally, were not yet sufficiently steady or enlightened to comprehend and to practise rational liberty under the representative system. They farther maintained that the Government must speak out, and use soft language no longer, since it only emboldened Mr. Papineau and his friends, and filled the minds of good subjects with undefined but painful apprehensions as to the future. They insisted on the absurdity of anticipating any disturbance, from the quiet, rural population of the province; and if the incessant stimulants of the demagogues should move any of the more unruly urban mobs to revolt, they said it would be instantly subdued by the co-operation of the loyal people with the power of Great Britain.

The situation of Lower Canada, when the regiment returned in 1835, was anomalous and extraordinary. Public affairs were fast verging on anarchy, whilst the great mass of the people was in a state of perfect quietness and order. The refusal of the supplies for the public service by the House of Assembly, for about two years and a half, had spread a great deal of distress amongst the officers of the Provincial Government, who had now been long working without pay; had diminished their respectability and usefulness, by throwing them deeply in debt, and was altogether painful to witness. For, whilst it gratified the malignant passions of the Speaker and his friends, it involved innocent persons in great anxiety and suffering, and was very derogatory to the character of the British Government.

But the mischief did not end here. The daring and ignorant political empirics who had employed this dangerous remedy—only justifiable as a last

resource—when no vital malady was present, and no probable danger menaced the constitution, little knew, or little recked, the actual social disease their quackery engendered. Their panacea turned into poison, for disorder and confusion pervaded the body politic. The police of Quebec shewed the first symptom of the approaching disorganization ; for no funds were forthcoming to protect the peaceable inhabitants from the midnight robber, nor even to light the streets. The imperfect legislation of the province bore hard on the partial and defective municipal institutions just created; for in a spirit of making laws from hand to mouth, the town of Quebec was made a city for two years, and then the city went out, like the lamps. The gaol was full of criminals, and the walls of the building were so thin that the felons bored holes and escaped continually. The soldiers who guarded it had no ball cartridges, which the rogues knew well; and when an offer was made by Colonel Nicol, the Commandant, to place a sufficient quantity at the disposal of the civil power, there was a demur—a criminal might be shot in breaking out, and this would assuredly bring all the venom of the Assembly to bear on the head of the Sheriff. Thus the King's subjects could not put their noses outside the gates of Quebec at night without being robbed, and the reign of footpads extended all round the town from dusk to sunrise. Two of the 66th officers were rifled of their cash and stripped of their clothes within hail of the guard on St. Louis' gate. Crime raised its audacious front rampant every where, and the respectable body of thieves and pickpockets might well drink Papineau's health for producing general confusion, and creating for their fraternity such glorious Saturnalia.

Here were real, tangible, abominable grievances; whilst the silly legislators were up in the clouds hunting after those visionary ones which they were permitted to see through Mr. Papineau's telescope.

The House of Assembly in the past winter had passed a set of seditious resolutions, no less than ninety-two in number. As it does not come within the scope of my light work to enter deeply into any of the subjects therein adverted to, I can only hit a few salient points of Canadian politics, and have neither inclination nor space to analyse this congeries of jesuitical sophistry and impudent bullying; a tissue of studied false assumptions, impotent threatenings, silly exaggerations, and malicious misrepresentations, covered with a thin veil of professed loyalty. The framers of these resolutions took special care to embody elaborately in them their hate to Lord Aylmer; and besides several specific criminatory resolutions aimed at him, they erased his speech at proroguing the last session from their Journals. At the same time that they committed this petty insult, they offered a similar indignity to one of the Colonial Secretary's despatches, which had been communicated to them by message from the Governor. And this most insolent act, the contumelious erasure from their records of an official letter of a Secretary of the mighty realm of England, was——passed over unnoticed!

The loyal people of the province, seeing that the British Government thus allowed itself to be bearded with impunity by the Speaker and his obsequious followers in the Assembly; and also perceiving that their vital interests were threatened by certain meditated measures of Ministers respecting their staple, the timber trade, took the alarm, and proceeded to

form themselves into two grand Constitutional Associations at Quebec and Montreal, with several smaller affiliated societies in connection. These bodies comprised a great mass of talent, property, moral worth, and respectability; in fact, they embraced almost every respectable person of British origin in the province, except the Judges and other public officers, who kept aloof, ex officio, with no small number of Americans, and a few French Canadians. Their public proceedings and declarations breathed warm attachment to Great Britain, sentiments of manly and rational freedom, and the most kindly feeling towards their fellow-subjects of French origin. They complained of the hardship of contributing so very largely to raise the provincial revenue, two-thirds of which arose from the taxes on their imports, whilst they were virtually unrepresented by the House of Assembly. They exclaimed against the monstrous injustice of seeing their money lavished by that body on an agent in England, Mr. Roebuck, who was doing all in his power to sap the foundation of their mercantile prosperity. Notwithstanding, they avowed their veneration for the constitution of the province, and bound themselves solemnly to resist, in every proper and legal manner, the encroachments on it openly avowed by the House of Assembly.

The Colonial Minister, Lord Glenelg, still did not despair of pacifying Lower Canada, or converting Mr. Papineau, which were synonymous terms; but as a preliminary step, he judged it necessary to recall Lord Aylmer. Some of what I humbly conceive to have been this nobleman's political errors have been already freely noticed, which at first lost him a large share of the esteem and confidence of the British population. However, after he had become the butt

for the brutal calumnies and insults of the Speaker and his party; when they saw this gallant soldier and honourable man outraged in the low and ferocious spirit of the canaille of Paris in 1793, they rallied round him, and he recovered his popularity amongst his countrymen. Shortly before his departure a grand ball and supper were given to him and Lady Aylmer in the theatre of Quebec, which was very elegantly fitted up for the occasion, and this was the most tasteful and splendid entertainment ever enjoyed in this city. A large escort attended him to the Pique frigate, the yards were manned, as well as those of three other frigates in port, a salute was fired, and there was great and prolonged cheering from the assembled multitude.

It so chanced that our beautiful basin of Quebec was enlivened at this time by the presence of four fine frigates, the President, the Belvidera, the Forte, and the Pique. After cruising among the torrid islands of the West Indies, a voyage to this more temperate spot is very renovating and refreshing, and its delightful accompaniment, a trip to the Upper Province and Niagara, is always enjoyed eagerly by all the officers who can be spared from their ships. The town was quite animated by the presence of the true blues; and we were pleased to see at the 66th mess two or three worthy fellows whom we had known long ago at St. Helena, amongst the rest the Hon. Captain Rous.

It happened at this period that there was a kind of mutiny amongst the raftsmen at Quebec, who had become violent, resisted and repulsed the police, and one gang of these unruly fellows actually ran away with a valuable raft of timber which had been sold; they carried it off with the tide in the teeth of the

law. The magistrates sent a naval and military party after the culprits, and the achievements of the tars on this occasion were matters of special wonder to the Canadians. Amongst the rest, there was one active sailor whose exploit in securing a runaway was much talked of. A man of the Belvidera, cutlass in hand, chased a mutineer along the beach, who, being hotly pressed, took to the water, but his amphibious pursuer was not to be foiled in his own element. He plunged in also, and when the raftsman dived, Jack put his cutlass across his mouth and dived after him. Both were invisible for some seconds, but the staunch tar soon reappeared on the surface, with the fugitive in his clutch.

Lord Aylmer was succeeded in the government of British America by the Earl of Gosford, an Irish nobleman of great worth and popularity. Lord Gosford was, besides, Chief Commissioner of a Board, appointed by the King, to inquire into the alleged grievances in the Canadas. The other Commissioners were Sir Charles Grey, a retired Indian Chief Justice, and Sir George Gipps, an officer of engineers.

The benevolence of disposition and warm heart with which the Earl of Gosford was richly endowed by nature, soon shewed themselves in the most affable demeanour towards all classes, and in the exercise of a most liberal hospitality. There was a most fascinating bonhomie about him, which was perfectly natural and unostentatious, and calculated to make all his acquaintances personal friends and well-wishers. Yet was there much to be desired by those that loved him on the points of dignity and discrimination; for he diminished the value of his attentions by their undistinguishing diffusion. And when I observed this good man "coining his cheek to smiles" from innate

benignity, in a crowded ball-room, full of very miscellaneous company, many of whom

"Wonder'd how the d—l they got there,"

and going his rounds, shaking hands, con amore, with six or seven hundred people, I could not help feeling some commiseration for the probable condition of the good natured muscles of his right arm and shoulder on waking the next morning.

The Provincial Parliament met in November, when the Governor opened the Session by an unusually long speech. He told them that public affairs had arrived at such a pass that the arm of Government was paralysed, the course of justice impeded, and society threatened with a dissolution of its bonds, and a return to anarchy, from political dissension. He had arrived in Canada determined to discharge the duties of Governor and Chief Commissioner with honesty, impartiality, and firmness. The King's instructions had directed him to investigate faithfully all real causes of complaint on the part of the people of this province; some of which, when proved to be just, it would be competent to himself to redress, but others must necessarily be referred to the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament. He complimented the Canadian population on their many virtues, and assured them that England had no intention of disturbing that state of society and those institutions under which they had long enjoyed so much "tranquil bliss."

His Excellency then adverted to an address he had recently received from the Constitutional Association of Quebec; in answer to which he asked, how it was possible to suppose that England, a nation whose greatness was based on commerce, could ever desert

the interests of the commercial community in Lower Canada? Lord Gosford told both Houses that their contingent expenses would be issued; and earnestly advised them to forget past heats and causes of mutual estrangement and acrimony, and now try to work harmoniously together for the general good. He added that two courses were before them—namely, that of heartily responding to the generous and conciliatory policy of the mother country, which would most certainly promote the welfare and happiness of the province; or, on the other hand, of thwarting and opposing her benevolent intentions, and thus, perhaps, running into unknown but certain danger. His Lordship announced his determination to discountenance and do away with all proved abuses; to put an end to appointments involving incompatible pluralities, where the salaries were considerable; and added, that he would consider the confidence of the great body of the people as an element of the first importance in constituting eligibility to any public office. Lord Gosford read this long and patriotic speech distinctly and emphatically, and with a spice of Irish accentuation, very characteristic both of the affectionate reasonings contained in the document and the kindly nature from which its warnings and intreaties sprung.

Neither house was in a hurry to answer the speech, but after some days they both appointed committees to draft an answer; that of the Assembly was ready first, and was by far the cleverer of the two. This intensely sophistical document took good care—like every other emanation from the same source—to concede nothing, to pledge the House to nothing; whilst it adroitly availed itself of every favourable admission of the Governor as an "instalment," after the Irish

fashion, of the political debt due by England to the Canadian people. It was complimentary to the Governor personally; but it advisedly and carefully omitted all recognition of the Chief Commissioner, or the Board over which he presided. Itself, the House of Assembly, was the legal and constitutional organ through which Lower Canada spoke to England; and the appointment of the Royal Commission, constituting another medium of communication, ought only to be viewed as an insult to the Assembly, and as one grievance the more.

The House of Assembly then drew their "Contingencies," amounting to twenty-one thousand pounds, including certain salaries of their agents, which Lord Aylmer had declined paying, unless these items, and one or two others, were deducted, but which Lord Gosford paid "cheerfully." For this expression he was much blamed by the English party at the time; though, as it afterwards appeared, the obnoxious word had been used by the Colonial Secretary with reference to the very matter to which the Governor applied it. The House then proceeded to business, organizing its committees, five or six of which commenced operations forthwith, in framing charges against several Judges, Sheriffs, and other public officers, all of British origin or British sentiments. These penal measures so entirely engrossed the House, that no attention was paid for three months to the Governor's urgent message about the indispensable necessity of voting the supplies for the public service.

A vacancy on the bench at Quebec happening to take place at this time, the Assembly worried the Governor to fill it up. Lord Gosford took some time to deliberate, and then appointed a young French Canadian lawyer, named Bedard, a member of the

Assembly, and the framer and mover of the seditious ninety-two resolutions. This was considered by the English party as a most improper appointment, and little short of a direct premium on disaffection and sedition.

During this time Mr. Papineau and the members of both Houses were constant guests at the Governor's most hospitable table; and all was apparent blandness and kindness, good humour and reconciliation. They praised and flattered his urbanity and condescension; and some of the weaker headed members of the Assembly, fuddled a little by the unwonted good cheer, went occasionally to laughable extremes. One of them, who chanced to sit next the host one day at dinner, vented his warmth of feeling towards his Excellency by a fervent slap on the back, accompanied by the compliment, "Milord, vous êtes bien aimable." Lord Gosford's reply was happy enough, "Pardonnez, c'est le vin."

Notwithstanding these auspicious circumstances, most informed people anticipated no eventual good; and the Author of this book presumed to tell his Excellency, at the very height of the good cheer and fine doings at the Chateau, that he was deceiving himself in the goodness of his own heart; that there was one fatal obstacle in the way, which he would find insuperable; and that "the Ethiopian shall sooner change his skin, or the leopard his spots, than Mr. Papineau be converted into a loyal British subject."

CHAPTER XLIX.

COLD WINTER OF 1835-6.—NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE CANADAS.—PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN UPPER CANADA.—SIR FRANCIS HEAD.—POLITICS OF THE LOWER PROVINCE.—INSANE CONDUCT OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—CHARACTER OF THE MEMBERS.—WANT OF ENTERPRISE IN FRENCH COLONISTS, COMPARED WITH ENGLISH, ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

"——— What are the rank tongues
Of this rude herd, grown insolent with feeding,
That I should prize their noisy praise, or dread
Their noisome clamour?" BYRON.

"How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crown'd with faith and constant loyalty."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE winter of 1835-6 was the longest and the coldest that had been known here for half a century. The cold set in early in November with extraordinary violence, and without any gradation. By the coalescence and cohesion of a number of shapeless blocks of blue ice, each as big as a house, and thrown together in the greatest confusion, a bridge was formed over the St. Lawrence at Quebec, which did not break up until a week after a May-pole had been planted on it. At the beginning of the season many accidents occurred amongst the shipping of the port, when leaving the river, from being caught in the early and cruel frost. And such is the want of communication in this country in winter, especially along the lower

banks of the great river, that the ship Ottawa, which had been ice-wrecked and driven on the island of Anticosti, three hundred and fifty miles from Quebec, was for a long time believed to have foundered at sea. At length, seven months afterwards, when the navigation opened, the crew arrived, many of them badly frost-bitten, having been as much shut out from all assistance from hence, or any where else, as if they had been at the North Pole.

It is the rigorous climate that is in fault, which no human exertions can subdue or modify, and which appears not softened in the least by the partial cultivation of slips of land here and there, that bear so small a proportion to the remaining enormous quantity of wild and irreclaimable country in the north—the eternal domain of cold. When these poor people, after great and painful exertions, had reached the land, it appeared only a commutation of one mode of death for another, more prolonged and painful. Starvation, overpowering fatigue, intense cold, and many kinds of misery, were yet to be encountered before they could arrive at a post where there was a chance of obtaining shelter and provisions in that desolate and wretched island. Amongst the passengers were a couple recently married, and the pretty bride was obliged to spend her honeymoon, and the long and dreary winter, in an ice hut, half starved and half frozen: still, by dint of strong resolution and affection, and the devotion of a brave and good husband, she overcame all her calamities.

New Year's Day is a happy day on this continent, particularly in British America and the United States. No where is it more fully occupied by the interchange of the social courtesies and good wishes than in the Canadas; and the eldest born of the year on his

arrival finds every body in excellent humour, paying and receiving visits, eating cake and sipping liqueur, and scattering cards and compliments. This is an admirable custom, and one that has important moral effects on society; for it affords a graceful opportunity of refreshing fading friendships, reconciling little jars, and coolnesses, and piques, and slights that will happen in the best regulated families; confirming old and forming new attachments, and fifty desirable things besides. It is also a profitable season for the pastry-cooks; and, moreover, whilst every gentleman is out paying his sixty or seventy visits, it presents the dear womankind in a very proper and becoming light—attired with morning elegance, dispensing sweets, and showering smiles and happy wishes, and receiving the complimentary first fruits of the year, as the natural homage of the rougher sex. Thus the year is auspiciously begun in this country; and thus in all Christian communities should it go on till its close.

In the beginning of 1836, and in mid-winter, Sir John Colborne was superseded in his Lieutenant Governorship of Upper Canada, and Sir Francis Bond Head, a traveller, and an author of some distinction, was appointed in his place. The former had demurred to carry into effect some instructions from the Colonial Secretary, which he considered very prejudicial to the true interests of the province, and personally disrespectful to himself, and requested to be relieved. His desire was complied with in rather unseemly haste, considering the climate and unseasonable time of the year for removing his family: to say nothing of the awkwardness of disturbing the head of the government while the Parliament was in session.

In the autumn of 1834 a general election had taken

place in the Upper Province, and the reformers secured a small majority in the House of Assembly, where Mr. Bidwell had been chosen Speaker. This house was loud at first in its applause of the new Lieutenant Governor, but this only lasted a short time. Sir Francis, soon after his arrival, had reorganized his Executive Council; and, as a compliment to the liberals, had selected three or four of their leaders, and did them the honour of appointing them Councillors. The new members, headed by a clever but unprincipled intriguer, a certain Doctor Rolph, soon set about doing mischief in the Council, by exciting discontent. They were but too successful in the attempt; and at length had the adroitness to make the old hands believe that they stood in a false position, were not treated with sufficient respect by the Lieutenant Governor, and that a plan of slighting their advice had been resolved on; in fact, that they were not to be consulted in any business of importance, but only in minor matters, where it was specifically laid down as a duty of the Executive to ask their opinion. Very vague notions of the duties of this Council appear to have been entertained in the province, of which the new councillors availed themselves cleverly to mystify the other members. They raised for the nonce some phantom of responsibility to the people of the province for the measures of Government, investing the colony with the character of a sovereign state, and themselves with the attributes of ministers; which had the effect they wished, of frightening the elder gentlemen "from their propriety." These very simple persons—three or four of whom held good situations under the Crown—were so inconceivably unwise as to join the radical Johnnie Newcomes in signing a round robin, expressing their

dissatisfaction at the existing state of affairs, lecturing the Lieutenant Governor on the proper functions of the Executive Council, and threatening to resign if he did not mend his manners and treat them better.

This proceeding was considered a coup de maitre by its instigators; and it was confidently expected that Sir Francis Head, a stranger, isolated in Upper Canada, would be frightened by this bold manœuvre into an unqualified surrender to this formidable coalition, and henceforth would obey implicity the commands of the insurgent Council. But the conspirators had reckoned without their host; or, rather, they found the able man they were attacking a host in himself, for they most signally caught a Tartar, and were dismissed on the instant.

The House of Assembly immediately took fire, and threw themselves on the side of the discomfitted Councillors, impudently catechising the Lieutenant Governor respecting the whole proceeding. He answered them with great tact and temper, and sent them copies of the correspondence between himself and his late advisers, in which he had thoroughly demolished their sophistry. In fact, his answer to their round robin was a master-piece of perspicuous and logical reasoning. Finding Sir Francis Head's position unassailable, the House lost all temper and all sense of self-respect, as well as respect for the Governor—became vulgarly insolent—suspended all business, and stopped the supplies for the Civil Government of the Province; in humble imitation of Mr. Papineau and his House in the Lower Province.

Soon after his arrival in Toronto, Sir Francis Head had candidly imparted the instructions he had received at home to both Houses of the Provincial Parliament.

The Colonial Secretary had authorised him to communicate the substance of these instructions; but the honest man, wishing for no reserve, and knowing no reason for withholding any part, sent the whole. This frank proceeding had important consequences at Quebec, and such as Sir Francis Head little dreamed of.

At this very conjuncture Lord Gosford's unremitting attentions had caused a split in the Assembly on the question of the supplies; the moderate party, headed by Mr. Bedard, the Judge in petto, being opposed to the Speaker in this matter. A kind of compromise had just been concluded between the parties, founded on a vote for the said supplies, with certain specified reservations; to which, after great difficulty, Mr. Papineau had been brought grumbingly to accede. But when Sir Francis Head divulged the line of conduct prescribed to Lord Gosford and himself by the British Ministry, which had never been communicated to the Lower Canada Assembly, and when the principles laid down by the Colonial Secretary were found too conservative of the King's authority and of the dominion of the mother country —the bubble, so nicely soaped and gilded, burst at once. The passionate demagogue at the head of the Assembly now disavowed all compromise, recommenced his old abuse of the British Government, accused Lord Gosford of low trickery in suppressing what Sir Francis Head had published, with the object of cajoling the representatives of the people out of their money, vituperated the Royal Commissioners, and declared open war. Soon after the members of the Assembly began to desert, neither House could form a quorum, and the Governor confessed in a

short speech, savouring more of sorrow than of anger, that no good had been done, and prorogued the Parliament.

The firm and manly conduct of Sir Francis Head, under circumstances of great difficulty, was duly appreciated in the Upper Province; although the disclosure of his instructions, so malapropos for Lord Gosford's success in obtaining a Supply Bill, was much censured by that nobleman's friends in Quebec. Numerous meetings were held in Upper Canada, at which addresses were voted, complimentary and encouraging to the Lieutenant Governor; and he was very strongly urged to dissolve the Assembly, which misrepresented public opinion in the province, and compromised its best interests by their splenetic, factious, and disloyal proceedings. These he answered with ready talent, cleverly exposing the mischief the leaders of the Assembly were doing, and fomenting by these pithy compositions the rising indignation of the public against it.

For several weeks Sir Francis Head declined acting on this advice; but when the reaction in the public mind had become stronger and more palpable daily, he took on himself the responsibility of dissolving the Assembly. At the next election about two-thirds of the most prominent liberals and republicans were unseated, and their place supplied by conservative members.

To the great satisfaction of the well disposed in both provinces, Sir John Colborne, who had proceeded to New York on his return to England, met there a despatch from Downing Street, complimenting him on the close of his labours as Lieutenant Governor, giving him the local rank of Lieutenant General, and offering him the military command of both pro-

vinces. This was the amende honorable, and was frankly accepted; although I have reason to know that the health of this patriotic man was suffering at the time under a complaint for which he was advised by his medical friends to repair to a warmer climate. Well was it for every loyal British subject in these provinces that his departure from America was thus critically prevented.

Soon after the opening of the navigation in 1836, the Governor in Chief and the other Royal Commissioners proceeded to Montreal, in furtherance of the objects of their mission, and from thence, in the course of the summer, his Excellency went to different interesting points of the neighbouring country, was present at the opening of a railroad from Laprairie to St. John's, visited several of the fine eastern town ships—the agricultural heart of Lower Canada—and returned to Quebec, to essay another trial of the refractory Assembly, in a session of the legislature, convened on the 22d of September.

His Excellency told the Parliament that he had assembled them at this unusual time for the purpose of communicating to them the whole of the instructions he had received from his Majesty's Government; and more especially to lay before the House of Assembly the King's answer to their address of last session. He said that his Majesty having perceived that they had only voted a supply for the public service for six months, was inclined to believe that they had thus acted under some misconception of isolated portions of Lord Gosford's instructions, which the perusal of the whole document would, he trusted, do away. The Governor added, that as it was palpable no government could go on without the means of paying its officers, he hoped that the House would act with

liberality, and vote the arrears of the supplies, as well as the sums required for the current year. He said it afforded him much satisfaction to find that his Majesty's Government had approved of the line of conduct he had followed since he came to this country. He persisted, and would still persist, in his earnest endeavours to smooth political asperities, conciliate adverse parties, promote peace, and do all in his power for the good of the province.

The Legislative Council returned a respectful answer to the speech, and though the majority disapproved of his policy, the futility of which every day's experience proved, they yet carefully avoided any thing condemnatory of it, whilst they also introduced no expression of confidence or approbation.

The Assembly, in a short address, reiterated every part of their former pretensions, exclaimed against the British Government, as usual, repeated every thing objectionable, and avoided all direct allusion to the supply question, the main point of the speech. They persisted in their firm demand for an Elective Legislative Council, and vituperated the existing Council with the most embittered acrimony. They were courteous to the Governor personally; told him they believed in the sincerity of his professions, but added, that by assisting the people of the province to obtain elective institutions, he would prove himself their permanent benefactor. They slurred over the representations of the fiscal difficulties of the province, but said they would deliberate on that and other subjects when they received the Governor's promised message containing the King's answer to their address.

The House of Assembly then passed a bill for the appointment of Mr. Roebuck as their agent in London, before proceeding to any other business, as they

had done last year. So far so well. But their next proceeding was not a little startling, and nearly tantamount to a declaration of independence. An Act of Parliament of the third year of William and Mary distinctly forbids any colonial meddling with imperial legislation. It expressly states, that any act whatever of a Colonial Legislature, contrary to, and interfering with a statute of the British Parliament shall be, ipso facto, null and void. In the very face of this Act, a young protegé of the Speaker brought in a Bill to set aside an imperial statute, and in no less a matter than the very charter of Canada—the constitution of the province. A Bill for altering and repealing the Act 31 George III. insomuch as it related to the composition of the Legislative Council, and for rendering that body elective by the people, instead of being nominated, as heretofore, by mandamus from the Sovereign, passed the House by a large majority, notwithstanding strenuous opposition from the cleverest lawyers in it.

In a few days the Governor sent his promised message, which turned out to be an inane despatch from Lord Glenelg, assuming, without any reasonable grounds, some misapprehension on the part of the Assembly of certain isolated portions of the Governor's instructions on leaving England. This visionary misconception, being an excuse ready made for the refractory proceedings of the last session, with rather an absurd assumption that the House would recover its good humour, and do business satisfactorily, when it had perused the whole of the said instructions.

This was followed, the day after, by another message from the Governor, containing a second despatch from the Colonial Secretary, respecting the appointment of their Law Clerk by resolution of the House,

in November, 1835. It appears that this office had been before uniformly in the gift of the Crown, and the patronage of the Governor. This was more nominal than real, however, for the mode of appointment had been always delicately subservient to the choice of the House; and it was usual to send a blank authority to the Speaker, to be filled up with the name of the person he, as their organ, should select. This, one would suppose, ought to have been sufficient; but not so—the virtual power of conferring the office was not enough: Mr. Papineau must have shadow as well as substance; accordingly, the situation was conferred, by resolution of the House, on the editor of a seditious French newspaper in the Speaker's interest, whose significant vignette of two beavers gnawing the Canadian branch from the British oak, plainly spoke his disloyal sentiments. This irregular proceeding was in keeping with the uniform conduct of the Assembly in their progressive usurpation of the power and privileges of the Executive Government.

In this despatch the Colonial Secretary, somewhat simply, directed Lord Gosford to ask the Assembly to give their reasons for themselves appointing the Clerk. Amiable man—their reasons! As if a house full of sharp and hungry lawyers could not, if they chose, give reasons—and plausible reasons too—for any thing. But though they might have them at command as "plenty as blackberries," Lord Glenelg would get none "on compulsion." On the contrary, his pusillanimous despatch would only be considered a violation of their undoubted rights and privileges, and a "grief" of the greatest magnitude.

But, to go on with the story as briefly as possible. The Assembly having considered the documents sent

them by the Governor, drew up and presented to him a long supplementary address, intensely Machiavelian and sophistical, and framed, apparently, with intentional obscurity, to puzzle and bewilder the understanding in a maze of intricate verbiage. This, as a literary composition, was a clumsy performance, the construction was periphrastic, and the sense only to be made out with difficulty; whilst the sentences were involved and of interminable length. The tenor was precisely the same as every emanation from the Speaker's violent clique for the last four or five years, most insolent and extravagant, inconsistent with the preservation of any subordinate relations of the colony to the mother country, and bitter and seditious to the verge of treason.

The proverb is trite enough, as all proverbs are, but it is not the less true—

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

Instead of gladly embracing the proffered terms of kindness of the mother country, and availing themselves of the pacific opening afforded them once more by the Colonial Secretary, this demented Assembly said there had been no "mal-entendu" whatever. They had demanded of the English Government an Elective Legislative Council, the repeal of the Tenure of Land Act, and of the Lower Canada Land Company's Charter, the appropriation and control of the whole of the public revenue of the province, and the management of all the waste lands therein. To all these demands they still unflinchingly adhered; and though in their liberality, and out of personal respect to the Governor, they had last session granted a six months supply, they did not feel themselves justified in making any appropriation for the public service at

the present time. They denounced the Royal Commission as illegal, and void of constitutional authority, and anathematized the Commissioners. Farther, they resolved that they would adjourn, and transact no business until the whole of their demands were granted. The House concluded this ferocious address with some personal compliments to Lord Gosford; to presuppose the acceptableness of which, in the present distracted state of the province, was at once an insult to his heart and understanding.

Next day the Parliament was prorogued, after a short session, or rather, nominal session, of twelve days.

Thus, then, vanished into thin air, as most thinking persons here expected, the hopes of settling the differences in Lower Canada, under Lord Gosford's kind and paternal administration. The great concessions of the British Government, the amenities of the Château—the public declarations and private kindnesses of the Governor—the conciliatory proffer of the colonial Secretary, and the supplemental session—forbearance with Canadian petulance and insolence to the verge of pusillanimity—were all labour lost—pearls thrown before men stultified into swine—charming the deaf adder.

Under this amiable governor, and with the sanction of a liberal whig ministry, compliment, concession, and conciliation were the order of the day; and no pains were spared to prove by deeds, as well as words, the kind and generous feeling towards the majority of the people, in things important as well as indifferent. A larger number than usual of French Canadians were made magistrates in the new commission, and appointed to local offices as Commissioners, throughout the province. The only vacancy on the bench was

filled from the same quarter. Delinquencies were not overlooked, and two British Legislative Councillors were obliged to quit the Council. Pluralities were discountenanced. An ominous movement of the English party at Montreal, to form an armed force, was put down; and the Governor had the pain of rebuking by his proclamation, suppressing it, many of the most loyal and respectable people of the place. In short, the Royal Commissioners, the Governor, the Colonial Secretary, the whole ministry, and William the Fourth himself, who had passed some of his happiest youthful days in this province, were all eminently, and warmly, Philo-Canadian. Yet all this aggregation of kind and pure feeling, generous intentions, and overt acts, was lavished to no purpose. The stormy wave refused to yield to the oil, and its dangerous turbulence at length required to be calmed through the sterner agency of cannon.

And who were these eighty-eight Canadians, who thus at length defied the power, after abusing for several years the forbearance of Great Britain? What were their qualifications and means, for carrying them successfully through this terrible contest, which they were provoking?

Lower Canada was chiefly represented in the house of Assembly by two knots of lawyers and notaries; one of which had its head quarters at Montreal, the other at Quebec. These formed about three fifths of the members, and the remainder was made up of four or five doctors, rejoicing more in politics than patients; a certain proportion of country shopkeepers, one or two masters of sloops, representing the shipping interest; two or three simple habitans, and a sprinkling of small Seigneurs. The English members were not more than seven or eight in number; including one

or two men of ability—and this small minority could do little more than protest against the proceedings of the House.

As relates to that general intelligence and information, appertaining usually to persons of like station at home, or in the United States, many, and I believe the majority were very defective; though all could read and write, except two, who, as I have been informed, had only been taught to sign their names. Yet they wrote their own language very ill in general. During Lord Dalhousie's, Sir James Kempt's, and the Earl of Gosford's administrations, I have frequently seen the answers of most of the members of the Lower House, to cards of invitation to the Château; and wretched, ill-spelled, and ungentlemanly notes they generally were. The great majority were poor men, to whom their wages as members was an object of consequence. Although the electors were obliged to possess a small qualification, the members required nothing of the kind; and of late years, all that was necessary for them was insolence towards England, and passive obedience to the Speaker.

Such were the persons, who, by dint of the big words and long speeches of Mr. Papineau, and three or four other declaimers; with an annual storm of resolutions and addresses, favoured by the balanced state of the great parties at home—had long imposed on the British ministry and nation. These little creatures had shewn their teeth, and bristled up, and snarled, and looked fierce, and barked, and insulted with impunity the powerful sleeping animal, long believed to be a lion; conceiving from his gentleness and forbearance that he had degenerated into a less noble creature.

Owing, in the first instance to a religious adherence

to treaty; and afterwards, as many intelligent persons believe, to some grave errors in the English policy after the conquest of Canada—all of which were referable to great indulgence towards the Canadian people—there has been little fusion of the population into the great mass of British subjects. The French Canadians have continued a distinct people; retaining their language, habits, dress, and peculiar customs, the same as before their nominal incorporation with the English. With equal tenacity they have stuck to their old haunts, and the narrow strip on each side of the St. Lawrence, and the mouths of a few tributary rivers; rarely dipping into the forest, to reclaim any considerable portion of the wild land, in the back ground of their old settlements. They have, I understand, evinced generally the same predilection for their old and clumsy implements of husbandry, their road-rutting sleighs, and the ruinous and unskilful farming of their lands, as their forefathers before them. In all these respects, and many others, the firmness with which they have clung to customs now obsolete, has been a clog on their prosperity, analagous to the caste of the Hindoos.

These habits are not peculiar to the Canadians, but we see the same indisposition to profit by the lights of the age, and the same want of persevering energy, characterising the progeny of old Gaul all over this continent. By greater flexibility of character they may have assimilated with the aborigines of America better, learned their languages with greater facility, and brought them under civilization and Christianity with more adroitness and success; but in attaining social distinction, wealth, and power, and in the progress of improvement, they could not maintain their ground, when the more energetic qualities of the

Anglo-Saxon family were brought into rival action. In civilizing a continent three centuries ago, as in their attack of a legionary position in the times of the first Cæsar—in the invasion of Naples in the sixteenth century, as of Spain in the nineteenth, in Egypt as in Russia—almost "ab urbe condita," from Brennus to Napoleon—our clever friends the Gauls have been always dashing and successful in the beginning, but they could never keep it up. In the American settlements we see their colonists every where distanced in the career of enterprize and improvement by the descendants of England. On the upper shores of Lake Erie, as in the valley of the Mississippi, and on the banks of the St. Lawrence—at New Orleans and Detroit, as in Quebec and Montreal, the contrast between the rival races in wealth, intelligence, energy of character and public spirit is very striking.

Yet notwithstanding this palpable inferiority in all the attributes of social eminence, the Canadians have not the less fondly cherished the pleasing notion of nationality, even as an English province. And this predilection has been adroitly used by Mr. Papineau and his friends—the magic words "nation Canadienne" being the talisman that enabled them to mould this passive people to the furtherance of their own designs. During the last ten or twelve years, as the differences with England became more and more serious, we have witnessed the constant process of pandering to this prejudice; and it has been carefully flattered and cherished by the leaders in the Assembly, and followed out by the newspapers in their interest. At the same time, every thing in modern history deemed prejudicial to the character of Great Britain, has been carefully selected and published, with notes and comments of the most depreciating tendency.

Every repulse her arms have sustained for three or four centuries—and they have not been numerous: every severity her troops have inflicted—which have been equally rare—every trait disreputable to private English society—every incident unfavourable to the national character, has been gloated on, and exaggerated, and published and re-published by Mr. Papineau's newspapers. We have lately witnessed the painful result.

CHAPTER L.

AMERICANS AT QUEBEC.—BRIGADE FIELD DAY ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT AMONGST THE CANADIANS.—PUBLIC MEETINGS OF A SEDITIOUS CHARACTER.—LARGE CONSTITUTIONAL MEETINGS AT MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.—SHORT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

"Why it cannot choose be a noble plot."

"Most shallowly did you these aims commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence."
SHAKESPEARE.

QUEBEC is the "ultima Thule" of our good friends the travelling Americans, in their annual migration to the north; where they begin to arrive a week or two after the swallows. It is pleasing to see them crowding the steam-boats and hotels, and hastening through the streets to visit the ramparts and citadel, stare at the regularity and precision of the military parades, and admire the bands. Now, that a regular steam-boat communication has been established between Quebec, Halifax, and Boston, they will probably extend their tour into a grand circle; and thus have an opportunity of viewing the vast St. Lawrence in all its extent, and comparing it with their own "father of waters."

Notwithstanding they have been a little naughty of late, one cannot help being gratified at viewing an occasional reunion of branches of the great family to which we both belong; and every lover of his species must earnestly desire, that all sources of

mutual bitterness may soon be dried up; and the only rivalry be henceforth, which shall do most good to each other and to the world. Our fair Yankee visitors would be sometimes amusingly saucy. "We are very much obliged to you," a sweet girl from Boston one day said to Colonel Nicol, the Commandant —"for all the trouble and expense this fine Citadel has cost you, and for the care you take of it—we are really; you know it's all for us." Great was the pity that my excellent friend, whose single demerit consists in being an old bachelor, did not try to secure this fair hostage for the future good behaviour of her countrymen.

In September 1836 we had a Brigade field-day of three Regiments of the garrison—the 1st Foot, or Royal, the 66th, and the 79th, on the celebrated battle ground, the Plains of Abraham, under the direction of Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne. It attracted a very large number of spectators; and as the town was full of Americans, brother Jonathan and his family mustered strong, and the female members were well dressed and looked very pretty; shewing no silly timidity, but great good sense and courage during the firing. Altogether, considering the three good regiments, and the fine martial garb of the Highlanders, the scene of their evolutions, the character of the man who commanded, and the crowds of respectable people present—it was a fine sight. Unfortunately the elements appear to take no interest in such military spectacles—or, rather, would seem to feel a pleasure in spoiling them; and before there was time for a dozen manœuvres, the rain came down pitilessly, and caused a general "sauve qui peut."

The winter of 1836-7, compared with the preceding one, passed rather heavily at Quebec. It was plain

that no good had been done, notwithstanding every exertion; that evil was in progress, and undefined, yet dark and ominous shadows of future mischief began to rise in the near horizon. In the meantime public attention was directed to the proceedings in the House of Commons, before which the Report of Lord Gosford and his brother Commissioners had now been placed by the ministry. This Report embraced ten or eleven questions of great importance; and although the Commissioners seem to have injured its general character, by needlessly obtruding on the public eye their differences of opinion, this document shews great industry and research, and possesses much value. In one matter they were unanimous: namely, the necessity of paying immediately the arrears due to the civil servants of the province.

The resolutions of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, founded on this Report, and passed by such large majorities, were carried through the different stages in a tedious and somewhat slovenly manner; thus losing much of their moral effect in Canada, by the delay attending their being matured into a Bill. Even the good reason assigned for stopping proceedings in the matter, namely, the death of William the Fourth, and the unseemliness of making the first proceeding of the young Queen's reign a measure of coercion and severity—was wilfully misconstrued, and Mr. Papineau told his credulous dupes that the ministers had—

> "——— back recoiled, they knew not why,
> Even at the sound themselves had made."

Here was a new and fruitful theme for the fervid declamation of this gentleman. The resolutions of the House of Commons were fiercely attacked; and the

eighth, to pay the public servants in Lower Canada, was deemed the most outrageous of all the outrages yet perpetrated by the British Government; and called a "grief monstre."

Immediately a war against the revenue was resolved on by the leading agitators, who took their cue from Mr. Roebuck, and determined to rival the Boston tea heroes of the American Revolution. Numerous public meetings were held, beginning in the Montreal District; at most of which Mr. Papineau attended, under circumstances highly flattering to his pride. He was generally followed to and from the points of assemblage by an imposing train of vehicles, filled with applauding habitans, and escorted by armed men, firing a "feu de joie" as they might. There his long and impassioned harangues, breathing the most open sedition, were heard with devout reverence, only interrupted by vociferous cheers.

It would far exceed my limits to advert in any detail to the violent proceedings of these meetings, which were generally held on Sundays, after mass, when crowds could be most easily collected; but I must give one or two resolutions of a public meeting of the county of Richelieu as specimens, held at St. Ours, on Sunday the 7th of May, 1837. It was resolved—"That we have seen with deep indignation the resolutions of the House of Commons of the 6th of March last." Third, "That under these circumstances we can only look upon the Government which has recourse to injustice, to force, and to a violation of the social compact, as an oppressive power, and a government of force; to which the measure of our submission should be henceforward judged by our numerical force, joined to the sympathy we find in other quarters." Seventh, "That considering the law

of trade as of no effect, we look upon the trade usually designated contraband to be perfectly lawful; we regard this traffic as perfectly honourable, and will do all we can to favour it; we will support those who pursue it, as deserving well of their country, and will hold those to be infamous who may inform against them." Ninth, "That in order to effect more speedily the regeneration of this country, it is desirable, after the manner of Ireland, that we should rally round one man. That man has been stamped by God as a political chief, the regenerator of a nation: he has been endowed for this purpose with a force of mind and eloquence, not to be surpassed; a hatred of oppression, and a love of his country that neither promises nor threats can shake. That this man is Louis Joseph Papineau. This assembly considering also the happy effects in Ireland from the contribution called the "O'Connell Tribute," is of opinion that a similar contribution ought to be made in this country, under the name of the "Papineau Tribute." The committee of the anti-importation association will be charged with raising the same."

I may here observe, in passing, that this fine sounding fund, "the Papineau Tribute," never realized one shilling. Jean Baptiste takes a little more care of his sous than the liberal children of the Green Island.

The St. Ours meeting was followed by a number of others; increasing in violence as the people ascertained their numerical strength. At every assemblage the English Government and the colonial Administration were grossly abused, the evil passions and distinctive national prejudices of the French Canadians stimulated—their numbers exultingly detailed—the success of the thirteen Colonies in their struggle for independence was complacently narrated; and no act nor de-

vice of seditious and sophistical oratory left untried to excite the habitants to insurrection.

These proceedings excited some apprehension, and a proclamation against seditious meetings was issued by Lord Gosford on the 15th of June. This document was imbued with the benevolent feeling of the good heart from which it emanated, and framed in a spirit of mildness and kindness; but the language was too bland and gentle, to have much effect on the coarse and rugged natures to whom it was addressed; and it was altogether disregarded. Some more rigorous measures, to suppress these pernicious meetings, were taken at the same time; and several of the leaders, and of the movers of seditious resolutions were deprived of their Commissions, as Justices of the Peace, or officers of the Militia; including Papineau himself.

A stern spirit of resistance to these germs of rebellion began now universally to pervade the British population of the province. A great meeting was held at Montreal on the 6th of July, consisting of six thousand people; who solemnly condemned the conduct of the disaffected, and declared their determination to preserve, with their lives and fortunes, the connection of the province with the mother country. This was a magnificent assemblage: it was held in the Champ de Mars, to which the inhabitants proceeded with military regularity, under various loyal emblems and banners. Another grand meeting took place in Quebec, on the 31st July, when the author was present. The scene of this large and most respectable meeting was an open space, called the Esplanade, immediately adjoining the rampart of the fortification, where the military guards of the city daily paraded. About six thousand people were pre-

sent to take a part in the proceedings; whilst the slope of two bastions, embracing the point of union; the rampart to a great extent, and every eminence, window, and housetop, commanding a view of the great assemblage, was crowded with spectators.

As at the Montreal meeting the people marched regularly, with numerous banners. A miniature ship from the builders at St. Roques, who gave work to hundreds of French Canadians, excited much admiration; and the printers of the city actually carried a press to the ground, and struck off on the spot an animating declaration of their loyalty, and determination to support the Government.

In the meantime representations of the threatening and feverish state of affairs were sent home; but up to a late period Lord Gosford continued inapprehensive of serious disturbances, and appears to have underrated the premonitions of mischief, that were now becoming every day more apparent. However, orders were forwarded to Halifax, to send the 83rd Regiment to Quebec.

To the surprise of the community, the olive branch was once more held out to the House of Assembly, and another opening afforded them of re-considering their proceedings, before irretrievable committal in hostilities with England. On the 18th of August the legislature was assembled at Quebec. A short time previous, the intelligence of the death of King William the Fourth had arrived in Canada, and it became necessary to administer the oath of allegiance to the members of the provincial Parliament. Some doubts were entertained at Quebec, whether the House of Assembly might not demur to the oath; as their Speaker, when invited at Montreal, to attend with the other dignitaries of the city, at the proclaiming of

Queen Victoria, had declined being present. The oath of allegiance and fealty was, however, taken by the Speaker and all the members; and considering their late proceedings, and their avowed sentiments and intentions, it is impossible to view this act in any other light than that of gross hypocrisy and perjury.

A great change had taken place in the external appearance and dress of the members of the Assembly, which was by no means for the better. In their silly and impotent war against the revenue, the Speaker and the majority of the members had proscribed and disused English broad cloth, and donned the coarse Canadian homespun; and although he, a good-looking Jacobin, might stand the change, the low and vulgar appearance of most of the members was only made more conspicuous by this degradation of their habiliments. After all, this hostility to British manufactures was only petty and piebald spite; involving the absurdity of wearing a coat, vest, and trowsers, of ugly patriotic cloth, whilst the hat, and shirt, and several other articles were still, maugre Mr. Papineau, of British, or Irish workmanship. Moreover, the Yorkshire clothiers soon introduced an imitation stuff into the Canada market, much cheaper, and of better quality, that out-sold the genuine "patriot" article.

The Governor's speech informed the Parliament, that it had been deemed proper once more to convene them, before the resolutions of the House of Commons respecting the government of Lower Canada, should assume the binding shape of an Act of Parliament; to give them another opportunity for reflection and reconsideration. The Home Government had with much reluctance brought forward these resolutions; which, however, had not yet become law. It still hoped that the House of Assembly might be induced

to meet the wishes of the Imperial Legislature, by voting the supplies necessary to pay off the arrears, due to the officers of the Canadian Executive; thereby rendering nugatory the eighth resolution. The Governor reminded them that the business of the country was at a stand; that several Acts of Parliament, affecting extensive and valuable interests in the province, were about to expire, and called for renewal—that anarchy was approaching: he therefore implored them to concede what was requested of them to the united voice of the British people.

The answer of the Assembly was, what every reflecting person anticipated, reiterated abuse of the Home Government; which it designated as only a "Government of force, that had violated the most sacred and solemn engagement, to which the allegiance of the subject was but an affair of calculation." In short, it breathed nothing but menance, defiance, and open war.

The Earl of Gosford, in a feeling reply, told them he was deeply concerned at the fatal determination they had formed. The Legislature of Lower Canada was then prorogued for the last time; having filled to overflowing the measure of its political folly and iniquity.

All hope of reconciliation being now over, the vote of the House of Commons, that the arrears due to the civil servants of Government should be paid out of the moneys in the hands of the Receiver General, was carried into effect; and these gentlemen, many of whom had suffered great inconvenience from a stoppage of pay for three years, were at length enabled to satisfy their creditors, who had shewn great forbearance.

CHAPTER LI.

ACCELERATING PROGRESS OF DISTURBANCES IN THE PROVINCE.—MEETING OF THE FIVE COUNTIES.—FILS DE LA LIBERTE.—ASSEMBLY OF ARMED MEN AT ST. ATHANASE.—RESCUE OF TWO PRISONERS BY THE ARMED PEASANTRY.—GENERAL INSURRECTION ALONG THE RIVER RICHELIEU.—AFFAIRS OF ST. DENIS AND ST. CHARLES.—EXCELLENT CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN POPULATION.

"———————— fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness."

SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the mild sway of England, the population of Lower Canada had now increased from sixty thousand to six hundred thousand souls. Their religion, language, customs, property, and liberty, laws and institutions, and every thing they revered and valued, had been scrupulously maintained and respected. With scarcely any solicitation on their part, they had been elevated, by an act of national liberality, from the abject condition of French serfs to the possession of the franchises and liberties of Englishmen; been endowed with a constitution of government, framed on the English model by the greatest and most enlightened men of their age, and had thus been made heirs of the inestimable patrimony of centuries of freedom. At their own wish, the remains of feudal barbarism and severity in their criminal laws had been retrenched, and replaced by a milder code. Their staple productions were protected by high duties in

England; their territory was defended without costing them a penny, and there was an annual outlay of half a million sterling of British money amongst them. British merchandise was brought to their doors fifty or sixty per cent. cheaper than their neighbours the Americans could obtain it. No tax collector ever visited their dwellings. For eighty years they had been sheltered under the British flag from the troubles and storms that, for a great part of the time, had been raging every where else. British skill, enterprise, and capital had embellished their cities, and covered their noble river with steam-boats and shipping. They had individually and collectively enjoyed more practical happiness than any other equally numerous body in any part of the world, and were still in the unmolested enjoyment of it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, a large number of the French Canadians, seduced by the fierce and eloquent declamation of one passionate and mischievous man, were now prepared to rise in rebellion against a beneficent Government, in utter contravention of their own true interests.

The seditious feelings and practices, now extending in all directions throughout the province, received a new impulse by the breaking up of this second short Parliament: the members having returned to their homes, for the most part, even more bitter than before. The agitation meetings continued, deriving on each successive occasion additional confidence from the impunity that attended their proceedings. At length a plan was conceived of collecting at one central and convenient point the united population of the most disaffected counties, and making their proceedings and organization the guide and nucleus for the rest.

In the mean time two newspapers in Montreal, the Vindicator and La Minerve, which had long laboured,

with industry worthy of a better cause, to produce discontent and disaffection to the Government, began now to promulgate open treason. They carefully chronicled the proceedings at the public meetings, and exaggerated the numbers who attended; embellished the efforts of the speakers, and made speeches for dumb orators; instructed the habitans how to avail themselves of their numbers, and local defences, in the approaching contest; depreciated and diminished the military force in the province, and exhorted the soldiers to desert; at the same time pointing out to them the high wages and great advantages they might enjoy in the States, contrasted with their miserable shilling a day.

A sort of central organization was now created in Montreal, and a permanent committee formed, for the purpose of corresponding with county committees of the same kind, and extending the growth of disaffection. A society of young men, calling themselves the Fils de la Liberté, amounting to several hundreds, was incorporated there also; which, in its first address to the young men of the North American colonies, avowed the design of "disfranchising their beloved country from all human authority, except the bold democracy residing within its bosom." These young heroes then resolved to train themselves forthwith in military manœuvres, and play at soldiers every Sunday until farther orders.

The Roman Catholic Clergy in the province, who had so long enjoyed the paternal protection of the British Government, at a period, too, when their order underwent the most sanguinary proscription in France, and whose superior intelligence could appreciate its genuine liberality, began now take the alarm. A "mandement," or pastoral letter, was addressed to

his flock by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, which was calculated to do good, although strangely blemished by some unwise allusions to Luther and the Waldenses; topics by no means of happy reference, in bad taste, and totally irrelevant. With scarcely an exception, this highly respectable body of ecclesiastics behaved with exemplary propriety during the two rebellions.

Any other line of conduct than that of undeviating loyalty and integrity would be unnatural to the Church of England; and her clergy and members, under the learned and pious Bishop Mountain, maintained their honourable character without a single stain. The Church of Scotland rivalled her venerable sister in the good cause; and though contending and grumbling a little about an equal claim to the Clergy Reserves, she now cooled at once, postponed the consideration of this delicate question till a more convenient season, and her members entered the lists, heart and hand, in defence of law and order. The British Methodists, and other British Protestant sects, were not backward on the same side; and my warm hearted Roman Catholic countrymen devoted all the honest ardour of their nature to the support of the Government. Indeed, I believe that wherever the Christian religion, under any form, ruled the conscience, loyalty and fidelity to the Government were ensured, though to this there were some striking exceptions; and that the great body of the insurgents had thrown off the salutary restraints of the faith in which they had been bred before they rose in rebellion.

The plot now began to thicken apace. On the 23rd of October a large meeting of five confederated counties was held at St. Charles, a village on the Richelieu, about thirty miles from Montreal, which

was soon destined to obtain an unenviable celebrity. Here, in 1830, in Sir James Kempt's time, there had been a meeting expressing dissatisfaction with his administration, when all the rest of the province was busy complimenting him. Here also had flourished a seditious newspaper, the Echo du Pays, perverting and corrupting all within its circle. This, then, was the very centre of disaffection, now ripening fast into treason; and in the signal chastisement here first inflicted, a religious eye will recognise a measure of that retributive justice which is sometimes seen interposing to regulate the affairs of the world.

Mr. Wolfred Nelson, a distiller of St. Denis, was chosen by Mr. Papineau to preside at this meeting, on account of his influence in the neighbourhood, his ardent character, and English name. Here the representatives of six counties (for L'Acadie had joined), under salutes of cannon and musketry, in language the most treasonable, bound themselves solemnly to form one great confederation, as a centre of union for the whole province, to oppose the Government as far as they safely might, to elect their own magistrates and militia officers, enrol and arm themselves, and invite all the rest of Lower Canada to join their patriotic league. Amongst other ferocious resolutions of this meeting, there was one urging the soldiers to desert, and pledging the Canadians to assist them, which was pre-eminently infamous, but even more silly and impotent than wicked.

Mr. Papineau knew not the character of the British soldier, whom he wished to make a recreant perjurer, like himself. When exposed to great sufferings and privations, the instant there is a prospect of action he ever rises superior to the surrounding difficulties: his conduct purifies itself in danger, and is always best

when his full energies are called into play to meet it. The same imminent personal risk that enfeebles and paralyses weaker natures only brings him up to the full vigour and tension of his faculties, mental and corporeal. Desertion, in time of peace, is unfortunately too common in the Canadas; but after this open and disgraceful incitement, it ceased as if by magic. Throughout the winter there was scarcely a solitary instance; and this public outrage on the character of the British Army stands on record only as a piece of useless and brutal folly. It has been deeply atoned. One short month after, on the very spot where the insult was offered, and in the presence of its instigator, it was expiated in blood!

The Commander of the Forces, Sir John Colborne, foresaw the coming storm, and prepared to meet it. At once assuming a heavy responsibility, he directed the fortifications of Quebec to be repaired and thoroughly armed, ordered horses to be purchased for the artillery, magazines of provisions and ammunition to be established, barracks to be built, and new corps of loyal men to be raised. He sent for troops from Upper Canada and New Brunswick; and concentrated the small force he had in hand at Montreal, as the chief point d'appui of his operations. Nor should it be passed unnoticed that Lord Gosford gave his cordial support to these well timed measures of wise anticipation.

In the beginning of November, as the shipping dropped down the St. Lawrence, the disaffected began every where to assume a more insolent tone, particularly in that populous tract along the Richelieu, and on the banks of the Lake of the Two Mountains, a bold expansion of the Ottawa. Bands of armed men, masked and disguised, now began to roam about

the country at night; terrifying their more quiet neighbours into the illegal confederacy, and extorting by violence the resignation of the commissions of magistrates and militia officers, to be inserted in the next Minerve or Vindicator as voluntary acts.

There is the best reason for believing that the great Canadian agitator had no wish to carry matters farther, for the present, than these menacious demonstrations, to be adroitly used afterwards in any treaty between the Government and himself: and, in all probability, no general insurrection would have taken place until a better organization of the habitans had been effected. Happily a premature contest began almost by accident, and the arch-traitor then found, as might be expected, the evil spirits he had evoked soon beyond his control. The mine exploded prematurely, and the engineer was blown up "on his own petard;" for nothing can be more satisfactory, as well as more just, according to the Poet, than to see the artificer of evil perish by his own craft.

A band of five or six hundred Fils de la Liberté had been accustomed to meet on three or four successive Sundays, for military training, in a field adjacent to the city of Montreal, and had once or twice marched through the streets at night, to display their strength, until the magistrates at length interfered and forbade the assemblage. A corps of opposite politics, called the Doric Club, had also been for some time enrolled, though without the same offensive parade of their numbers, and these young men longed much for an appeal to fisticuffs with the Heroes of Liberty. At length a collision took place, when the juvenile patriots made but a sorry fight, and were beaten out of town. Several excesses were committed by both parties: the Vindicator office was broken into, and

the press and types destroyed; and Mr. Papineau's house was only saved by the military, who were called out in strong force to put down the riot. The destruction of the Vindicator press was, no doubt, richly merited, but should not thus have taken place. Violence, even in doing abstract right, is always impolitic as well as wrong, creates a factitious sympathy for its objects, and thus defeats its own ends. The arm of the law ought to have suppressed this nefarious print long before.

At this time the Author was on a professional visit to the family of Sir John Colborne, at Sorel; and for several days that he remained, hourly reports of a general insurrection about to break out were brought. Nelson at this period was fortifying his house at St. Denis, to the great annoyance of the ladies of the family, who saw their beautiful flower pots and pianos put aside, to make room for guns and pikes and barricades. We had constant intelligence of his proceedings, as well as what was going on in other quarters, and Sir John only awaited his Staff coming up from Quebec to move to Montreal. When the despatch was brought containing the news of this riot, he came into the drawing-room with the letter in his hand, exclaiming, "Well, thank God, there's no blood shed—though the fight's begun. I must be off by to-night's boat."

On the 10th of November, Sir John Colborne, having moved his head quarters to Montreal, ordered a small body of volunteer cavalry to patrol as far as St. John's. They discovered a force of armed habitans at St. Athanase, guarding the bridge on the Richelieu, who forbade their advance; but dispersed next day, on the arrival of a company of infantry from Montreal. On the 16th of November, a constable,

escorted by a small party of volunteer cavalry, proceeded to St. John's, with warrants for the arrest of Messrs. Demaray and Davignon, on a charge of high treason. Having accomplished their object, they were returning with the prisoners, when they were attacked by a large body of armed men, posted judiciously behind the fences on each side of the road: the cavalry were driven back, a few of them wounded, and the prisoners liberated.

Men's minds had been gradually preparing for violence and bloodshed, and this outrage excited intense interest in Montreal. No time was lost in endeavouring to avenge it; and next morning Lieutenant Colonel Wetherall, commanding the Royal Regiment, with four companies, two guns, and some cavalry, was ordered to move from Longueil, nearly opposite Montreal, to Chambly, and to scour the country as he went along. Some of the volunteers, who had been wounded in the affair of the day before, disregarding their hurts, accompanied this expedition. The Colonel dispersed one or two armed bands; taking a few prisoners, but his chief difficulty was the bad road. He found most of the houses on his line of march deserted by the inhabitants.

A degree of artificial confidence had now been raised in the minds of the vain peasantry in the neighbourhood; and the slight success of liberating two state prisoners, and repulsing a handful of cavalry, had puffed them up with the most extravagant ideas of ultimate success, in the approaching struggle with the Government. In the mean time warrants had at length been issued, for the apprehension of Papineau, Wolfred Nelson, O'Callaghan, and several others; most of whom immediately repaired to the great rendezvous ordered at the village of St. Charles.

The news of the rescue of Demaray and Davignon was rapidly spread along the populous banks of the Richelieu, and excited great rejoicings amongst the habitans. Large masses of them soon began to assemble at two points on the right bank—St. Charles and St. Denis. At St. Charles twelve hundred rebels, as we must now call them, commanded by an American ironmonger of Montreal, named Brown, took possession of the seignorial mansion of the Honourable Mr. Debartzch, a wealthy and talented Canadian gentleman, formerly a great friend of Papineau; but who had abandoned him soon after the arrival of Lord Gosford, and attached himself to his Lordship's administration. During Mr. Debartzch's popular career he had the misfortune, and I must add, the folly, to patronize for some time the seditious newspaper, of which mention has been made before—the Echo du Pays; and now reaped the bitter fruit of seed sown by himself. For it is but reasonable to suppose, that the savage spirit amongst his own vassals, before which he now fled at the risk of his life to Montreal, had derived very much of its venom from the atrocious doctrines, inculcated by the gazette of the "Village Debartzch;" although it may be true, that, finding it becoming indecently violent, the Seigneur at length suppressed the paper. The insurgents now commenced stockading the village, cutting down Mr. Debartzch's beautiful trees for this purpose; killing and salting his cattle, luxuriating among his fat poultry, and regaling themselves with his wines.

At St. Denis, seven miles down the river, on the same side, Wolfred Nelson, anticipating that his person was in danger, after the prominent part he had taken at the great St. Charles meeting; had been for some weeks engaged in strengthening his house, and

the approaches to the town, in the expectation of being apprehended. Learning now that a warrant was out against him, he collected a large mass of the neighbouring habitans, variously armed, and prepared to resist the law. The number of men under his command cannot be easily ascertained, as reinforcements were constantly arriving; but it is believed at last to have amounted to eleven or twelve hundred, the majority bearing fire arms. These Mr. Nelson posted in the strongest houses in the village, distributed an ample allowance of his whiskey amongst them, and bade defiance to the government.

Under these grave circumstances, with the whole dense population of the six counties, perhaps of the whole province, ripe for insurrection, no time was to be lost in attacking the rebels. A combined military movement was therefore ordered by the commander of the forces; and on the 22nd of November, two columns of troops, as strong as could then be detached from Montreal, were directed to move simultaneously on St. Charles, from Chambly and Sorel.

At Sorel the navigable river Richelieu joins the St. Lawrence. The detachment ordered hence on St. Denis and St. Charles—one eighteen, the other twenty-five miles distant—consisted of nearly three hundred men of the 24th, 32nd, and 66th regiments; with a few volunteer cavalry, and a howitzer gun, under the command of Colonel Gore, the Deputy Quarter Master General: having a small steam-boat at his disposal, for the conveyance of ammunition and provisions.

Colonel Gore arrived at Sorel, by the river on the evening of the 22nd of November, with the detachment from Montreal; expecting to find the companies of the 66th, then quartered there, ready to move

on his arrival: for Lieutenant Weir of the 32nd had been despatched by land, at daylight the same morning, to inform the officer commanding at Sorel of his approach. Unfortunately, the road was so bad, that with every exertion, this ill-fated officer could not reach Sorel in time; and the Colonel, on his arrival, found no preparations made for the long march. However, as his orders to move on St. Charles without delay were peremptory, the companies of the 66th were immediately paraded; but from the absconding of the Canadian carters, much difficulty was experienced in obtaining carts to carry provisions, and also in finding a guide to shew the way; for the night was one of the most dark, dismal, and tempestuous, that ever occurred even in this hyperborean climate. At length a man named Salt, who had been useful to the officers of the 66th, in shewing them the country on their shooting excursions, was recommended by them to Colonel Gore. This man said, that the high road to St. Denis and St. Charles, running along the Richelieu through St. Ours, was almost, if not entirely, impassable; but that he would engage to conduct the column by the Concession road, which runs parallel, but farther from the river, and would be found in a better state. With this suggestion Colonel Gore reluctantly acquiesced, as it was his desire to march through St. Ours.

Provided with barrack lanterns—whose light even the guide required, from the extreme darkness of the night—the column moved from Sorel, by the Concession road, at ten o'clock, amidst a furious snow storm; whilst the cold benumbed, and the thick drift blinded the men; and the tenacious mud of the execrable road, reaching often to mid-thigh, pulled off their shoes and mocasins. Most of the provision

carts broke down, but the column strenuously persevered, with scarcely a murmur, though necessarily straggling much; and after a most miserable march of twelve hours, the troops arrived, half frozen at St. Denis. Here they were received by a hot fire from the outskirts of the village, which warmed and animated them; and in the excitement of combat the fatiguing exertions of the dreary night were soon forgotten.

The enemy's chief strength lay in some high stone houses, at the east end of the village, from the numerous windows of which they poured an incessant fire. The defenders were well covered, and the officer of artillery could make little impression with his light gun; although one lucky shot, entering by a window, killed a dozen of the rebels. In the mean time several men had fallen amongst the troops; and an officer of the 32nd, named Markham, distinguished by his romantic gallantry, was pierced by four balls, yet without mortal injury. The whole detachment, covering themselves as they might, persisted bravely in their endeavours to overpower the fire of their adversaries; and the 66th Light Company, being good marksmen, in an effective position, and commanded by a cool and gallant man, Captain Crompton, brought down a number of the enemy. Amongst others less distinguished, Mr. Ovide Perrault, a member of the Assembly, fell under their fire.

After gallantly, though fruitlessly, persevering for four hours, until his ammunition began to fail, whilst additional numbers were still pouring in from the neighbourhood to reinforce the insurgents, Colonel Gore found himself unable to carry the village with his small force, and retired to Sorel; having the mortification of leaving his gun behind on the road, sticking

in the frozen mud, and with a loss of twenty men killed and wounded.

And here I must pause a moment to deplore the fate of Lieutenant Weir of the 32nd regiment. This fine young man, as has been said, had been despatched by land from Montreal to Sorel; but from the badness of the roads could not reach that place until some hours after Colonel Gore's column had set out. He then started in a calèche, in pursuit of the troops; but fatally followed the high road along the river, and passed them in the dark, who were struggling through the Concession road on his left: on reaching St. Denis he was made prisoner by Nelson. This man, however misguided, is of a generous nature, and treated the officer with courtesy; but on the approach of Colonel Gore, he directed him to be conveyed to St. Charles, under the charge of a person named Jalbert. Mr. Weir was most barbarously murdered, before leaving the village, and his mutilated remains were afterwards found sunk under a load of stones in the river. They were removed to Montreal and honoured by a distinguished public funeral.

Colonel Wetherall's detachment, when leaving Chambly, consisted of four companies of the Royal Regiment, one of the 66th, two six pounders, and a detachment of Montreal cavalry; amounting to about three hundred and fifty men. They, too, started on the same dark and tempestuous night; and so great were the difficulties of moving troops at such a season, that the ammunition waggon broke down on the short road to the ferry, and the column took five hours to cross the river close to the barracks. It reached St. Matthias at four A.M. having been four hours in marching three miles. Here the Colonel halted for three hours; the troops being already exhausted by

fatigue and the stormy night; he resumed his march at seven A.M. on the 23rd November, and reached St. Hilaire at eleven. Conceiving that Colonel Gore must have met the same difficulties as himself, and was probably halting at St. Ours, a messenger was now despatched, to inform him of the position of the Chambly column, and that Colonel Wetherall intended to attack St. Charles, eight miles distant, the next morning.

At two A.M. on the 24th, the messenger returned, not having been able to pass St. Denis, bringing the disastrous news of the repulse of the Sorel detachment. Colonel Wetherall, though doubting this intelligence, prudently acted on its truth; sending a courier with the news to Montreal, and directing Major Warde of the Royal Regiment to join the column immediately, with the Grenadier Company from Chambly. This order was obeyed with great expedition the same day; boats having been found to bring the men down the river.

At seven P. M. of the 24th, Colonel Wetherall made a feigned march of two miles towards St. Charles, with the object of alarming the enemy, discovering their signals, and harassing them by keeping them on the alert. As soon as he discovered that a chain of torches and blue lights had telegraphed his movements to the insurgents, he brought back his column to St. Hilaire, and gave the troops a good night's rest; whilst the rebels were on the watch, expecting an attack the whole night.

On the 25th of November, at ten A. M. Colonel Wetherall marched on St. Charles. He found all the houses deserted and the bridges broken down. The last bridge crossed a deep ravine, through which flowed a powerful stream, with wooded banks, afford-

ing a good military position. This had been stockaded, and occupied immediately before the arrival of the troops, the rebels' dinners being found on the fires. When within half a mile of the town of St. Charles, the column was fired at from the other side of the Richelieu, and from some barns: this was returned by the advanced guard, and a barn was burned. Colonel Wetherall then halted to reconnoitre, and was immediately received by a loud cheer of defiance from the stockaded village, Mr. Debartzch's house, and the opposite bank of the river, followed by a heavy fire.

The Light Infantry were now extended to the left of the road, and the main body of the column moved to the right; whilst one gun was playing with cannister and grape-shot on the stockade to the left, and another with round and grape on a loop-holed house, from whence a hot fire was kept up, but with little effect, as our men were well sheltered. Thus things continued for half an hour, when the whole column was advanced to a rail fence and ditch, about a hundred yards from the enemy's stockade. A body of sixty or seventy rebels had now the temerity to advance from their cover, and attempt to turn the Colonel's right flank, but were repulsed with loss. The fire now being very hot from the stockade, and every mounted officer having had his horse killed or wounded, a general charge and advance was ordered, and, after fifteen minutes smart work, the stockade was stormed, the loop-holed houses set on fire, the rebels driven from their defences, and nearly two hundred of them bayonetted or shot.

Sunday the 26th was employed in burying the dead, a few of whom were given up to their relations who came to seek them. In the course of the day

several despatches were received from St. Hilaire, stating that a strong force of the insurgents was assembling in that neighbourhood, prepared to cut off Colonel Wetherall's retreat from Chambly. It now became a question, therefore, whether the Colonel should follow the fugitives to St. Denis, or attack the more formidable body in his rear. After due deliberation he decided on the latter, and marched early on the 27th.

Having carefully conducted his wounded to St. Hilaire, and left a guard for their protection, Colonel Wetherall, on the morning of the 28th, advanced on a body of a thousand rebels, strongly posted near St. Matthias, with two guns, whom he attacked and dispersed, with the loss of their guns, and four or five killed. He then recrossed the Richelieu, and returned to Chambly the same evening.*

It may be considered presumptuous in the Author to hazard an award of either praise or censure on military operations; yet an old Peninsular Campaigner, though a Doctor, unless a dunce of the first magnitude, must have picked up some small share of judgment, "de re militari," in the course of his travels. At any rate, it is pretty certain that, in praising the conduct of the St. Charles expedition, no part of the eulogy will either be doubted or denied.

Colonel Wetherall is a very fortunate man, but also one of the class that deserves good fortune. At this critical time the fate of the province may truly be said to have depended on his capacity and exertions, and he proved himself equal to the responsi-

* For the above details the Author is indebted to the gallant Colonel, who kindly lent him the journal he kept of the St. Charles expedition.

bility. Throughout this perplexing march, cut off from all communication with Head Quarters, deprived of the co-operation of his colleague, and isolated amidst masses of a furious insurgent peasantry, his conduct commands unmixed admiration. In the determination to attack St. Charles alone, even when the rebels were flushed with their recent success, and in the actual assault, we recognise sagacity and intrepidity, the firm nerve and undisturbed judgment of a consummate soldier.

Nor should an humbler name be passed unnoticed. Lieutenant Johnston, who commanded the company of the 66th, and led the column (left being in front), was the first officer, and nearly the first individual, who cleared the fence, cheering on his men beautifully, and eliciting from the high minded Commander the compliment, "Well done 66th!"

The news of Colonel Gore's disaster diffused the greatest alarm in Montreal, for it was coupled with the expectation of a general rising throughout the province. In fact, the most fatal consequences might have followed, but for the instantaneous corrective afforded by the success of Colonel Wetherall. As soon as the news arrived, much uneasiness was felt at Head Quarters respecting the latter officer, and courier after courier was despatched to recal him: happily they were all intercepted, and the silly captors, who rejoiced as the successive messengers fell into their hands, little knew what irreparable injury they were thus doing their own cause.

Papineau, O'Callaghan, and two or three other leaders, had repaired to the neighbourhood of St. Charles as soon as they found measures taking for their apprehension. They remained at St. Denis or St. Charles until the approach of Colonel Wetherall,

When Papineau crossed the river, and remained on the other side, a spectator of the action. In this he took no part personally, having always been

"A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer."

After the calamitous result, which he must have witnessed with feelings of torture and agony, if any vestige of human feelings remained, he concealed himself for some days, and then, with great difficulty and after much personal fatigue, he made his escape to the States, accompanied by O'Callaghan.

On the 5th of December martial law was proclaimed in the district of Montreal, and rewards were offered for the apprehension of several of the chief instigators of the rebellion. About the same time Colonel Gore, eager to retrieve his misfortune, entered St. Denis and St. Charles at the head of a stronger force, recovered his gun and some wounded men, and found the dead body of poor Weir. He then burned the houses of the chief rebels, penetrated to St. Hyacinthe, collected arms, received the submission of many of the habitans, pacified all that country, and left garrisons in some of the most disaffected villages.

After the route at St. Charles some of the rebel chiefs fled across the lines into the United States, and were received with open arms by the inhabitants of the border towns of Vermont. Subscriptions were raised for them, arms supplied, including two brass guns stamped with the American eagle, and the fair borderers taxed themselves to provide the "patriots," as they called themselves, with colours. In fact, the ladies of Swanton worked a handsome pair, which they presented to Mr. Bouchette, son of the Surveyor General of Lower Canada, who had ungratefully

espoused the rebel cause. These, with Bouchette himself, who was wounded, the American guns, several scores of muskets, and some treasure and ammunition were captured by the gallant yeomanry of Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, on the first irruption of the rebels and their American friends into the province.

When the repulse at St. Denis was known at Montreal, emissaries of mischief were despatched from thence to different parts of the province, but without raising the population any where, except in that disaffected section of country about the Lake of the Two Mountains. Throughout the rest of Lower Canada, the Clergy, the principal Seigneurs, and most influential French Canadians discountenanced these criminal proceedings, and only the immediate circle about Papineau, contaminated by his sedition, awed by his boldness, fascinated by his eloquence, and perverted by the long impunity attending his career, rose in rebellion:—the rest of the Canadians maintained a passive integrity.

In the mean time the men of British origin and the American settlers in the province behaved nobly. The latter came forward prominently to warn their brethren in the States against joining the insurgents, to disabuse them of the erroneous notions they had entertained respecting British rule in Canada, and to pledge themselves to support the just and mild government under which they lived. The English, Irish, and Scotch acted with characteristic energy, and rose against this foul rebellion as one man. Corps of volunteers were enrolled everywhere; and in Montreal and Quebec five thousand brave men were armed, trained, and put on garrison duty in the

short space of a winter month. There was much moral beauty and interest in this simultaneous burst of genuine patriotism; and it was delightful to see these ardent civilians drilling diligently, even amidst the intense cold of a Canadian winter, and afterwards rivalling in steadiness and military proficiency their companions in arms of the line.

CHAPTER LII.

AFFAIR OF ST. EUSTACHE.—ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS OVERLAND FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.—CONTEMPTIBLE EMEUTE OF MACKENZIE IN UPPER CANADA.—HIS ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION AT BUFFALO.—OCCUPATION OF NAVY ISLAND.—UNFRIENDLY BEHAVIOUR OF THE AMERICANS.—BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

"Gently stroke an angry nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
Soft as silk it then remains.

"'Tis the same with vulgar natures;
Use them kindly, they rebel—
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues will serve you well."

THE head quarters and two companies of the 66th remained during the winter at Quebec, whilst the remainder of the regiment had been sent up the river in October, and had done good service in the affairs of St. Denis and St. Charles. Our valued friend and Commanding Officer, Colonel Nicol, became a Major General in the Brevet of 1837, and in quitting the corps bore with him its warmest good wishes and affectionate regret.

The county of the Lake of the Two Mountains had been one of the chief scenes of Papineau's declamations during the summer, and the population was so generally perverted, that at the meeting of the six counties their arrangements for military enrolment, the election of magistrates, and other illegal acts,

were highly praised, and made the model for the rest. Thither, therefore, after the St. Denis repulse, a certain Swiss adventurer, named Girod, repaired, making the pretty town of St. Eustache his head quarters; where by exaggerations of the loss at St. Denis, and all manner of lies, as to the extent of the insurrection to the south of the St. Lawrence, with liberal promises of the plunder of Montreal, he soon induced a large number of the disaffected to raise the standard of rebellion.

For some weeks M. Girod met with no interruption, for the operations to the south had absorbed all the disposable troops. Many excesses and robberies, consequently, were committed on the few loyal people in and about St. Eustache, who mostly fled to Montreal, terrified by Girod's threats and exactions. As soon, therefore, as the organization of the volunteers was well advanced, and that important place could be safely left to their guardianship, Sir John Colborne resolved to do this daring bandit the honour of marching against him in person.

Accordingly, on the 13th of December, three British regiments, the Royals, 32nd, and 83rd, a squadron of volunteer cavalry, a corps of rifles and light infantry, with six guns, and a rocket brigade, forming a force of seventeen hundred men, marched out of Montreal, amidst the rapturous cheering of the British population. Besides the main body from Montreal, two companies of the 24th regiment, quartered at the Carillon rapids of the Ottawa, with some militia and volunteers, were directed to move on Grand Brulé, a strongly fortified post of the rebels, and co-operate with the principal force.

One bridge over the branch of the Ottawa, between Ile Jésus and the Island of Montreal, had been se-

cured by a detachment, but another over the northern arm was destroyed by Girod. This, however, during operations in a Canadian winter, is not of much consequence. Two short marches brought the troops to the broken bridge; when it was found necessary to move three or four miles farther down the river, to find a gentler current, with ice strong enough to cross. By good fortune it had frozen very keenly the preceding three days, so that little difficulty was experienced. Indeed, the weather had been most adverse to the rebel cause throughout; so that the superstitious habitans had some reason for their peevish and impious exclamation, "Le bon Dieu n'est pas patriote!" The winter appeared to relax his grasp on the St. Lawrence, on purpose that troops and munitions of war might be conveyed from Quebec to Montreal much later than usual; and now a severe frost occurred exactly when necessary, for the furtherance of military operations.

Before crossing the river some shots were fired on the troops, from the church of St. Eustache, which had been barricaded and strongly garrisoned. Some other buildings were also occupied, but the stone church was the rebel citadel. Six or seven hundred armed men mustered in the place that morning; but on the approach of the troops three hundred of the faint-hearted fled; and it was thus a melancholy spectacle to witness so hopeless a struggle.

As soon as the artillery crossed the river, arrangements were made for the assault of the place, and two of the guns were planted against the church. Orders were given to open a fire of rockets on the town; but these were countermanded, and only one rocket discharged, which perversely flew back, dropped amongst the General's staff, and frightened, at least, the horses,

but fortunately did no other mischief. The greater part of the infantry was placed in cover; and different houses and positions around the town were occupied, to command the fire of the insurgents, and intercept the runaways. The guns were light, and could effect nothing against the massive walls; and do little more injury to the garrison than disturbing and blinding them with lime dust, when a bullet entered by a window, and pulverized the thick plaster coating the inside. This must have been one reason why the insurgents fired so badly; for though the guns were within half musket range, no artillerist was touched during the last half hour. At length the sacristy adjoining the church, and the church itself, were set on fire, and stormed by Major Warde and the Royal Regiment, with scarcely any loss. The rebels then attempted to escape; but about a hundred, with Dr. Chenier, their leader, were killed, and many taken prisoners. The houses that had been defended were then set on fire, and half of this beautiful village was now reduced to ashes.

M. Girod abandoned the poor wretches he had betrayed, soon after the beginning of the action; he wandered about the country for some days, but finding it impossible to escape, shot himself. Girouard, a principal chief and instigator of the rebellion, with one or two others, were soon after apprehended and lodged in gaol.

Next morning, the 15th of December, the Commander of the Forces marched to St. Benoit, a disaffected village, where he found a body of three hundred penitent rebels, drawn up in line—many on their knees—with grounded arms; each having a white rag in his hand. The arms were secured, and the habitans pardoned and dismissed. Almost imme-

diately after the arrival of the Montreal troops, the column from Carillon made its appearance; a simultaneous precision, that would have been of considerable importance, had Girod defended the post of Grand Brulé as was expected.

The insurrection here being thus effectually crushed, Colonel Maitland, with the 32nd Regiment and two guns, was sent on to St. Scholastique, and St. Therèse, two rebel villages, to receive the submission of the peasantry and collect arms. The insurgents here also surrendered unconditionally and were pardoned; the salutary severity of St. Eustache, like the chastisement of St. Charles, having pacified all the neighbourhood. Sir John Colburne then returned to Montreal; the whole business having only occupied four days. Soon after his return, a large number of the prisoners taken in action, against whom no previous charge of violence or robbery could be made, were liberated from gaol. Indeed the utmost clemency was a pleasing and marked characteristic during the first rebellion; and justice was only permitted to claim a portion of her rights, at the close of the second, because the previous mercy had been so grossly abused.

Quebec, under its vigilant Commandant, Colonel Rowan, enjoyed comparative quiet during these stirring times. Early in November five or six French Canadians were apprehended on a charge of sédition, put in gaol four or five days, and then released on bail. On their liberation, a crowd of their countrymen—chiefly from the large suburb of St. Roque—collected to cheer them, when a riot on a small scale took place between the Irish and the Canadians; a few heads and windows were broken, and after a desultory skirmish, the Canadians were beaten out of

the gates. The magistrates then interfered, and prohibited all assemblages in the streets.

One dark and gloomy morning, about an hour before day break, three alarm guns were fired from the Artillery bastion, which were answered immediately from the citadel, according to previous arrangements. Immediately the whole city was in motion. The garrison turned out instantly—the Volunteer Corps mustered and repaired to their alarm posts—the bombardiers stood to their guns—the guards at the different gates listened for the approaching enemy—mounted officers, with lanterns carried before them, repaired to the Commandant for orders—the surgeons examined their instruments—and every body longed for day-light. Day at length broke, but no enemy appeared; and it turned out that all this pother and alarm had arisen from the servants of the Hôtel Dieu having set fire to some straw, to scald a pig!

Early in January, 1838, the 43rd Regiment, and then the 85th and 34th arrived from New Brunswick, after a toilsome march of nearly five hundred miles. They suffered little from the cold until approaching Quebec, when several of the men contracted inflammation of the chest, from sleeping in the woods, at a temperature of twenty or twenty-five degrees below zero of Fahrenheit. But at most of the halts temporary huts had been prepared for them, and provisions got ready, by the exertions of the Commissariat; whose good arrangements, in all parts of the two provinces, have essentially contributed to the early suppression of both rebellions.

When the first division of the 43rd Light Infantry arrived at Point Lévi, opposite Quebec, the river happened to be very smooth and free from floating ice—the day was clear and fine, and the little fleet of

canoes, conveying them across, each with its tiny red cross flag, approached the city in line, with great regularity. Considered in all its bearings the scene was spirit-stirring in no slight degree. The troops of the line, the Volunteer Corps, and innumerable other spectators, lined the wharfs—two military bands were in readiness; and when the first canoe, with the commanding officer on board, touched the shore, the national anthem was struck up, but the music was soon drowned in the thunder of the cheering. After a few seconds, the burst of sound was distinctly reflected from the high bank opposite, and again was heard, more faintly, reverberating and dying away among the rocks of the lofty citadel—the fitting asylum of the last loyal echo. The division then formed and marched to the barracks; escorted by their military companions, carrying their firelocks and packs up the steep hill, and preceded by the music. And I have little doubt, that in the enjoyment of the good dinner, prepared for them by their comrades of the garrison, they soon forgot the toils of their cold and dreary march.

Great manifestations of loyalty now broke out amongst the French Canadians, and numerous meetings were held throughout the province; from all of which, warm, and even fulsome, addresses were sent to the Governor; which he interpreted as favourably as they could desire. It was amusing to contrast some of these with their Papineau resolutions, three or four months before. However, since that time they had received a salutary political lesson; and, besides, it is wise not be too prying and inquisitive into motives when the overt act is correct: for men are not infrequently kept honest by the open expression of confidence in their integrity.

Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. in a patriotic letter to his friend Mr. William Mackenzie, dated 29th March, 1834, prophesied as follows. "Your triumphant election must hasten that crisis which is fast approaching in the affairs of the Canadas, and which will terminate in independence and freedom from the baneful domination of the mother country."

Pursuant to this prophetic advice, during the summer of 1837 Mackenzie had been labouring, with skill and energy worthy of a better cause, to fulfil the prediction. He travelled many a weary mile through the country, collecting and haranguing public meetings, disseminating seditious placards, producing batches of violent resolutions for signature, and inciting his disaffected townships, of foreign settlement, to a simultaneous insurrection, in aid of Papineau's operations in the Lower Province.

In October and November Mackenzie's newspaper had rivalled the Vindicator and Minerve in inculcating open treason. Meetings of armed men, for military drill, were held about Lloyd Town, and in some of the townships along Yonge Street, (a straight road thirty miles long, connecting Lake Simcoe with Toronto,) that had been peopled by Germans and Americans; and dark and threatening rumours of a general rising of the disloyal began to disturb the peace of the province; now that it had been left without any military force, by the recent withdrawing of the troops to Lower Canada.

Still justly believing that Mackenzie's adherents were a mere handful, compared with the great body of the population, the agitator was not disturbed in his operations; and the Lieutenant Governor continued dangerously incredulous of his power to do mischief, for which the province [redacted] suffered not a

little since. However, proclamations were issued, forbidding the military trainings, and a general order called out the militia on the 4th December.

Mackenzie feared the militia, and determined to anticipate their assembling. He resolved, therefore, to collect his desperadoes, make a bold push on the defenceless city, set it on fire in different places, seize the person of the Governor, the money in the Bank, and profit in every way by the confusion of the sudden attack. Accordingly Mackenzie, with Gibson, Lount, and a bold ruffian, formerly a soldier, named Anderson, assembled a body of five hundred men, at Montgomery's Tavern, only four miles from Toronto, on the 3rd December, and prepared to enter the city the same evening; where all was yet quietness and security. But most fortunately, some reports of approaching mischief beginning to circulate, two gentlemen of the place rode out to reconnoitre in the Yonge Street direction; and about a mile from the northern suburb encountered Mackenzie, Anderson, and two or three others, on horseback, who stopped and ordered them to surrender. One was taken prisoner; but the other, a resolute man, Mr. Powell, shot Anderson dead, and escaped to Toronto; communicating to the unsuspicious Lieutenant Governor, and the citizens, the momentous news of the near approach of the rebels.

Sir Francis Head now bestirred himself. The citizens flew to arms, and all classes joined enthusiastically to repel the enemy and to fight, literally, "pro aris et focis." The Governor loaded his double barrelled gun—the Chief Justice shouldered his musket; whilst lawyers, doctors, magistrates, and the most respectable people of the place, followed the patriotic example. The point of assembly was the

Town Hall, where there was a small depôt of arms, which were now distributed; and here the citizens kept watch for the rebels all night. A garrison was thrown into the bank; barricades were hastily erected, and messengers were sent in all directions for reinforcements.

The long expected morn at length dawned, but Mackenzie came not. He and his followers were alarmed by the death of Anderson; whilst the ringing of the College bell gave note of preparation in the city. But to treason, murder and arson had now been added by this atrocious villain. Colonel Moodie, formerly of the 104th regiment, was shot in passing along the road to Toronto; and the house of Mr. Horne, an officer of the Upper Canada bank, was burned to the ground, under Mackenzie's immediate direction, out of sheer malignity, and the hatred he bore to this institution.

Strong reinforcements poured into Toronto on Tuesday and Wednesday; and on Thursday morning, the 7th December, the Lieutenant Governor put himself at the head of a thousand men, and marched out to attack the rebels. After about an hour's skirmishing, they were beaten and dispersed, and never rallied. An insurrection of three or four hundred people in the London district, headed by a Dr. Duncombe, another friend of Mr. Hume, was also instantly quashed by Colonel Mc Nab, the Speaker of the Assembly, the majority having surrendered, and been pardoned by the Lieutenant Governor.

But although this contemptible conspiracy was so easily crushed, without the assistance of a single regular soldier, it has been attended with consequences of great importance, as seriously compromising the friendly relations of Great Britain with the United

States. From the beginning of the disturbances in the Lower Province, in November 1837, an unfriendly feeling towards England had been shewn all along the frontier of New York and Vermont. The American press teemed with exaggerations and falsehoods, respecting the supposed defeat of the Queen's troops, and the triumphs of the insurgents. Most atrocious statements of cruelties perpetrated by the soldiers on their prisoners, were inserted in large capitals in the border journals, and thence copied, "con amore," into the thousand newspapers of the Union. Imaginary executions for treason also figured in their columns; and so notoriously false were all the accounts of the rebellion, that in most of the Canadian papers, there was for some months a space appropriated to them, under the head—"Lies of the American press."

The frontier population did not content themselves with publishing imaginary successes of the "patriots;" they received them with open arms; assembled at large public meetings to express admiration for their cause, and detestation of their English oppressors—they cherished, fed, and clothed them; supplying them with money, arms, and ammunition, in utter defiance and disregard of the proclamations of their own Governors, the laws of their own choice, and the orders of the federal government. So high raged this excitement, that for a considerable part of the years 1837-8-9, no loyal subject of the Queen of England could travel in the States adjoining Canada, without the greatest risk of insult or violence.

Mackenzie fled in disguise to Buffalo on his defeat at Toronto; and the next evening after his arrival, found fifteen hundred admiring Americans, waiting to receive him with acclamations at the theatre, and to hail him as the "Champion and martyr of Liberty."

A guard of honour was organized for his defence; recruiting for him was openly carried on in the streets; the ladies sent money and clothing to his hotel—the merchants contributed pork and flour—the mob robbed the State Arsenal for him, with the connivance of the guard; and West Point Military Academy furnished him with a General.

In a few days, by another turn of the wheel of fortune, this singular mountebank found himself the President of a Republic—in posse—at the head of a respectable force, with a formidable, though stolen artillery, posted in the natural fortress of Navy Island—a narrow, wooded spit of British territory, in the centre current of the Niagara river, two miles above the cataract. Here Mackenzie amused himself in organizing a government for Upper Canada, and in devising means of attracting adventurers to his standard; making liberal promises of money and land to all who should repair to his head quarters, to emancipate the Canadas. As the Lieutenant Governor had denounced him as a traitor and murderer, and offered a thousand pounds reward for his apprehension, he retaliated by promising five hundred for seizing the Governor.

These antics after the Massaniello fashion did not disgust the Americans: on the contrary they repaired in considerable numbers to Navy Island, bringing arms, provisions, and money. A small steamboat named the Caroline, destined to be the most famous of her class, was cut out of her winter quarters by her owner, an American, named Wells, and brought down for the service of the Navy Island banditti, from the united amiable motives of avarice, and hatred of Great Britain. She commenced her unlawful labours, by conveying recruits, munitions of war, and artillery

from Schlosser, on the New York side to the island; but they were soon brought to a tragic close. The Caroline was cut from her moorings at Schlosser, on the night of the 29th of December, by a party of Canadian volunteers, commanded by Captain Drew of the Royal Navy; and as she could not be towed across the strong current to the British side, she was set on fire and sent flaming down the cataract!

Viewed in connection with its natural and necessary associations, this must have been a grand and awful spectacle. The blazing boat, shooting down the river like a portentous meteor—now feeling the awakening power of her own machinery—now tossed with mad fury from one enormous rapid to another, whose white manes were for the first time tinged with fiery hues—the prompt punishment of a criminal enterprize—the gnashing of teeth from the island pirates, and the cheering from the British side—the possible future war to which this startling incident might lead: finally, the sudden extinguishment of the flame in the tremendous abyss—had, altogether, wonderful moral and physical sublimity.

The frontier American population, already hostile to Great Britain, were frenzied by the burning of the Caroline. Forgetting all the provocation that had led to it; their recent and flagrant violations of their own laws, the obligations of good faith and friendship, the recognized law of nations, the dictates of natural equity, and the moral law of God—they breathed nothing but vengeance, and the bitterest abuse of Great Britain. Numerous meetings were held, in which Judges, Generals, Senators, Magistrates, and Clergymen took part, where violent resolutions were passed by acclamation, couched in the most insulting terms, and imbued with a spirit of deadly hatred to the

English nation and government. The Governor of the State of New York made the matter the subject of a special and angry message to the legislature; but the joint Committe of the Senate and Representatives shewed good sense in declining to act in the business, and referring it to the jurisdiction of the General Government—a line of conduct somewhat inconsistent with the recent proceedings of the State against Mr. Mc Leod. The American Government demanded reparation and satisfaction, and the negociations have only lately terminated. For three years the matter remained "sub silentio;" and we acted the somewhat unmanly part of hesitating to acknowledge the cutting out of the Caroline as a necessary and national act. This has been tardily done, and the daring deed placed in its true light.

The cunning traitor at Navy Island must have rejoiced at the destruction of the Caroline; affording, as it did, a chance of embroiling England and America: his infuriated followers kissed the points of their weapons, in imitation of the Paladins of old, and swore a deadly revenge. But being now deprived of their chief means of crossing to the Canada side, and seeing the militia clustering there in great numbers, they remained for some days inactive, keeping up a feeble cannonade. In the meantime a vigorous fire was directed on the island, during the nights of the 14th and 15th of January; and on the 16th the place was abandoned, and the band of outlaws disarmed by the American authorities.

Whilst this invasion was thus exploding, our frontier was assailed in a new quarter on the Detroit river, where some adventurers played the same game as at Buffalo; stultifying the people, collecting recruits, money, and provisions, issuing flaming manifestoes,

robbing an arsenal, and seizing an island. But a fellow calling himself General Sutherland, who commanded here, was unsuccessful in his operations; and one of his schooners, containing his materiel for the invasion of Canada, was taken by the Canadian yeomanry near Amherstburgh. The authorities of Michigan shewed a friendly disposition to the "patriots" at first; but as soon as they saw the General Government proving unfriendly to their cause, they also began to bestir themselves, and arrested Sutherland. He was soon liberated; but having imprudently ventured across the lines, he was apprehended, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by a Militia Court Martial; but from some informality in the proceedings, he was pardoned by the British Government.

It is not easy to account for the hostility shewn to Great Britain by the Americans during the whole of the late disturbances; for we had done nothing whatever to deserve it, but quite the contrary. Until the other day there was every appearance of growing amity between the countries; and English travellers in the States, and Americans in England, concurred in their accounts of the pleasing progress of this happy state of international relations. The two governments had been cordial—the Presidential messages of late years noticed England first on the list of foreign nations, and mentioned her in respectful and friendly terms; and the compliment had been returned in the speeches of our ministers, and other influential persons in Parliament. We had lately behaved handsomely in the matter of the quarrel with the French, and had materially assisted in settling it, much against our own interests. The interruption of these friendly relations, therefore, is every way de-

plorable; and the more particularly as the bitter spirit raised on both sides is not likely soon to be allayed.

I fear there is a sordid feeling of envy of the greatness of England, and a desire to abase it, at the bottom of all this; and that the recent outburst has been only an ebullition of deep and long cherished, and hereditary dislike; instilled by educational institutions, fostered by early prejudices and national vanity, cultivated "ex necessitate rei," by every successive President, since the honest and high-minded Washington, and imbued with an additional tinge of acrimony every 4th of July. I believe that, notwithstanding every assertion to the contrary, from high to low, they have fully as much ambition as ever Napoleon had, and entertain a burning eagerness to push us altogether from the American Continent, and then reign paramount in it. But, like that despot in enforcing his continental system, they are less likely to oust John Bull, than to strain, exhaust, and destroy themselves in the attempt.

CHAPTER LIII.

DEPARTURE OF LORD GOSFORD, AND ASSUMPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—FRESH DISTURBANCES ALONG THE FRONTIER.—REINFORCEMENTS FROM ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL OF LORD DURHAM, THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—HIS SHORT ADMINISTRATION.—MOST IMPROPER PROCLAMATION.—DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

"Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery."
SHAKSPEARE.

AFTER an administration of two years and a half, the Earl of Gosford was recalled at his own request, and left Quebec in the end of February, 1838. This nobleman was himself an impersonation of the conciliation principle; and if kindness and amiability of nature could have sufficed to compose political strife, his government would not have turned out a failure. He appears never to have appreciated correctly the difficulties he had to contend with, arising from the perfidious character of Papineau and his friends, and went away somewhat incredulous to the last of their evil designs. Even after the recent extinction of an actual rebellion, which one party raised, and the other mainly assisted to suppress, he left the province under the erroneous conviction that there was more reason to dread the men of British than of French origin. Had not Papineau, notwithstanding his de-

clamatory talent, proved himself a sorry politician, he might nearly have made his own terms with the government of Lord Gosford, and established French Canadian ascendancy firmer than ever. But the impetuous passions of the man ever overcame his judgment, and he lost the golden opportunity. Lord Gosford was out of his element amidst the turbulent politics of Lower Canada, and no doubt must have felt great satisfaction in returning to the quiet and more congenial pursuits of an hospitable nobleman and excellent landlord at Market Hill.

Sir John Colborne now assumed the government, ad interim, to the great joy of the British party, who got up a grand illumination at Montreal on this occasion.

The Canadian refugees in the United States failed not to make use of the destruction of the Caroline as a strong circumstance in their favour; and were soon able to excite fresh disturbances along the frontier. Dr. Robert Nelson of Montreal, a brother of Wolfred Nelson of St. Denis, foolishly abandoned his profession for the strife of arms, raised a corps of Canadians, with a few Americans, on the New York border, published a pigmy Declaration of Independence, and entered Lower Canada two miles on the 28th of February. His band of "patriots," however, became alarmed at the preparations making to attack them, recrossed the line immediately, and were disarmed by the American authorities. Similar demonstrations were made in the Upper Province, where, on the coasts of the great lakes, there are always in winter a number of idle, necessitous, and demoralized people, fit for any mischief. These wretches now, incited by prospects and promises of plunder, enlisted freely to invade Canada; and through the richer Americans,

friendly to the cause, means were found to pay them; whilst they stole, or took openly, the national arms and ammunition from the ill guarded depôts and arsenals.

Kingston and Gananoque were threatened by bodies of these brigands in February 1838, who took momentary possession of an island in the neighbourhood, but abandoned it when a British force was approaching. At the same time a body of two hundred and fifty started from the neighbourhood of Buffalo, with two guns, intending to cross the ice and land above Fort Erie, but they were pursued by Colonel Worth, of the United States service, and disarmed. Simultaneous irruptions took place higher up, and a force of three or four hundred marauders moved from Detroit, and took possession of a British island in Lake Erie on the 26th of February, from whence they were immediately driven by a detachment of the 32nd and 83rd regiments, and a body of militia, commanded by Major Townshend, 24th foot. These marauders were also disarmed by the authorities when they reached the American shore; but not before they had abused the protection it afforded, by firing from thence on the British.

A more serious attempt than any of these predatory irruptions was made at a large British island, near the head of Lake Erie, called Point Pele Island, which is inhabited, and distant twenty miles from the Canadian shore. Here a body of about four hundred American brigands, armed to the teeth with rifles, pistols, bayonets, and huge carvers, as sharp as razors, called bouie knives, landed on the 28th of February, seized the inhabitants and plundered them, and made preparations to cross to the vicinity of Amherstburgh. But there was a vigilant officer there

who anticipated their attack. The Honourable Colonel Maitland, commanding the 32nd, having previously sent Captain Glasgow, of the Royal Artillery, (an active officer throughout this winter) to see if the ice was still passable, moved with a strong detachment from Amherstburgh, and after travelling all night in sleighs, a distance of forty miles, at a temperature below zero, arrived at the island about daybreak. Here the Colonel detached Captain Browne of the 32nd, with two weak companies, to the south shore, with a view to cut off the retreat of the invaders to the American side; whilst himself, with the main body, slowly penetrated through the deep snow, at the northern end, in quest of them.

The band of plunderers, finding themselves in danger of being surrounded, boldly determined to concentrate their force and attack Browne's detachment—not one hundred strong—thus opening their way back to Sandusky. They accordingly advanced in regular military order, throwing out skirmishers, who covered themselves by large blocks of ice along the shore, and opened a hot rifle fire on the 32nd. Browne was not slow in returning their fire; but finding himself greatly outnumbered, and his men falling fast, he formed his small force in line at extended order, and thus charged his assailants with the bayonet; who, though four to one in number, immediately broke and took to the wood. Soon after they escaped in their sleighs to the American shore, with the loss of four of their chiefs killed, and sixty or seventy killed and wounded. The 32nd, out of nearly a hundred, had thirty men put hors de combat.

Now this was a very brilliant little affair, and most honourable to the steadiness of the 32nd and their

intrepid leader Browne. Military writers have observed, that the English is the only infantry accustomed to charge with the bayonet two deep, all other armies forming their charging lines three or four deep. Here there was a hazardous novelty, suited to the emergency—a charge of a far superior force, two deep, and in extended order; and it is pleasing to observe, that Captain Browne, on this critical occasion, in spreading out his files to lengthen his scanty front, proved himself the man of resources, presence of mind, and firmness, giving promise of future fame, and demonstrating that the lesson he received early in life at Waterloo had not been forgotten.

About this time intelligence reached the province of the suspension of the Canadian Constitution by an act of the Imperial Parliament, the appointment of Lord Durham to be Governor General of British North America, and the preparations for sending out strong reinforcements to the Canadas. The appointment of Lord Durham did not give entire satisfaction; as many of the most intelligent and estimable people in Canada feared the democratic tendencies ascribed to this nobleman; yet as they believed him to be of undoubted talent, high character, and great wealth, they could not withhold from him their respect. The demonstrations of vigour in the embarkation of troops for Canada were applauded unanimously by the British party, whilst the French Canadians quietly submitted, now that the Ministry appeared determined to put forth the strength of the nation in the outraged cause of law and government.

Pursuant to the Act of Parliament, vesting the legislative functions for Lower Canada in the Governor and a Special Council, to be nominated by him, Sir

John Colborne constituted his Council in the beginning of April, and summoned it to meet at Montreal. It was composed of twenty-two gentlemen of respectable character, ability, and property; selected, on the whole, with commendable impartiality from the two great classes in the province. The Council commenced its labours on the 18th of April, passed twenty-one Acts, or Ordinances, many very necessary and judicious, and was prorogued on the 5th of May.

On the 9th of May Quebec was enlivened by the arrival of the Edinburgh, 74, the Inconstant frigate, and the Apollo and Athol troop ships, having on board Major General Sir James Macdonell, and a brigade of Guards, composed of a battalion of the Grenadier and one of the Coldstream Guards. Soon after, these splendid corps disembarked and marched to the Citadel and Jesuits' Barracks, where they took up their quarters as the permanent garrison of the city. In thus sending some of the elite of her troops to occupy the chief bulwark of her power on this continent, Great Britain gave no uncertain pledge of her determination to exert her strength for the preservation of this valuable portion of her vast empire.

As soon as this fine brigade reached Quebec, the regiments quartered there were sent up the river. The head quarters of the 66th moved to Three Rivers, where we remained during the summer. Troops now poured from England into the St. Lawrence: two regiments of cavalry, several corps of infantry, with strong reinforcements for those already in the province, arrived in the early part of the summer; and our rural and quiet quarters at Three Rivers were animated by the frequent passage of steam-boats, covered with red coats, and musical with bugles and

bands. Including the regiments from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, that had arrived early in the year, the additional force amounted to about ten thousand men.

On the 27th of May, the Hastings, of 74 guns, anchored at Quebec, with the new Governor General, the Earl of Durham, on board. His Excellency did not land until the 29th, when he was received as became his high rank by Sir John Colborne, Sir James Macdonell, and a large military staff. Immediately after being sworn in at the Council Chamber, he issued a Proclamation, couched in terms of decision and energy, but in a somewhat tumid style. The Castle of St. Louis having been burned, and there being no private mansion in Quebec fitted to accommodate the new Governor, with his family and suite, the vacant House of Assembly was appropriated to this purpose; and thus, by a curious reverse, those halls, which had long echoed to eloquent declamation against the pride, and pomp, and tyranny of England, and where legislators clad in homespun garments, and preaching republicanism, had lately met, were now to be ornamented, and occupied, as a scene for the most gorgeous luxury and festivity, by one of the proudest of the English aristocracy.

Scarcely had Lord Durham established his government, when news of a vile act of piracy and arson was received at Quebec. The Sir Robert Peel, a British steam-boat on Lake Ontario, when stopping to take in wood at an American island, was boarded by a band of armed and disguised ruffians, the passengers, including several ladies, were robbed and maltreated, and the boat was burnt. The Governor General immediately issued a spirited proclamation, offering a large reward for the apprehension of the criminals;

and assuring the loyal people on the frontiers that they would be protected in future by an adequate military force, and that an application would be made for reparation of the injury by the American Government. No reparation, however, has been obtained.

Shortly after Lord Durham's arrival, congratulatory addresses of a very adulatory character began to be sent in from various parts of both provinces, and at length arrived so fast, that it required no mean tact to vary the answers—necessarily of the same purport—and avoid tautology. A spirit of overweening self-esteem characterised his Excellency's replies, accompanied with much magniloquence and many fine promises.

On the 31st of May the Governor dismissed the Executive Council of the province, by a courteous letter to each member, from Mr. Buller, his chief secretary; and soon after formed another, composed of his own secretaries, the provincial secretary, and the Commissary General—being five persons. On the 28th of June a new special council was appointed; also composed of five members. The first ordinance of the special council, dated the 28th of June, banished eight political criminals to the Islands of Bermuda; and threatened them, together with Papineau, and fifteen others, with death, if they entered the province without permission. The second ordinance pardoned all the other prisoners, and liberated them, on giving security for good behaviour. All the refugees from Lower Canada, with the above exceptions, were permitted to return to their homes, on the same conditions.

Now, however despotic and severe this first measure of the government of Lord Durham was made to appear afterwards in England, by the special pleading

of the lawyers, many wise persons in Canada thought it the most prudent mode of disposing of the eight prisoners, taken for the most part in "flagrante delicto," and who had confessed their guilt: with whom, besides, Lord Durham's government ought not to have been embarrassed. The threat to the fifteen outlaws constituted a statute, analogous to the Act against felons returning from transportation before the expiration of their sentence. The two ordinances, largely considered, were framed with due regard to the temperance of the claims of justice by a great preponderance of mercy; and their repeal at home, from a petty technicality, which might have been there amended, was deemed most unwise. The Ministry, Parliament, and people, did not understand, or sufficiently weigh and consider, the perplexing difficulties surrounding the disposal of these criminals.

Early in July the Governor General proceeded on a tour to the Upper Province, accompanied by his family. His Lordship was received at Montreal with acclamation, and a most complimentary address was there presented to him. Proceeding on his journey, he visited most of the towns "en route" to the Falls; and spent a few days there, reviewing the 43rd regiment, exercising a liberal hospitality, and shewing much civility to the Americans. After holding one or two short conferences with the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, Sir George Arthur, he returned to Quebec on the 27th of July, much pleased with his journey.

He now engaged heartily in official business, and publicly and privately laboured with sedulous diligence, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the internal economy of the provinces of his government;

under one unhappy pre-supposition and prejudice, however, that before his arrival whatever was, was wrong. Commissions to obtain information on half a dozen important subjects were instituted. The Lieutenant Governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, with certain influential persons, delegated from the Lower Provinces, were summoned to Quebec; and a grand scheme, for a federation of the five British Provinces into one General government, was submitted to their consideration.

Amidst much that was purely theoretic, and not a little that was visionary, his Excellency also busied himself with the tangible and directly useful; and conferred at least one solid benefit on the cities of Quebec and Montreal, by establishing a good police in each, which was much required. Moreover, his Lordship improved the former city's appearance, by removing the unsightly remains of the Château of St. Louis, that had been burned down, and forming a handsome terrace on its commanding scite. This has been named the Durham Terrace: it affords a cheerful and healthy promenade for the inhabitants, and a magnificent view of the river immediately below; with its two channels, the Island of Orleans, and a wide sweep of the surrounding country.

But about the middle of September the important intelligence arrived, that the very first measure of Lord Durham's administration, namely, the ordinance transporting the eight criminals to Bermuda, had been disallowed by the Queen; which at once put a stop to all his plans of real, or imaginary, reform and improvement, for he instantly declared his intention of resigning. This was not to be wondered at. He had often complained that the Ministry had not sup-

ported him in Parliament, in a cordial and manly way, on questions connected with the appointment of some of his officers; and now, by this vital blow at his consequence and authority, they degraded the Governor General so much, that no man, with proper respect to his own character, still less a proud and vain man, like Lord Durham, could submit to the treatment. The only wonder was, how any Ministry could suppose he would.

The news produced great consternation amongst loyal people in Canada, and numerous public meetings were forthwith held, expressing deep regret at the prospect of losing Lord Durham; with some indignation at the conduct of the Ministry and the House of Lords. The answers to all their addresses rang the changes on three or four topics; and consisted of peevish, and somewhat undignified, complaints of the Lords and the Ministers—lamentations over the ruin of splendid plans of improvement in the Canadas, and promises of great exertions for their welfare in his place in Parliament.

On the 9th of October a long proclamation of the Governor General was published in Quebec, which was framed in a much worse spirit than these puling replies; and was altogether a most extraordinary and unstatesman-like document. It was imbued throughout by the most offensive and egotistic tone of wounded pride; and in thus formally appealing to a distant and distracted colony, against the official affront he had received from the Supreme Government, the Earl of Durham forgot his duty as a British subject, and behaved like a man bereft of all sense of allegiance, and all considerations of propriety, by the desire of revenge. The intimation to the outlawed traitors, contained in the proclamation, that they might now

safely return to the province, at the very time that an extensive conspiracy of invasion was on foot, might have been, and was calculated to be, infinitely mischievous.

A dinner was given to Lord Durham by the Brigade of Guards at Quebec, a day or two previous to his departure, of which some notice was afterwards taken at home. It was merely a courteous and valedictory acknowledgment of his hospitality to the officers, was devoid of all political bearing, and deserved no such reprehension as it received from party spirit in England. On this occasion his Lordship shewed correct taste and some magnanimity, in proposing the Duke of Wellington's health, after what had recently happened in the House of Lords.

"On the 1st of November, the Earl of Durham, having thrown up his government from personal pique, embarked for England in the Inconstant frigate; leaving the country of his own will, and without permission, on the very eve of a second rebellion. Yet was his departure good for the province; for the presence of a civil Governor, of such large self-importance, would have seriously impeded Sir John Colborne, in the decisive measures which the exigencies of the times required.

CHAPTER LIV.

VISIT TO THE FALLS OF SHUANAGAM IN FULL FLOOD.—OUTBURST OF THE SECOND CANADIAN REBELLION.—ITS SPEEDY SUPPRESSION.—INVASION OF UPPER CANADA AT DIFFERENT POINTS BY AMERICAN BANDS.—AFFAIR OF PRESCOTT.—OF WINDSOR.—BARBARITIES COMMITTED BY THE INVADERS.—LORD DURHAM'S REPORT.

> "This apish and unmannerly approach
> The king doth smile at, and is well prepared
> To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms
> From out the circle of his territories."
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

THE 66th regiment passed a quiet summer at Three Rivers and Sorel. At the former place our head quarters were established; and the King's Dragoon Guards—a superb corps, recently arrived from England, were also quartered there.

The large river St. Maurice being very high, after the melting of the winter snow, a party of three of our officers, in company with Mr. Grieve, a gentleman of Three Rivers, went to visit the Shuanagam falls, under these favourable circumstances. We started in a waggon in the evening for the Forges, slept in Mr. Bell's house there; crossed the river in a flat, early next morning, and proceeded up the left bank ten miles, through thick forests, to a stream called the Caché, which falls into the St. Maurice. Here our intelligent and enterprising friend had lately founded a little settlement; seized the impetuous river by the beard—wharfed the shore—anchored huge beams athwart

the turbulent waters, to guide the course of his logs—formed a dam, and built a saw-mill, which was now vigorously at work, cutting up enormous logs as easily as we would peal a rush. On the hill above the Caché was an incipient farm, in the first year of its existence, where the delicate blades of the young wheat were luxuriating and triumphing over the prostrate forest. Here the infant "power of cultivation" might rejoice at

"——— the wonders of his toil;"

though, as long as the black stumps stuck out in rather too strong and high relief, the said power had still a great deal to do.

After breakfasting with excellent appetite in our friend's neat little cottage, we embarked in a handsome, new, birch canoe, manned by four active voyageurs, and proceeded merrily up the river. This was no easy task, for the water was very high, and the current powerful. We first shot across, in nervous proximity to the immediate suction of a tremendous rapid, and then, keeping close to the edge, brushing the trees, now standing deep in the water, and pulling ourselves along by their branches, we slowly ascended to the "Greys" Rapid, where we were obliged to make a long portage. Here the St. Maurice tumbles over the rocks, and rushes between the wooded islets very grandly; and we spent half an hour in admiring the wild and varied beauties of the place, as much as a host of hungry mosquetoes would permit. Again embarking, we proceeded on our way, entertained by song after song of our four voyageurs; alternating with some incredible, but laughable, adventure of Etienne Brisac, one of the number; who, it seemed, had been a great traveller, and had descended the

Columbia river to the Pacific. After a most pleasant voyage, in delightful weather, we reached our destination at three o'clock.

I had seen these beautiful Falls nine years before, as already mentioned; but then the water was low. Now the river was full to overflowing, and the "giant element" was leaping "with delirious bound," in the finest style from rock to rock, and huge granite rock too. A couple of enormous streams—distinct under other circumstances—had, half-way down the precipice, now mingled their foaming waters; and where the opposing cataracts met, there was indeed an awful conflict. The third branch pitched boldly by itself over the high bank, and then bounded down two hundred yards, roaring and raging, until it joined the others; when all three united in one stupendous boiling rapid—swelling, surging, and thundering like a stormy sea, and requiring a long level course to compose it into quiescence.

It is to be deplored that on occasions like this, when, after a five hours journey, we gaze with unsated delight on any magnificent object before us, the vile animal within, unsatisfied with the gape-seed, will gnaw and pinch, and become clamorous for more substantial food. It cannot be helped; but this is one considerable inconvenience of our material nature. For a full hour we bore up against, or stifled the sensation; but the wolf at length prevailed, and all that was refined, or mental, or sentimental, surrendered at discretion.

We made our voyageurs carry the basket of provisions to a point on the high bank, commanding the best view of the Falls, where Lord and Lady Aylmer had formerly lunched; and found the rural benches prepared for them by the civility of Mr. Bell still in

existence, though very ricketty. In coming up the steep hill from the place of landing, Etienne Brisac unfortunately made a slip; and he and our basket of provisions, borne on his head, all at once disappeared from our view at the top, and we gave up our drinkables, at least, as a total loss. Man and hamper went down the hill, tumbling over each other mutually, and cannoning from one tree to another, like billiard balls; till at last they were both brought up by a friendly maple. Thanks to careful packing, we had only to lament the breaking of our tumblers and glasses; but the Columbia river voyageur was prompt in manufacturing substitutes, and we drank our Champaigne out of birch bark goblets with infinite gusto. The return voyage down the full stream was gloriously exciting, and its rapidity in fine contrast with our slow morning progress.

Towards the end of autumn reports of coming disturbances began to thicken, and intelligence to crowd in from all quarters, of a dangerous and wide spread plot against the peace of these provinces. Extensive preparations had been for some months going on in the border states, for a fresh invasion of the Canadas, and this formidable conspiracy was no longer confined to the demoralized rabble on the frontiers. Respectable persons, in all classes of society, at once considered themselves released from the obligations of morality, the restraints of conscience, and the specific engagements of the national faith, in a treaty of friendship with England. Large sums of money were raised—depôts of arms and provisions prepared, numerous secret societies, with fictitious names and objects formed; and sixty thousand names enrolled in Vermont, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky,

and one or two other States; with the object of wresting the Canadas from the dominion of Great Britain.

But many traitors, as might be expected, were found amongst this wicked confederacy; and the base covetousness which first set it on foot defeated its own objects. Sir John Colborne and Sir George Arthur soon had secret and accurate information of what was going on, and made their preparations accordingly. The author was permitted to see four or five written communications of this description, received from persons residing far apart, in different States, but all concurring in the main facts. On the whole (he has been informed on high authority,) that fourteen documents of this nature—some of great length—were received from persons residing in the above mentioned States, who were sworn members of the Hunters Lodges; and that this important information was not communicated from any proper motive, but, as most of the writers confessed frankly, for the sake of pecuniary reward, though at the risk of their lives. In these communications very minute statements were given of the numbers, means, arrangements, and objects of the conspirators; and it was remarkable how nearly they all agreed in the great outlines of the plot. Several civil and military officers of the United States, and of the States governments, acting from honourable motives, furnished corroborating intelligence of this wide spread confederacy, whilst they lamented their own inability to put it down.

Simultaneously with this vast conspiracy, numerous emissaries traversed Lower Canada, exciting to rebellion, exaggerating the great preparations making in the States, and threatening all who would not swear to rise when warned, with proscription and

death. At least thirty thousand habitans in the Montreal district were included in the list of men to be depended upon for insurrection; bound solemnly to rise in arms when they should receive the order: whilst many more, who hesitated to commit themselves so far, were intimidated into a promise to remain quiet, and make no opposition.

The Earl of Durham sailed down the St. Lawrence for England, felicitating himself on having effected "the cessation of American sympathy with any attempt to disturb the Canadas, and the restoration of good will between them and a great kindred nation," to use his own words. Scarcely was his back turned when important events flatly contradicted this self adulatory statement; a new rebellion burst forth, and the border Americans sympathized with the insurgents more ardently, and helped them more effectually than before.

The second insurrection, like the first, broke out prematurely. Late in October Sir John Colborne had gone to Quebec, to take over the government on the departure of Lord Durham; and it was believed that this duty, and certain arrangements consequent on it, would detain him there a week. The conspirators fixed on Saturday, the 3rd of November, for a general rising throughout the western part of the Montreal district; and it was intended to collect an overwhelming force, attack the garrisons of Laprairie, St. John's Chambly, and Sorel, and obtain military possession of all the right bank of the St. Lawrence, from the boundary line to the mouth of the Richelieu, before the Commander of the Forces would have returned from Quebec, or any military strength could be sent across from Montreal.

But the war-worn chief with whom they had to do

was too vigilant and too active for their calculations; and before they supposed half his work was done at Quebec, he suddenly appeared at Montreal on Sunday morning, the 4th of November; instantly proclaimed martial law, caused several suspected persons to be arrested, and began preparations for crossing the river at the head of a strong force.

On Saturday night the bulk of the population in the county of Laprairie, along the Chateaugay river, and the greater part of the L'Acadie and Beauharnois rose in arms. They attacked the houses of several isolated royalists, murdered a man at Tortu, invested the seignorial mansion of Mr. Ellice at Beauharnois, captured his son, his agent Mr. Brown, and some ladies; and soon after got possession of a steam-boat that touched at the village. On the morning of the 4th of November, some bands of insurgents from Verchères, Contrecœur, and that neighbourhood moved towards St. Denis and St. Charles on the Richelieu, expecting to find depôts of arms in these places, and other towns along its banks, as had been promised, and hoping to raise the people. An enterprizing fellow named Malhiot was at the head of this movement; and intended, it was said, to attack Sorel, if he could muster the force he anticipated.

We had the 66th about six hundred strong, at this important post, with a hundred volunteers, and three guns. A good deal of alarm was felt by the population at the vicinity of the rebels, who remained five or six days in possession of St. Ours, and even pushed an advanced guard within five miles of Sorel: several of the French Canadians, in consequence, ran away from the village. One or two of our married officers, also, who lived at some distance from the barracks, illuminated their houses, night after night, to frighten

away the rebels; on the same principle as Hottentots and Hindoos make blazing fires to keep off lions and tigers. But there was little ground for apprehension; for with proper military management of such a garrison, no number of miserable, half armed insurgents could have taken the place, nor was it at all probable that they would presume to attack it. The rebels soon found they could gain few recruits in the valley of the Richelieu, where the serious results of last year's attempt were still freshly remembered; and not finding the arms that had been promised, nor any American assistance, they began to melt away and return secretly to their homes. Malhiot perceiving his followers diminishing fast, conducted about three hundred who remained faithful to a strong position at a mill, on the side of the Boucherville mountain.

Sunday, the 4th of November, was a day not soon to be forgotten in Montreal. The real successes of the rebels, with the usual exaggerations of rumour, were soon bruited through the town: the loyal inhabitants flew to arms simultaneously, and the whole city resounded with martial preparations. The garrison got ready for action—the chief avenues to the town were barricaded—guards were placed at the most commanding points, and stationed to defend the banks; and when evening fell, the magistrates, apprehending treachery in the night, caused the houses to be illuminated. Throughout that exciting night few persons thought of sleep; and as the groups of variously armed figures, casting fantastic shadows, were moving continually, and in all directions through the streets—rapid horsemen hurrying to and fro, and the heavy wheels of artillery rattling along—the whole scene resembled some vast phantasmagoria, or the assembling of an army when going forth to battle:—

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous haste,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

In the course of the day, intelligence was received, that the red children of the forest had given the first check to this second rebellion; and soon after, sixty prisoners, taken by the loyal Indians of Cochnawaga, afforded ocular proof of the fact. The grateful aborigines thus repaid the paternal protection of the government; whilst the white man, stupified and paralyzed by his consciousness of guilt, lost his wonted superiority when he became a criminal, and surrendered without resistance.

Robert Nelson, who took the chief command of the rebel force, now established his head quarters at a village in the county of L'Acadie, called Napierville, where he collected a body of about five thousand men. He arrested and disarmed the loyal inhabitants, formed a commissariat and magazines of provisions; and with the assistance of two or three French and Polish adventurers, began to divide his motley army into squads, companies, and battalions, and give it a hasty organization.

He now endeavoured to open a communication with his American friends, led on by Côte and Gagnon, two of the patriot chiefs; who, a day or two before, in attempting to enter the province, had been repulsed at Lacolle by the loyal militia, with the loss of their gun. To retrieve this misfortune, and clear his rear, Nelson moved in person on the 8th of November, at the head of a thousand men, to attack the militia at Odell Town. These gallant men, far inferior in number, under the able guidance of Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, of the regular forces, threw them-

selves into a Methodist Chapel, and defended it with such determined resolution as to beat off Nelson with much loss, after a hot affair of five hours. The gun captured at Lacolle, which was placed in front of the Chapel, did much execution amongst the insurgents; and here, on a small scale, the determined bravery of the Artillery at Waterloo was reacted—the men who served it were frequently obliged to retire into the Chapel by the close fire of the insurgents, who several times attempted to carry off the gun, but were always prevented by the musketry from the Chapel.

On this occasion Nelson was accused by his own people of want of personal courage, and of having kept out of the heat of the fire, under pretence of affording professional assistance to his wounded followers. He was in consequence grossly insulted by his discomfited troops, who even threatened to deliver him up to the British authorities. This doughty General, bearing the name of Nelson, having abandoned his peaceful profession for the strife of arms, he was no longer at liberty to fall back on it when he found the new practice more dangerous than he expected. Besides, a surgeon, as well as a soldier, should have a lion's heart; and one of the sacrificial animals of the father of the fraternity, the God Æsculapius, was a game cock.

For three or four days, troops of all arms were pouring across the St. Lawrence, and collecting at St. John's. On the 8th of November two fine brigades, under Major Generals Macdonell and Clitheroe, advanced on Napierville, where Sir John Colborne arrived on the 10th; but, a few hours before, all the rebels had dispersed.

As soon as the Glengarry colonists, on the north shore of Lake St. Francis, heard of the rising at

Beauharnois and the capture of the steam-boat, they assembled with extraordinary promptitude, crossed the river at Coteau du Lac, and advanced on Beauharnois, assisted by a detachment of the 71st regiment. After some slight skirmishing the village was taken, and the greater part of it burned the same night. On their approach Mr. Ellice and his companions in captivity were ordered to Napierville, but on the way, the rebel guard having heard of the dispersion of their friends, set them at liberty.

On the night of the 7th of November we received orders at Sorel for the advance of the 66th up the valley of the Richelieu, to clear it entirely of Malhiot's bands, and open the communication with Chambly and St. John's. It had rained incessantly for nearly three days, and the streets of the village, and the roads, were more navigable for a skiff than passable for pedestrians. In seven or eight hours after the receipt of his orders, Lieutenant Colonel Johnson, at the head of a strong column, composed of the 66th, two guns, and a detachment of volunteer cavalry, marched out of Sorel in the direction of St. Ours. As the column was leaving the village a steam-boat came to the wharf with some companies of the Grenadier Guards on board, on their way to Montreal, who began to cheer merrily. This was answered by our people, and re-echoed by the Guards, the other passengers, and a crowd of spectators, until the troops were out of hearing; whilst in my mind this stirring scene linked itself with reminiscences of battle fields of days of yore.

The Honourable Colonel Cathcart, commanding the King's Dragoon Guards at Chambly, one of the best officers in the service, had been indefatigable in his exertions in keeping all his neighbourhood in

submission, and baffling the schemes of the rebels. On the approach of our column to St. Hilaire, he communicated with Colonel Johnston, and we were informed that Malhiot still occupied a strong position on the Boucherville mountain. The roads were horrible, but the troops advanced on the enemy's post, accompanied by Colonel Cathcart, some dragoons, and the artillery. The enemy stood till the column was within a short distance of the mountain, when their hearts failed them, and they dispersed in every direction. The 66th found three guns, some muskets and pikes, and a considerable quantity of ammunition.

This absurd insurrection being effectually quashed, prisoners were brought in in great numbers, and the Montreal gaol was soon filled. The great lenity of the Government on the former occasion having been so grossly misunderstood, and so criminally abused, it now became an act of the clearest necessity, as well as justice, to make some examples. As it was plain that proceedings in the ordinary courts of law would be quite nugatory, and no dependance could be placed on the sanctity of an oath with a French Canadian jury, when a political bias warped their judgment to consider treason a venial offence—as a recent trial for the murder of a man named Chartrand had proved—a Military Court was ordered to assemble at Montreal, for the trial of the most guilty of the prisoners.

Here one cannot refrain from noticing the moral degradation that has taken place in the character of the Canadians of this district since 1765. Then a terrible fire laid the city desolate in a few hours, destroying property to an enormous extent. England, as usual, extended her liberal hand in relief; the Governor, Murray, investigated the loss, and such

was the honesty of the new subjects of Great Britain, and perhaps their gratitude at her recent exertions in recovering from the French Government a large proportion of the sums out of which they had been cheated by the Intendant, Bigôt, that the majority of the sufferers, when called upon to state their losses on oath, underrated the amount considerably, from tenderness of conscience and strict regard to truth.

The Court Martial consisted of fourteen Field Officers and Captains in the Army, with Major General Clitherow their President. It met on the 19th of November, sat nearly four months, was abused by an injudicious and violent press for the cautious regularity of its proceedings, and tried one hundred and twelve prisoners, ninety-nine of whom were convicted of high treason and rebellion on the clearest evidence. Twelve of the most criminal convicts were executed, two of whom had been concerned in the murder of Chartrand, already alluded to; several were pardoned, and fifty-four had their sentence of death commuted into transportation. Although most of the prisoners were instructed to protest, in limine, against the jurisdiction of the Court Martial, such was the perfect fairness of the trials, that there was not a breath of complaint from any quarter, as to the solemn and equitable manner in which its proceedings had been conducted.

The American friends of the Canadian insurgents were not idle in aid of their attempt. On the 12th of November a large party of armed men embarked in a schooner, and in the United States American steamboat, at Oswego, which took them down to Ogdensburgh. Here they obtained possession of the boat, and crossed over direct to Prescott; but finding opposition likely as they approached the wharf, they

dropped down the river a couple of miles, and then landed. These invaders, two hundred and fifty in number, under the command of a Pole named Von Schoultz, immediately occupied a strong stone windmill and some houses, and built a breastwork on a commanding position for three guns they had brought with them: they then looked anxiously for reinforcements from the opposite side. But the activity of a couple of armed British steam-boats, and of Colonel Worth of the American army, prevented any aid from passing the river; and these daring brigands now found themselves cut off from the American shore—no individual joined them, but, on the contrary, the neighbouring militia assembled promptly to destroy them. They were attacked almost immediately, with the greatest gallantry, by a combined force of Militia, Royal Marines, and a detachment of the 83rd Regiment, commanded by Major Young, then on particular service at Prescott. The invaders fought well, but were obliged to abandon their exterior defences, and confine themselves to the windmill and two stone houses, which they maintained with bravery and resolution. Finally, the militia were forced to retire from the attack, first planting a line of strong investing pickets, and to wait for heavy artillery from Kingston, which was brought down in a day or two by the Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Dundas, with a wing of the 83rd Regiment. The band of invaders were then all taken and imprisoned in Fort Henry at Kingston.

'A very gallant officer of the 83rd, named Johnston, and a brave militia officer of the name of Dalmage, here lost their lives; and in all eighty men were killed or wounded, a loss much greater than any yet sustained in repelling these piratical incursions. The body of poor Johnston was brutally and shamefully

mutilated. During the action the wharfs and shores at Ogdensburgh were covered with spectators, taking the most lively interest in what was going on, and cheering their friends in the windmill when they saw the militia retiring from the attack.

This affair was, according to my humble opinion, more demonstrative of the boiling bravery of all parties than of much military talent in the conduct of the attack; for it might and ought to have been foreseen, that a substantial, circular, stone windmill, flanked by stone houses, and defended by artillery, would not be likely to yield to musketry; particularly when garrisoned by desperate men, and in sufficient number. Strong covered posts of investment, therefore, to hold the occupiers in check and prevent foraging or predatory incursions, would have answered every purpose until heavy artillery arrived. However, it ought to be added, that nothing is more difficult than to restrain the ardour of brave but undisciplined troops; and here the circumstances of the invasion, the apprehension of aid to the invaders from the American side, or of their making their escape, were all calculated to stimulate it in no common degree.

Another irruption took place soon after on this devoted frontier. A body of between three and four hundred marauders crossed the Detroit river, near Windsor, surprised a small party of militia, exhausted by long vigilance, and burned their barracks. They also burned a British steam-boat, and committed two or three wanton murders, one of which was of a very savage description. Assistant Staff Surgeon Hume, a young man of extremely mild and humane character, being short sighted, had the misfortune to mistake these brigands for a body of Canadian militia, and rode up to them with unsuspecting confidence. He

was instantly pierced by half a dozen balls, and after his fall the miscreants cut up and mutilated his body with their bowie knives, as was done to Lieutenant Johnston at Prescott. These were unnatural and fiendish atrocities, only comparable to the shameful gashing of the corpses of the Swiss defenders of the Thuilleries by the Poissardes of the French revolution, and such as I am persuaded would not be committed by large bodies of men of any other civilized nation on the face of the earth.

It is impossible to hear of such diabolical acts—perpetrated to force republicanism on a British province, by the citizens of a country that vaunts so highly of her institutions—without a shudder of intense disgust. Nor can I contemplate other dreadful anomalies between theory and practice in the states, without a feeling of contemptuous indignation. Truly would it become this self-adulating Land, to lower her lofty pretensions, or to mend her manners. Her citizens are now morally retrograding every where, and at an accelerating pace. The population of the remote interior is already far advanced into savagery, and fast throwing off all moral or legal restraints—indeed the dominion of the law is only a fiction. Away from the large cities there is no law but that of force—every man does that which is right in his own eyes, revenges his own wrongs—arms himself to the teeth with newly invented weapons, apt to shed blood, and pours it out like water.

The career of the Detroit invaders was short. They were attacked by the militia, and all killed, made prisoners, or dispersed in the woods; where many perished miserably, but a few were picked up, half frozen, by the Indians. Three or four were shot immediately after surrender, by Colonel Prince, who

commanded the British militia; an inhumanity that cannot be justified, for they should have had trial, however summary, before execution. Sir George Arthur ordered Courts Martial to assemble, pursuant to a provincial statute; and the prisoners taken here and at Prescott were tried before them. Fourteen were hanged, including Von Schoultz, the Polish adventurer; a large number were pardoned, and sent home to the States, and eighty-two had their sentence of death mitigated into transportation to Australia.

A number of false alarms were got up along the frontier, during the remainder of the winter, and several incendiary forays took place; in which isolated loyalists on the British side had their houses and barns burned by Canadian refugees, assisted by their American friends. Consequently, the duties of the regular troops and militia became very harrassing; the men being kept constantly on the alert, to repel any serious invasion, or hunt the incendiaries; who generally escaped. But any combined or extensive plan of offensive operations, against the Canadian provinces, appeared to be now out of the question; the exiles being quite dispirited by their repeated defeats, and destitute of funds or munitions for any fresh attempt. Their American allies, too, began to cool in their sympathy, and to feel a little disgusted at the useless outlay of their money; and the President, seeing the case hopeless, was proportionately unfriendly to it. The more respectable portion of the American press* had always viewed the causeless in-

* I cannot abstain from adverting to the valuable services of the New York Albion in the good cause, during the late troubles. Under the able guidance of Dr. Bartlett, it has risen to the highest character, as a literary and political journal; and whilst it has

surrection, and its bearings on their national relations with England, in a proper light; but now the philo-patriot journals also were becoming rational, and beginning to recover from their absurd hallucination. Under these favourable circumstances, when peaceably disposed people, on both sides the Line, were preparing for better times, all at once new subjects of colonial and international mischief were started. Governor Fairfield of Maine threw down his boundary gauntlet, and Lord Durham flung his Report, like a firebrand, into the arena.

---

maintained unswerving fidelity towards England, it has never needlessly offended the government that protects it; but on the contrary, by its courteous, impartial, and gentlemanly tone, the Albion has always acted the noble part of peace-maker between the kindred countries; smoothing asperities, softening difficulties, pointing to the notice of each their mutual good qualities—in every way promoting harmony, and endeavouring, with much tact and temper, to keep John Bull and his strapping son Jonathan good friends.

CHAPTER LV.

THE SUMMER OF 1839, A QUIET SEASON IN LOWER CANADA.—SERIOUS ANNOYANCES AND DANGERS, ACCRUING TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE UPPER PROVINCE, FROM THE CANADIAN REFUGEES IN THE BORDER STATES.—A BETTER FEELING PREVALENT IN THE OTHER STATES OF THE UNION.—PECULIAR DIFFICULTY OF MAINTAINING FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH A FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—ARRIVAL OF THE HONOURABLE CHARLES POULETT THOMPSON, THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.—DEPARTURE OF SIR JOHN COLBORNE.—LAST FISHING TRIP OF THE AUTHOR TO JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.

"For a long time I lived a single life and abhorred marriage; nay, more, railed at marriage, and did heap up all bitter sayings against women. But now I recant with Stesichorus, 'Palonodiam cano, nec pænitet censeri in ordine maritorum.' I approve of marriage. I am glad I am a married man. I am heartily glad I have a wife, so sweet a wife, so young a wife, so chaste a wife, so noble a wife; and I do wish and desire all other men to marry, and especially scholars; that, as of old Martia did by Hortensius, Terentia by Tullus, Calphurnia to Plinius; Pudentilla to Apuleius—hold the candle, whilst their husbands did meditate and write; so theirs may do to them as my dear Camilla doth to me." BEROALDUS.

"Prince, thou art sad—get thee a wife—get thee a wife."
SHAKESPEARE.

In the early part of 1839, Sir John Colborne appointed several stipendiary magistrates in various populous parts of the Montreal district; and also established a rural police in some of the chief villages; both being measures of great importance, in protecting person and property, and guarding the habitans within their superintendence, from the seditious practices of the emissaries of mischief.

In the beginning of summer the important intelligence arrived, that the legislative re-union of Upper and Lower Canada was to be made a government measure; and the draft of a Bill to this effect was sent out from England. The French Canadians were at first favourable to this measure, conceiving that the representation of the united provinces would be mainly based on the respective population of each. Consequently, with the aid of the reformers of the upper part of the Province, on which they built, they believed with reason they should recover their old ascendency, and be able to thwart and beard the government, as they had done in the good old times of Papineau. But when they discovered that an entirely new Bill had been prepared in Canada, distinctly framed to prevent their recovery of their former mischievous power; and that the numerical representation of the two provinces was to be equal, and founded more on prospective, than present, population—with many other stipulations which they did not anticipate —they became violent opponents of the measure of the union, and continue to inveigh against it with the utmost bitterness to the present day.

The leaders of this passive people, even after the recent extinction of two pitiful attempts at independence, have not yet adapted themselves to their real situation, nor ceased to dream of establishing at no distant period "une grande et puissante nation" on the St. Lawrence. The philosophers of this school, however, have never been remarkable for their sagacity; and their calculations, for fifty or sixty years at least, are likely to be as erroneous as heretofore. Like the Spanish Generals in the great Peninsular struggle, who were always annihilating the French armies in their dispatches, although they never could

stand before them for a moment in the field, these gentry are perpetually gloating over the ruin of British influence on this Continent; and the utter defeat of every successive attempt to accomplish it, has no curative effect on their political monomania—

> "Destroy his web of sophistry; in vain,
> The creature's at his dirty work again."

Our summer this year was a very quiet one in the Lower province, but some atrocious acts of incendiarism were perpetrated in Upper Canada, by villains from the State of New York; and others meditated, but frustrated. A daring plot to burn the town of Coburgh, and murder some of the inhabitants, was detected by the providential contrition of one of the conspirators, who possessed a little more humanity than the rest. But the whole frontier part of the Province was kept in a constant state of alarm: threatening notices of arson and death were constantly served on the most loyal and influential individuals; and from the neighbouring nominally friendly State, the miserable outcasts launched with impunity every weapon of annoyance, against the country that had spurned them from her bosom.

That a better feeling prevailed throughout the interior, and on the sea-board of the United States this year, was proved by several facts. Formerly, in acts of aggression on the British Provinces, the American courts of justice yielded no redress; for, either no conviction could be obtained, or no punishment followed. But this summer Mackenzie and Van Ransellaer were both tried, found guilty of making war on Great Britain, fined and imprisoned. In the course of a tour to the Canadian frontier, President Van Buren every where inculcated lessons of peace, ob-

livion of the past, moderation, and good neighbourhood; and lectured the people of Oswego, especially, on the great risk the nation had run of engaging in an unjust war with England, from the bad conduct of the borderers.

I believe that the British authorities in the Canadian provinces have acted with scrupulous good faith and delicacy towards the States Governments, and the Washington Cabinet, during the troubles of the last three or four years. Yet when any international difficulties occur, it is no easy matter to preserve friendly or peaceful relations; not so much, perhaps, from the fault of the people in power on either side, as from the peculiar constitution of the Federal Government, and of the different actually independent sovereignties of which it is composed. There are so many fine lines, distinctions, and gradations, between the jurisdiction of the United States and that of particular States; and thus, so many choice facilities of shuffling inconvenient foreign questions from one to the other, that, although a Governor may desire to act conscientiously, the gentlemen of the black robe, who have an interest in it, will not let him; but will probably puzzle and perplex the honest man into the line of conduct they desire. On the other hand, if he does not wish to act up to the golden rule towards his neighbours, he has only to transfer the business, whatever it may be, to the General Government, and say it is no affair of his. The General Government, again, may decline to act; and aver that they have no proper jurisdiction in the matter.

Governor Marcy of the State of New York was requested by Sir Francis Head, to deliver up to justice Mackenzie, who had just committed robbery of the person, robbery of the mail, arson of a dwelling house,

and had been an accessary in murder. Governor Marcy, being resolved for political reasons to screen this great criminal, replied, "No; if Mr. Mackenzie had been only a robber, incendiary, or murderer, I might give him up; but as he is, besides, accused of treason, you shall not touch a hair of his head." A determination, which, considering what has since followed, His Excellency Governor Marcy has, no doubt, much regretted.

Governor Jennison of Vermont was asked by Sir John Colborne, last summer, to give up a felon, named Holmes. This man, after seducing the wife of Mr. Tasché, a Canadian gentleman, travelled in mid-winter, at the instigation of the adulteress, two hundred miles to murder the husband, and accomplished his purpose by shooting him through the head, in the cariole in which he journied; having inveigled Mr. Tasché into it, by promising to give the unfortunate man late accounts of his wife and family. The murderer then conveyed his victim, still bleeding, some miles in the carriage, until he found a retired place to hide the corpse. The Governor of Vermont finding no reason to doubt Holmes' guilt—full evidence of which, contained in the proceedings of the coroner's inquest, having been laid before him—gave orders to deliver him up to the Canadian executive. But the lawyers got hold of the case, procrastinated it as long as they could, in the Vermont Courts; and as a last resource, appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, which issued a habeas, and prevented this honest Governor from doing what was right. Thus a diabolical villain has escaped the gallows; and what makes the case the more remarkable is, that at this very time, on the requisition of the same Vermont executive, Sir John Colborne gave up to the

American officers of justice some common delinquent, who had fled into Lower Canada.

In the course of the summer of 1839, two or three little scenes of an interesting nature were exhibited to her majesty's loyal lieges at Montreal. A handsome and valuable piece of plate had been voted by them to Colonel Wetherall, of the royal regiment, for his eminent services at St. Charles, and ordered out from London. The ship Colborne conveying it, was wrecked in Carlisle Bay, on the coast of Gaspé; the greater part of the crew perished, the vessel went to pieces, and the plate was given up for lost. Several weeks afterwards, a box was picked up on the other side of the bay, forty miles distant, containing the identical plate, only slightly tarnished by the salt water. A handsome address accompanied the presentation of this well earned trophy; and some imaginative pen may yet make the incident a subject for song or sonnet; and represent honest Neptune as indignantly refusing to appropriate this tribute, which accident had placed in his power.

That distinguished officer, Lieutenant General Sir James Macdonell, had been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath, but no opportunity of personal investiture with the insignia had yet occurred. Early in September this ceremony took place at Sir John Colborne's residence, with the usual imposing accompaniments of guards of honour, waving banners, a brilliant cortége, and military music. With much grace and propriety, one eminent soldier was thus the Royal representative, in conferring this honour on another gallant companion in arms; and that well tried sword, which had led the 52nd to victory, on many a hard fought field; and finally waved before them when they routed a column of Napoleon's

Guard, on the evening of Waterloo, was now most fitly employed, in bestowing Knighthood on the stalwart and indomitable defender of Hougomont.

As an appropriate sequel, it should be added, that, immediately before Sir John Colborne's embarkation for England, Sir James Macdonell returned the compliment, by investing him with the Grand Cross of the Bath; accompanying the ceremony by a very good speech.

Contrasted with these attractive military spectacles, but far more intrinsically important in its ulterior bearings, was the ceremony of laying the first stone of a University at Montreal; for the endowment of which, Mr. James M'Gill, a patriotic gentleman of that city, had bequeathed a large sum of money. Herein I am convinced that a virtuous man, like Sir John Colborne, would feel infinitely more enjoyment than in receiving any personal honour himself. And in the declining years of his active and distinguished life, the recollection, that by his last official act in the Lower Province—as by the establishment of numerous rectories—the last in the Upper, he had been permanently and vitally useful to both, must yield him the purest happiness. The civic crown is best merited by him, who, after crushing rebellion and restoring order, adopts the only certain means for its continuance, by the establishment and diffusion of general knowledge, chastened by religious truth.

Towards the close of the summer, reports got into circulation, that serious differences, as to some important points of civil policy, had occurred between the Home Government and the Administrator of Canada. At length it became certainly known that he

was soon to be recalled; and that the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thompson was to be appointed in his stead, and might soon be expected in Quebec; accompanied by Lieutenant General Sir Richard Jackson, as Commander of the Forces.

This intelligence was not much relished by the British and commercial part of the community in either Province, who feared for the peace of the country, after their tried, faithful, and energetic commander should have left them. They were also indisposed to Mr. Thompson for other reasons; having cause to believe that he differed from their views in some weighty matters; and was averse to the continuance of protecting duties in England on their staple export, timber; a point not only seriously affecting their individual interests, but as they justly believed, the great shipping and trading interests; and even the naval power of Great Britain.

On the 17th of October the Pique frigate, which had so often been employed in conveying Governors to and from Canada, again arrived in Quebec, with the new Governor and Commander of the Forces on board; and on the 19th, when Sir John Colborne had come down from Montreal to receive him, his Excellency landed, proceeded to the old château, and took the usual oaths, in the presence of the executive council, a large number of military officers, and a great concourse of respectable civilians. The new Governor's appearance and demeanour on this occasion made favourable impression; his physiognomy evinced benevolence and intelligence, and he went through the inaugural ceremonies in a quiet gentlemanly manner. I stood close to him at this time, and was pained to observe some indications of broken

constitution and delicate health.* His Excellency then commenced his administration by a sensible and appropriate proclamation, both well conceived and well expressed.

An affecting scene took place at Montreal, when their revered commander and friend, Sir John Colborne, took his final departure. A large concourse of the British population, with a most numerous military staff, escorted him to the wharf, and on his embarkation bade the veteran and venerable chief "farewell!" in peals upon peals of loud, affectionate, and prolonged cheering. When at length the voice of the vast assemblage was dying away, a man perched on a mast, exclaimed—"one cheer more for the Colonel of the fifty-second!" This touched a new chord of stirring recollection in the heart of the multitude, and the acclamation was instantly resumed as loud as ever.

Finally, on the 23rd of October, Sir John and his family embarked in the Pique at Quebec, under a salute from the citadel and the shipping. The frigate got under weigh soon after; encountered a terrific thunderstorm the same night, by which her foretop-

* It does not come within the scope of this book to make any remarks on the late Lord Sydenham's energetic administration; but the Author cannot withhold the humble tribute of his admiration at the high ability, the untiring zeal, and the genuine patriotism which this lamented nobleman displayed in Canada. Unfortunately his frame was delicate, and had been much shaken by disease in early life; and at a time when his intellectual faculties had attained the full maturity of their vigour, the corporeal frame broke down; the mind in him, as in so many other clever men, had

"o'er inform'd its tenement of clay,"

and he had been on the very point of death several months before his fatal accident. The zeal he shewed on his death-bed to wind up the public business of the Province, and the calmness and fortitude which, under great suffering, characterised his last moments, are worthy of especial admiration.

mast was struck; but the lightning glanced harmlessly from the ship, for the laurelled head she bore was not destined to be thus laid low—.

> "——— the wreath which glory weaves
> Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves;"

and the Pique proceeded down the St. Lawrence, amidst the regrets and good wishes of every loyal and honourable man in Canada.

The Author, having been promoted on the medical staff of the army, had the grief of parting with his old and gallant corps, the 66th, in November this year, when it embarked for England. The severance of an old officer from a regiment in which he has passed the greater part of an active life, is only faintly and imperfectly represented by the separation of a member from the rest of the family; yet is there no other human relationship so analogous. Through the four quarters of the globe, in war and peace—in ardent youth and mature manhood—during all the changes of eight and twenty years, its hospitable mess room had been to him a happy home. His feelings may be imagined, when from the lofty citadel he watched the ship, bearing away his fine old corps, passing Point Levi, and disappearing in the distance. Brave and steady Berkshire! may your course be ever as at Oporto, and Talavera, and Vittoria, and your other hundred fields; and worthy of the day, when your conduct elicited from the great Captain of the age the memorable compliment, "they fought like lions!" beloved corps, farewell! be ye ever found—"quo fas et gloria ducunt!"

Books must end, dear Reader, and the best friends, like you and I, must part. You have read with at-

tention my little story, I fondly hope, and I really begin to regret that our growing friendship is to be disturbed so soon. But my sorrow at parting with you would be diminished, if I could think I left any little trifle in your memory, as a keepsake; or that you had picked up some minute portion of information, or innocent amusement, from the perusal of my insignificant pages. Perhaps you will now do me the favour of accompanying me on one short fishing excursion; which you will probably relish the more, (if you have any taste in this gentle craft) for the heavy politics through which we have been lately wading. At Jacques Cartier, I will tell you a tale of other days, connected with the scene of our sport. I shall then return you my best thanks, and make my bow.

Not as whilom, in the days of joyless celibacy, did I on this occasion visit my old and favourite haunt, on the river Jacques Cartier. Every bachelor, like every other sad dog, has his day; and this time was past. It is not merely not good, but decidedly bad, for man to be alone; especially after the seventh or eighth lustre, or even earlier; and we all know that the greatest philosophers and law-givers, ancient and modern, have encouraged and inculcated early marriages; attaching premiums to them, and conferring fiscal privileges, and exemption from taxes, on young husbands. The thoughtful Franklin and the impetuous Napoleon concurred in this matter; with the important difference, that the latter, who had always a spice of orientalism about him, would permit men to have wives in succession, ad libitum; the attainment of the age of thirty, or thereabouts, on the part of the lady, being of itself a valid reason for claiming

and obtaining a divorce by the husband: but as this is a secret article in the Code Napoleon, which he kept to himself, and that is not very likely to be popular with the ladies, we need say no more about it. To this conclusion, matrimony, then, most of us come at last; and our former inconsiderate railing at the yoke, serves no good purpose, except furnishing a satisfactory reason for the womankind to fit it on the tighter.

On a pleasant morning, early in August, my wife, little boy, and myself set off from Quebec by the St. Foi road. The day turned out very fine; the new mown hay perfumed us delightfully a great part of the way, and the "wavy corn" refreshed the eye, as it swayed beneath a gentle south west breeze. After a very agreeable drive of five hours we reached Déry's bridge.

A great change for the worse had taken place in the appearance of this pretty valley, for two tremendous spring floods had devastated its banks in 1837 and 1839; rising ten or twelve feet higher than the highest watermark of any flood for fifty years; bearing down large rocks and trees, and the ruins of wooden houses and broken bridges, and denuding the beautiful and picturesque banks of every thing verdant, to a considerable extent from the main channel. One enormous pine came rushing down at the top of the flood, and hitched athwart the eastern pier of the bridge, battering the masonry like a Roman Ram, as the stream acted on the top branches, and long lever of the stem. The damage done to the bridge in 1837 had been repaired the same year; but in the last spring, a flood, higher even than the former, broke up every thing again, and quite spoiled the fine glen; carrying away or prostrating a great number of the

trees along the bank, and killing many others, by barking them near the root. The tiny channels, worn by the innumerable springs along the rock, were still filled, as usual, with the cool and crystal streamlets; but the fringe of shrubs and grass, and most of their floral garniture were gone, and all from the bridge to the top of the Chute was little better than a waste.

In ten minutes after our arrival I was seated on the ledge of the rock, above the Grand Réts, cautiously dropping my fly into the dark eddy below, the favourite resting place for fish, after surmounting the great canal rapid. At the second cast I hooked a salmon; but from his brown colour it was plain he had been a long time in the fresh water, and was not in season. I played him therefore somewhat carelessly, and after a few leaps, he dashed out into the torrent and broke off; to the great grief of my son and heir, who was watching my proceedings from the high bank of the garden opposite, attended by his mamma. However, after dinner, the young gentleman was gratified by witnessing the veritable capture of a small fish.

It began to rain in the evening, and continued raining heavily all night; next morning the river had risen much, and was still rising very fast. By midday the water approached the reservoir of the live salmon, which then contained about sixty fish, who must have rejoiced if they had known how fast the river was coming to their rescue. Soon after, as the stream began to trickle over its rocky margin, and threatened to liberate the unfortunate prisoners in ten minutes more, they were all scooped out by Déry, put to death and sent off to the Quebec market, to furnish the citizens with a Good Friday dinner.

For two days the Jacques Cartier tumbled and

raged very grandly in its confined and rocky channel, and we had no fishing; but on the third the water began to fall, and after breakfast I recommenced my sport with success; killing five salmon in about two hours. In the evening I caught three more; and then, after changing my wet clothes, indulged in the luxury of a genuine havannah, seated on the airy and pleasant bridge—

"Cum duris venatibus otia miscens,"

with a manly little boy playing about my knees; and as darkness closed in, bidding his papa good night.

O thou desolate and discomfortable Cœlebs; little knowest thou the delights of paternal affection, or the sweetness of thy child's fragrant kiss, as he parteth with thee to press his little couch; or again, before thou retirest to rest, the happiness thou mightest enjoy, in seeing him nestled in tranquil and rosy sleep; thine own lineaments, softened and beautified, stamped upon his innocent face—sure of hearing his beloved voice, the first sound in the morning. O miserable man!

"——— cur toro viduo jaces?
Tristem juventam solve ———
——— optimos vitæ dies
Effluere prohibe. ———"

Why on thy solitary couch repose;
Get thee a wife to banish lonely woes;
Let not thy morn of life unbless'd expire,
But be of sons and daughters happy sire.

Although it is a right and lawful thing, after fatigue, to indulge in the luxury of a good cigar or two, with a temperate accompaniment of diluted sti-

mulus, vinous or alcohlic; or, what is far better, out of the restorative cup that

"——— cheers, but not inebriates."

still I must here enter my strong and solemn protest against the pernicious abuse of immoderate smoking, now so general—morning, noon, night, midnight, eternal smoking. It is impossible but that this vile adoption of a vulgar foreign sensuality, and unceasing stimulation of brain and heart, must weaken nervous power, clog the secretions, impair the digestion, stint the growth of the young, and shorten the days, and brutify the understandings, of both young and old. Already are the national stamina enervated by this emasculating habit; and in another generation, probably, the manly, moral, and physical attributes of the higher classes of Englishmen, will be smoked and shrivelled into the dimensions of the Spanish and Portuguese.

"Revenons a nos *saumons*." There is a hold some considerable distance below the Chute, of difficult approach, in which I caught the first salmon and several afterwards; all of large size. This place has been hitherto anonymous, but, by the custom of the angling fraternity, I have a right to give it a name; it is therefore, with the permission of my brethren to be henceforward designated the "Remoux aux gros saumons." To reach this hole it is necessary to wade along an oblique ridge of sloping and slippery sandstone, polished into a glassy surface by the strong current; which, at one or two places can scarcely be stemmed, and when there is much water in the river the attempt to cross would be useless. One morning before breakfast, having put my shoes in my pockets, I proceeded along this nervous path, clinging to the

smooth rock with my wet woollen stockings, and using my toes like a Hindoo or native Australian, whose power of employing those foot fingers has not been paralysed by shoes. The gaff-handle was always very useful as a third leg, and point d'appui to leeward, on these occasions. The hole consists of a strong current on the farther side, overhung by a high precipice, crowned with wood, and a deep eddy on the nearer; at the commencement of which—just where a long course of rapids begins—is a comparatively quiet spot, where the salmon are much in the habit of resting, after surmounting the strong water.

When the sun began to shew a glimpse or two of his red morning face through the branches of the trees, on the high bank opposite, I here hooked a very heavy fish; which at first allowed me to lead him captive a hundred yards up the stream, and away from the dangerous neighbourhood of the rapids. But, as I was beginning to think I should have little trouble with this quiet gentleman, all at once he got into a towering passion—flung himself half a dozen times out of the water, shaking his head violently to get rid of the fly in his mouth; and then made a desperate race to his old berth at the top of the rapid. Here I thought it probable he would bring up; and he did halt for a few seconds, as if unwilling to pass his old haunt—but, after this momentary pause, down the powerful stream he darted, until he had run out a line of a hundred and fifty yards. When it had reached the last turn on the reel, I proceeded after him as far as I could, wading along a rocky ledge; but when the water got nearly up to my elbows, I began to consider the case hopeless; stopped and gave butt: whilst Mr. Salmo was plunging and making summersaults so far down the river, as to be reduced in apparent size to

one-third of his bulk. All at once, to my great surprize, he became suddenly quite passive, and I wound up the long line without difficulty, having only the vis inertiæ of the fish, and strength of the current, to overcome. Back, therefore, we both came to the head of the rapid, and then to the deep hole, the fish turning up his white belly and appearing much distressed. He was soon gaffed, and turned out a fine shaped salmon of seventeen pounds, quite fresh from the St. Lawrence. The secret of his sudden succumbing and quietude, when he had it all his own way, was this. When tumbling down the rapid, he had somehow twisted the casting line three or four times round his head and snout, knotted it then very ingeniously, and thus gagged and half suffocated himself; the water necessary for breathing not being able to enter the mouth in sufficient quantity, and pass to the gills.

As the river fell the salmon were able to mount the impetuous canal rapid, so strangely excavated out of the live rock, and were caught in considerable numbers by Louis at his Pêche, near the bridge, and then deposited alive in the clear pond or reservoir, which had been formed for their reception under a copious spring, gushing out of the neighbouring bank. Here they swim about freely, although the space is limited, apparently unconscious of their captive condition, seeking the coolest and deepest part of the reservoir, where they can enjoy a little shade. They do not appear to suffer or lose flesh from confinement and want of food, or from the difference between the purer water of the river and that of the hard spring in which they are now placed.

We frequently visited this reservoir, and my little boy would amuse himself flinging crumbs to the poor prisoners, but to no purpose, as they have never been

observed to eat any thing. Often would he scream with delight to see one of the salmon dart through the pond, at the rate of thirty knots an hour, when he touched his tail with a rod, disturbing all the rest, and causing such a splashing of the water as frequently gave us a good sprinkling when standing near the brink. The last evening we were there we counted forty-five finny captives; and Dery, who accompanied us, talked of sending them in next morning to the Quebec market. Morning came, and when the poor man yoked his cart and went to the reservoir to take out his fish, he was horrified to find that forty-three of them had been stolen in the night, and only two little ones remained.

Alas, this romantic and secluded glen has lost very much of its Arcadian innocency. The social perversion arising out of the political disturbances has reached our favourite valley; and, like the natural floods, has swept away much of its moral grace and beauty.

CHAPTER LVI.

LA GROTTE DES AMANTS, A CANADIAN TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"For when Dame Nature first
Had framde her heavenly face
And thoroughly bedeck'd it
With goodly gleames of grace,
It lyked hir so well,
Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape that passeth all
Apelles' work in Greece." GASCOIGNE.

A FAMILIAR acquaintance with the anxieties, labours, and personal dangers of the early colonists in the New World generally, but particularly in Canada, tends to liberalize and improve the heart. For it is most interesting and edifying to read the authentic accounts left of their long struggles in establishing themselves amongst the aboriginal tribes, of the patient labours of the French missionaries, the untiring exertions of the pious Religieuses in civilizing and converting the female savages, nursing and curing the sick, and clothing, nourishing, and instructing the native children. In the early records of "New France" we find no cruelties exercised on the natives, no slavery, no fatal labours beyond their strength, destroying them by thousands, as in the contemporary Spanish settlements: we are shocked by no compulsory conversions, no torments, and no bloody Inquisition. There are no such deep shades to the picture. But we find, instead, a high tone of public morals amongst

the first colonists, great kindness and humanity to the Indian tribes, and much judgment, patience, fortitude and perseverance exerted in their gradual civilization and conversion. We read of the peaceful exchange of the white man's manufactures for the red man's furs, of friendly visits interchanged, of smoking the pipe of peace, of mutual presents, and at length of habitual intercourse. Not even the beautiful and beneficent proceedings of the great Penn, in the State called by his name, are more delightful to read of than it is to peruse the authentic stories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, the Ursulines, the Hospitaliers, the Jesuits, and the Recollets.

Yet, though the kind manners and wise measures of the first influential settlers soon made friends of the Hurons, the Montagnards of the Saguenay, the Algonquins, and one or two other tribes: the most powerful and warlike of them all, the Iroquois, continued for many long and painful years inveterately hostile, and often threatened the entire destruction of the infant settlements and the native allies of the white strangers. The Iroquois inhabited the shores of Lake St. Louis, Lake George, Lake Champlain, and the interjacent country; from whence they were wont often to sally, and, evading Montreal, to pass into the St. Lawrence by the "river of the Iroquois," as the Richelieu was then called, and carry havoc and devastation into the thinly inhabited country between Three Rivers and Quebec.

In the beginning of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, the attention of his great Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, was called by Champlain to the distressed state of the Canadian colony, then struggling with many difficulties, weak in numbers, and slowly recovering from a recent and destructive inroad of the

Iroquois. Influenced by his strong representations, the Cardinal, in 1628, formed a company of a hundred influential proprietors, with himself at their head as patron, for the purpose of promoting an extensive emigration of respectable persons from the mother country to this province.

Some of the inducements to settle in the newly discovered country were powerful to all classes, but especially to enterprising merchants and young men of ardent character and good family. High commercial privileges were conferred; and at a time when none of the French nobility could engage in trade without degradation, it was especially enacted by an Ordinance of the King, " Qu'il seroit permit a toutes personnes, de quelque qualité qu'elles fussent —ecclesiastiques, nobles, officiers, et autres, d'entrer dans la dite compagnie, sans déroger aux priviléges accordés a leurs ordres. Que s'il s'en rencontroit qui ne fussent pas nobles d'extraction, sa Majesté en ennobliroit jusqu'à douze. Qu'a cet effet douze Lettres de Noblesse—signées, scellées, et expédiés, seroient distribuées par le Cardinal Grand Maître a ceux qui lui seroient presentes par la Compagnie, lesquels jouiroient a l'avenir de tous priviléges de noblesse, &c."

Influenced by this right royal patronage, a company of a hundred and seven rich proprietors was soon formed, comprising a large proportion of influential citizens of Paris and other great towns, with a few of the nobility. They engaged to send out the first year from two to three hundred artificers of all trades, and to lodge and support them for three years; and further promised to transport annually, for the next fifteen years, from five hundred to one thousand individuals; assisting them, like the former, for three

years after their arrival, obtaining for them allocations of land, and furnishing them with grain for seed.

We may notice in passing, that in those old times the necessity of insuring religious instruction to these emigrants was not forgotten. One of the regulations of the Company was to this effect, "Que dans chaque habitation (settlement) il y auroit au moins trois Prêtres; que la Compagnie s'engageroit a defrayer absolument de tout, et pour leurs personnes et pour leur ministère pendant quinze ans: apres quoi ils pourroient subsister des terres défrechées q'elle leur auroit assignée."

Eugéne de la Magdalaine and his cousin Alphonse de Razilli, cadets of noble families, were two of the most prominent youths of Caen, or indeed of all Normandy, for personal endowments, high spirit, and amiable character. Induced by the strong desire of seeing new countries, and acquiring distinction in the Indian warfare then raging in Canada, and incited by the favour shewn by the King and his Minister to emigrants of good family, they obtained permission from their parents to embark for the New World. They had the national predilection for a military life in all its force, and were provided with letters to M. de Montmagny, the Governor of Canada, or New France, as it was then called, from whom they entertained a strong hope of receiving commissions in the new regiment then raising in Quebec. They embarked at Dieppe early in the summer of 1639; whilst about the same time a relation of Eugéne, Madame de la Peltrié, a young, lovely, and rich widow, with pious magnanimity, was devoting herself and her fortune to the conversion of the savages, and conducting some Ursuline and Hospitalier Sisters, of eminent piety and high rank, to Canada, there to establish an Hotel

Dieu, an Ursuline Convent, and schools of instruction for the Indian children.

At this time it appears that the difficulties of the colony, and the pressing danger from the hostile Indians, had the salutary effect of inducing deep religious feelings, a pure state of morals, and a constant dependence on Providence. The historian Charlevoix, speaking of an establishment at Sylleri, near Quebec, for converted Indians, thus describes the state of society in this city in 1639, " Le voisinage de Quebec, et la conduite exemplaire de ses citoyens ne servirent pas peu a former les Néophytes sauvages dans la piéte. Tous menoient une vie de mieux reglées, et l'on remarquoit dans le plus grand nombre une ferveur qui donnoit de la confusion aux anciens Chrêtiens, lesquels de leurs côte concevoient l'importance de ne pas se laisser vaincre en pieté et en régularite par des sauvages." And he justly adds, that the source of the old Canadian families is pure, and free from the stains attached to the origin of many of the other American colonies, " que l'opulence a bien de la peine d'effacer."

In this promising state of things Madame de la Peltrié and her company of virtuous ladies arrived on the 1st of August 1639, being the same day when Eugéne and Alphonse, with some other emigrants, also reached Quebec. Due care had been taken to inform the Indians of the pure and disinterested motives that had induced these benevolent ladies to abandon their home and country, brave the dangers of the voyage, and the perils of these strange regions, for the tiresome duties of instructing the young savages, or the loathsome offices of attending the sick. The report of their eminent piety had preceded their arrival, and the day they landed was kept as a

holiday. The shops were shut, all labour ceased, and the friendly Hurons, Algonquins, and Montagnards crowded to the Fort to hail the arrival of their benefactors. The garrison, with the Governor at their head, received them with military salutes on their landing, and, amidst the report of cannon and the most lively acclamations of joy, Madame de la Peltrié and her companions were conducted to the church, to join in a fervent Te Deum.

At the head of a crowd of wondering, and yet heathen, Indians of the Algonquin nation, was a group to whom all paid the utmost deference; consisting of their principal chief, his wife, and daughter. Sah-ton-a-mie, or "the eagle of the strong wing," was a man of fine appearance, lofty stature, and martial daring. The most marked attention was shewn to him and his family by the Governor, during the imposing ceremonies of the day; as the Algonquins were then a powerful tribe, and their Chief had rendered eminent services in the recent wars with the Iroquois, both under Champlain, and M. de Montmagny, his successor. His aid, too, might soon be again required.

But his daughter was the cynosure of all eyes. Luadah was fair as a fair Spaniard, and her delicate features were chiseled after the most attic model. Evanescent tints of the bud of the moss rose bloomed and played in her cheek, but the richness and odour of the full blown flower revelled on her lips. Her teeth were faultless, under her eyes mingled the utmost softness and gentleness with the darkest brilliancy, in rare but perfect union. She was modestly and tastefully dressed; for she lived before the period when Indian females learned to mix, so grotesquely and preposterously, the American with the European

costume. Her age was sixteen summers, but her shape was that of the noblest work of the creation—perfect and graceful woman; and her small and richly embroidered mocassin displayed the proportions of the prettiest foot in the world. Her portrait, which is yet in existence, proves how exquisitely lovely she must have been.

As Eugene and his cousin followed in the train of the Governor, they uttered a mutual exclamation of surprize, when they first beheld this Indian maiden of such dazzling beauty.

The hopes of our young friends were soon gratified. They both obtained commissions in the regiment of the Queen, which the Cardinal Prime Minister had authorized M. de Montmagny to raise in the colony, and at their request they were appointed to the same company. They were inseparable, like twin brothers, for the ties of the purest friendship, not less than relationship, and a perfect harmony of feelings, opinions, and principles, bound them to each other. Both were amiable, brave, and honourable; yet the ardent and impetuous character of Eugene differed from the more quiet and studious habits, and more sedate temperament, of his companion. They soon became especial favourites with the Governor, and Madame de la Peltrié had the happiness to perceive, that her cousin Eugene gave fair promise of fulfilling the utmost hopes and wishes of his relations.

Very different was the aspect of Quebec and its neighbourhood then, and now. A small stone fort on a central height, still called Mount Carmel, with some wooden palisades, formed all the fortifications of the place. The country around was covered with a thick forest, shewing a puny patch of cultivation, here and there: the roads were only footpaths, and bridges

were almost unknown. Yet the natural beauties of the environs were then numerous as they are now. The Montmorenci pitched its silvery column from the lofty bank as boldly as at present; and the foaming Chaudière boiled alike violently. The picturesque St. Charles rushed down the Lorette rocks, and winded its easy way through the quiet valley, the same; and its parent lake fringed with its rich woods, and sheltered by its mountain boundary, gleamed as beautifully beneath the canoe of the two cousins, as at the gayest pic-nic of the present day.

It is generally remarked that the first winter in Canada is a time of great enjoyment to strangers; particularly the young. It may then be easily conceived with what gusto Eugéne and Alphonse entered into all the sports and social gaieties of the season—the dance—the exhilarating sleigh drive—the invigorating moose-hunt. Yet it was observed that the sports and drives of our two friends were ever wont to take a western direction, towards the promontory, now called Cap Santé, where the Algonquin Chief resided, and it was surmised that his lovely daughter was the unconscious magnet, operating upon both. Sah-ton-a-mick ever received them with hospitable courtesy.

Many intelligent persons believe that a change is slowly, but progressively, taking place in the Canadian climate; the severity of the cold season relaxing, the great heat of summer abating, and thus an approximation taking place to the temperature of the corresponding latitude in Europe. They are inclined to ascribe the assumed change to advancing cultivation, and the gradual clearing of the forest by the hand of man. Yet it may well be doubted, whether, granting the assumption, that felling the primeval forest tends in any perceptible degree to alter the climate, the

minute slips of land yet reclaimed, can have any appreciable effect on the temperature of those enormous currents of cold air, blowing from the north, over an illimitable extent of sterile and frozen surface, untempered by any watery space. I fear those boundless and irreclaimable regions to the North, N. East, and N. West of this portion of the American continent, will to all future time furnish an enormous magazine of cold, (to speak more vernacularly than philosophically) before which all the agriculture of man, limited as it must be by cultivable soil, can only oppose a feeble barrier.

Though meteorological observations are now carefully recorded in Canada, the tables only date back to the beginning of the present century; consequently we have no other mode of ascertaining the temperature of the seasons, two centuries ago, than by tradition, the vivid but vague descriptions of the early settlers; and what is somewhat more definite, the records of the arrival and departure of ships. From such imperfect data, it would appear that little change has taken place in the climate, during the last two hundred and fifty years; and the lively sketch of a Canadian winter, drawn by an old French writer, is as applicable now as it was in 1640. "Mais c'est quelque chose de fort triste que de ne pouvoir sortir au-dehors sans être glacée, a moins que d'être fourré comme les ours. D'ailleurs quel spectacle qu'une néige qui vous eblouit et vous cache toutes les beautes de la nature. Plus de differences entre les Rivières et les campagnes; plus de varieté; les arbres mêmes sont couverts de frimats, et il pend a toutes leurs branches des glaçons sous lesquels il n'y a pas trop de sûreté à se trouver. Que peut on penser quand on voit aux chevaux des barbes de glace d'un piéd de long, et

comment voyager dans un pays ou les ours mêmes pendant six mois n'osent se montrer à l'air."

In the middle of the month of June in the ensuing summer, whilst at breakfast, a Christian Huron called at the lodgings of our two friends, and desired to see Eugéne. He was admitted immediately.

"My brother is active and strong in pursuing the deer over the snow. Does he also love the red man's summer pastime? I can shew my brother sport, if he desires it."

"Much, very much; what is the sport?"

"The season affords not any more manly or exciting than spearing the salmon. But this is good pastime, and there may not be wanting a little danger."

"Danger ever seasons pleasure, according to our French proverb. Lead the way and we follow. But what is the risk we run?"

"Listen. Not twelve moons ago, aided by the strong white man, and the white man's God, who is now our friend also, we repulsed the Iroquois from the lower shores of the great river, and chased them with disgrace back into their own country. A word is now whispered that they are again preparing to sally out of their strong holds. If this be true, our sport may be dangerous. Let my brother's wisdom judge."

"I believe it not. Our increased force must be known to them, and the new league formed with our Indian friends. Our position is now stronger than it ever was, and the knowledge of this will deter our enemies from such perilous attempts. But true or not, my friend and myself will accompany you. The winter has been long, and we pine for the green woods and clear streams, and exercise and enjoyment."

Arrangements were then made with the Huron, and

he promised to have a canoe and three of his tribe in attendance by the early morning tide next day, with fishing spears, torches, lines, nets, and all necessary implements. The friends then waited on the Governor, to ask his permission, which, after great importunity, was granted, though with evident reluctance, it being strongly rumoured that the formidable Iroquois were about to put themselves in motion. But as it was believed on good evidence that a week or two must elapse before the enemy could collect sufficient force to venture so low down the river, M. de Montmagny granted Eugéne and Alphonse four days furlough, cautioning them much on the points of extreme vigilance and the utmost deference to the opinion of their intelligent guide. The Governor then, as was the custom in those primitive times on similar occasions, dismissed them with his blessing.

The first rays of the morning sun saw Eugéne and his cousin shooting up the majestic river at a rate scarcely exceeded by the modern steam-boat. Favoured by a spring tide, and impelled by four pairs of muscular arms, their light vessel skimmed the surface like a swallow, and they arrived at the rapid stream which was to be the scene of their sport, ten leagues distant from Quebec, in three hours.

This was the beautiful Jacques Cartier, then unvexed by mills and abounding in fish, especially the princely salmon. Previous to ascending the river, to reach the holes at the bottom of the principal rapids, where the accumulation of their finny prey was greatest, our two friends, pursuant to the suggestion of their guide, deemed it prudent to visit the Algonquin Chief, at Cap Sante, two leagues distant, for the purpose of announcing to him their project, that his young men might, if necessary, give them the earliest notice of the approach of the enemy.

Sah-ton-a-mic received them with his usual grave and courteous hospitality; and once more the delighted cousins gazed upon his fair daughter, interchanging with her, as they had been accustomed, salutations in her own language, and the French she could already speak imperfectly. But the expression of her beautiful features instantly changed from innocent joyousness to pale apprehension, when the strangers intimated their purpose, from which she strenuously endeavoured, though fruitlessly, to dissuade them. When the cousins were bidding her father and herself farewell, Luadah addressed Eugéne, "My heart misgives me, O youth! and a gloomy cloud is before my mind. Beware of the cruel people of the great lakes—they are crafty and treacherous as the wild cat and the fox, and my brother's years are few. Beware of the stealthy foe; and let thy pastime occupy few hours before thou returnest to the white man's fort."

That evening Alphonse and Eugéne, well armed, with the four Hurons, threaded the woody and precipitous banks of the river, and arrived at the spot where a modern and lofty bridge now spans the impetuous torrent. Refreshing themselves with food, and constructing their temporary hut of the branches of the pines and cedars waving over the stream, they waited for the darkness to commence their sport.

The joys of leistering salmon have been the theme of many a glowing eulogy, and the subject of poesy and painting. Assuredly no sport can be more exciting, absorbing, and picturesque; and he who has been once on a successful expedition, with chosen companions, who has seen the rapid stream ruddy with the blaze of his torch, and the fish gleaming beneath his prow, attracted by the fatal light, who has joined in the gleesome cheers, filling the dark

banks with echoes, as one was struck by the spear—and who, finally, has taken a part in the triumphant carousal around the heap of shining spoil, when the work was over, will for a long time deem all other sport flat and insipid.

Those were the golden days of salmon fishing, for few prows then furrowed the great river to frighten away the fish. The paddles of the steam-boats did not churn the water and leave long disturbing circles behind them; and the country being thinly inhabited, the numerous traps and nets of later days had no existence. The success of the party then was great, and in a few hours they had speared, and collected on the table rock, above the fine hole since called L'Hôpital, above an hundred salmon. At length, satiated with sport, and fatigued with the labours of the day, they broiled a delicious supper on coals of the cedar brands, retired to their woody hut, and were soon buried in profound sleep.

Alas! alas! gallant but unfortunate youths. Alas! faithful Hurons, evil, dreadful evil, impends over you. The keen scouts of the deadly Iroquois have tracked your course, and already, whilst ye lie in all the unconsciousness and helplessness of sleep, a band of their bravest and most active warriors are on their way to destroy you!

With the early dawn the repose of the doomed party was awfully broken by the hideous war-whoop resounding through the woods; when, starting up at the sound, they beheld a circle of painted Indians, fully armed for war, advancing on their hut, already waving their hatchets and tomahawks around their heads in triumph, and shouting like demons as they rushed on their prey.

"We are lost, O Alphonse, beloved friend, we are lost! but let us die like men!" exclaimed Eugéne,

and snatching up his gun he aimed at the nearest of the assailants. The shot did its office well. Springing up in the air, and uttering a dreadful yell, the leading savage fell upon his face stone dead.

But almost instantly the foe was upon them; and although two more of the Iroquois were prostrated by the unfortunate party, Alphonse and two of the Hurons were seized by overpowering numbers, and massacred on the spot. The guide and the other Huron, by the most extraordinary exertions, burst through the circle of their enemies, and escaped into the woods.

As for Eugéne, he was reserved for a more cruel fate. The brother of the Chief who had first fallen by his hand, with another powerful savage, seized him, after a useless attempt at resistance, and dragging him to the smooth rock on the edge of the rapid, prepared to bind his arms, to satiate their revenge afterwards, by the most cruel torments that fire and the hellish invention of men worse than demons could inflict. Separated thus by a short space from the remainder of the band, part of whom had pursued the Hurons, and the rest were occupied with their killed and wounded companions, there was one providential instant for an attempt at escape, and Eugéne availed himself of it. Watching his opportunity when the withes were encircling his arms, and exerting the full power of desperation, he tore them from the fetters, felled one of his captors to the ground, and whilst the other aimed the tomahawk at his head, he evaded the blow, closely embraced the baffled savage, and sprang with him into the foaming torrent!

The overwhelming sense of imminent personal danger paralyses all the stormy passions. After one unavailing attempt to seize and drag him to the shore, the Iroquois abandoned his prisoner, and only

consulted his own safety. But the rest of the party showered their arrows around his head as he buffeted the strong current, and dived as he might to avoid them. Hapless youth! one shaft, better aimed than the rest, has struck into the spine of his neck, and, stunned by the shock, he floats for a few seconds helpless down the powerful stream. A second arrow, deep in the shoulder, restores his consciousness, and again he urges his way down the impetuous river; and though the shafts still hurtle thickly about his head, he reaches a point where the wood of the shelving bank dips into the water; and then, plunging rapidly into its cover, he finds temporary shelter and concealment.

About a mile above the place where poor Eugene landed, a considerable branch of the river had penetrated through a fissure in the soft limestone; and forcing and weaving its way for ages amidst the crevices of the rock, had at length formed a succession of caves and long subterranean passages. Some of these were of great extent, and all magnificently hung with stalactites of the gloss and colour of Parian marble. Towards either extremity, the little light that could find its way gleamed from their white surface in fantastic reflections; and when in strong sunshine the wind swayed the bushes environing the entrance to and fro, their faint shadows tinged the interior of the cave with delicate green, and their waving outline was beautifully sketched on the alabaster of the sparry incrustations. It was truly a grotto of singular beauty, and when the Grecian mythology was in vogue, might have been made a palace for a Naiad.

Eugéne had heard his Huron guide speak of this extraordinary place, and describe its situation; and now being fortunately near the lower opening, where

the stream gushed sparkling from the bosom of the rock, amidst a thick covert of shrubs and wild flowers, concealing the entrance, he stole cautiously from his retreat to seek a safer asylum. Creeping in the bed of the stream, and disturbing the bushes as little as possible, that his trail might not be discernible, he slowly wormed himself into the cave, and was thus completely screened from all chance of detection, unless under the improbable supposition that these stranger Indians were well acquainted with the local features of the place. His first pious care was to return deep and grateful thanks to his Almighty Preserver, and implore the farther intervention of his mercy.

Meanwhile the infuriated savages were not idle. Instantly after his evasion they had swam across the river, landed where he did, and were now busily employed in hunting through the woody banks to a considerable distance up and down for their prey. All day long did their shouts ring in Eugéne's ears, as they called to each other and to those on the other side; and after their fruitless search he beheld their night fire lighted at the water's edge, on the other side of the river, within an arrow's flight of his cave; before which two kept watch whilst the others slept.

The next day was a day of agony. Perceiving that his rocky retreat was altogether unknown and unsuspected by his foes, he was emboldened to draw near the narrow opening towards the river, and stealthily survey their operations. Alas, sad was the sight he witnessed! For, bound and bleeding, he beheld one of his friends the Hurons led round a large fire on the table rock—the fate himself had so imminently escaped—while the fiends that tormented him tired themselves in devising and executing new cruelties. Beginning at his extremities, burning circles

were traced about his limbs, and ever and anon the flaming wood bored into his thighs, between his ribs, under his arms, and in the most sensitive parts of his body. Then some, more demoniac than the rest, would thrust the brands into his mouth, or for a moment stop his nostrils; but the eyes were untouched to the last, by a refinement of cruelty. All this time the heroic Indian uttered no sound of complaint, nor did he once wince when the points of the flaming wood excavated charred pits in his flesh. But with almost miraculous fortitude he smiled sternly on his tormentors, as if deriding their impotent attempts, and defying their utmost power; till, fatigued with cruelty, and exasperated by their inability to extort even a moan from their victim, one savage thrust his brand into each hissing orbit, and another, more merciful, destroyed sensation by a blow on the head, and then flung the half-burned body into the river.

Eugéne had borne his own sufferings, and the pain of his festering wounds, with comparative indifference; but the sight of the cruelties inflicted on his poor Indian friend almost maddened him. Often was he on the point of bursting from his concealment to run to his assistance, but a moment's consideration showed him the utter hopelessness of the attempt, wounded and unarmed as he was, and that it would be little less than wilful self-destruction. At length, exhausted by conflicting passions, bodily suffering, want of food, and loss of blood, he retired deep into the grotto, and placing his weary head on a rock, and dipping his wounded shoulder in the cool stream that ran at its base, he was soon blessed with that choice gift of Heaven—sound repose.

He slept long and refreshingly, until a few faint rays of the morning light, stealing into his cave, awaked him to the recollection of his woes. Suddenly

a rustling sound at the entrance startled him, the scanty light was eclipsed, footsteps were heard plashing in the water, and to his infinite horror he found his retreat had been discovered. Then, as the steps approached, he started up, seized a long and massive cylinder of the spar, withdrew into a recess of the cave, and there stood sternly on the watch for the intruders, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

But the agony was soon past. No foot of hateful Iroquois invaded Eugéne's privacy. The soft tones of woman's voice, calling his name, fell like heavenly music on his ear, and soon the Algonquin maiden stood by his side! Need it be told, that in the overpowering impulse of surprise and delight at finding him still living, whom she believed had died a death of torture, Luadah burst through all womanly reserve. She embraced him with tears of sisterly affection. She kissed his cold forehead over and over. She administered the food of which he stood so much in need. She led him from the cave into the sunshine. She examined his wounds, sucked them with her sweet lips, and tenderly extracted the broken arrow from his neck. Then seeking vulnerary herbs, she bruised them in her hands, and tearing her raiment she bandaged them on the lacerated parts.

Well might the Poet exclaim in those lines, which from their truth and beauty are now familiar as "household words."—

> "O woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!"

It appeared that the Algonquin Chief and his people had been suddenly attacked by one party of the enemy,

whilst another smaller band had entered deeper into the country, and their scouts had fallen in with the trail of Eugéne and his unfortunate companions. Sah-ton-a-mic, after a fierce struggle, had repulsed the assailants, and driven them back to their canoes with loss. Informed of the catastrophe that had befallen his white friends, by the Huron guide who had escaped, the Chief sent a detachment to avenge their death; and his daughter, the object of almost superstitious reverence with her tribe, obtained permission to accompany them, with the view of exploring the cavern, where, haply, some of the unfortunate party might still be hidden.

With religious care Eugéne sought out the bodies of Alphonse and the Hurons, and had them conveyed in litters of pine branches to Cap Santé, whence they were sent by Sah-ton-a-mic to Quebec. But fevered by his wounds, and influenced by the kind entreaties of the Chief, he himself remained behind until his health should be restored. His illness was long and severe, for the loss of his bosom friend was difficult to be borne, and in the delirium of his fever he invoked his name repeatedly—often conversing with him as if he was still alive. But the hallucination would frequently and painfully change its character, and acquire a tinge of the horrid reality, as if reason were about to throw off the load that oppressed it, and memory to resume its office. Then it was heart rending to witness the struggles of the sick man, when, amidst a chaos of broken images of danger and conflict, he sought to cheer up Alphonse, and save him from approaching destruction.

Medical aid was despatched by M. de Montmagny, but his most effective physician was Luadah, who watched over his delirium with the most sedulous affection, and tended him with those sweet and sooth-

ing ministrations, which are as balm to man's heart on the couch of sickness. At length he recovered; and after pouring out his thanks and gratitude to the Chief and his daughter, and taking a most affectionate leave, Eugéne returned to Quebec.

He was received by the Governor and Madame de la Peltrié as one risen from the dead. After visiting the grave of his late friend, bedewing it with tears, and bewailing his untimely fate, he learned with joy that an expedition on a grand scale was now preparing against the Iroquois, which the Governor was to command in person, and in which all the Huron warriors, with a select body of the Montagnards and Algonquins were to take a part.

My space precludes any detail of the proceedings of this expedition. Suffice it to say that it was eminently successful, and that after penetrating through the Richelieu into Lake Champlain, the allies routed the enemy in several engagements, mainly by the fire arms of the French, ravaged their country, burned several of their towns, and at length compelled these haughty savages to sue for peace. This was granted; and after carrying with him six Chiefs as hostages, M. de Montmagny returned in triumph to his government. During the campaign of this summer, the distinguished valour and eminent services of Eugéne were the theme of universal praise.

In the autumn of this year, 1640, a grand fête was given at Quebec to celebrate the late successes, to which the principal allied chiefs were invited. Amongst the rest, as first in distinction, was Sahton-a-mic, and a special invitation, written by the Governor's own hand, was despatched to him, his wife, and daughter: of this Eugéne was the bearer. Great were the rejoicings on this occasion; Madame de la Peltrié embraced Luadah with maternal affec-

tion, and lodged her with herself in the Convent of the Ursulines, of which, as before mentioned, she was the foundress, where the loving attentions of the saintly women who had recently arrived from France were lavished on her. Amongst these, two ladies of the most attractive personal appearance, various accomplishments, and eminent piety, are mentioned by contemporary writers—Marie de l'Incarnation and Marie de St. Joseph. Nor did the visit cease when the fête was over. Won by the honours and kindnesses shown to himself and his family, the Algonquin Chief, at the earnest request of the Governor, the Lady Superior, and the fair maiden herself, permitted his daughter to remain in the Convent during the following winter. Luadah discovered great quickness and intelligence, learned French rapidly, and displayed an extraordinary aptitude for acquiring those accomplishments and branches of knowledge that constituted a good female education two centuries ago. She possessed herself as if by instinct of some of its most difficult studies, for instance, music; for her ear was true and sensitive, and her memory of airs and notes most tenacious. It may well be imagined, that, fascinated by all she saw about her, and powerfully affected by "the beauty of holiness," by which she was surrounded, our lovely heathen soon showed a desire to know something of that religion whose blessed effects she had daily before her eyes, exciting her utmost admiration.

In the mean time, profiting by these favourable circumstances, two eminent Jesuits obtained permission from the friendly Chief of the Algonquins to reside at Cap Santé, for the purpose of teaching his tribe agriculture and the arts of civilized life. These clever men soon availed themselves of this opportunity to instruct the Indians in the elementary truths of

Christianity. Sah-ton-a-mic, however, although he continued his protection, and even treated them with great hospitality and kindness, was still deaf to their arguments, courteously rejecting their novel doctrines as incomprehensible, and persisting in his adherence to the faith of his fathers.

But woman, as she had been at first the handmaid of the Gospel, so was she now. When her visit had expired, and the Chief came to take home his daughter, in May 1641, they had a long and most interesting conversation, in the course of which Luadah confessed that she was a convert to the truth of Christianity. "O my father!" she exclaimed, "I feel as if I had received a new soul within me since I have lived with these good people. Their religion must be good and true. Behold the effects it produces. What induced these holy women to leave their own country, where they were so honoured and esteemed, to cross the vast salt lake they tell me off, and encounter dangers of all kinds, but the purest and most generous love to us, who are, in comparison to them, so helpless and so ignorant? See the unwearied kindness with which they administer to the wants of the poor, or the sick red man, and their skill in curing his diseases; their humility, their love to each other, their affectionate care of our helpless children, instructing them in their own superior knowledge, cherishing, clothing, and feeding them. Consider, too, my beloved father, you who are so great a warrior, consider the skill and power in war of these white men. Which of our nations, or even what number united, could have resisted the Wolves of the Lakes, until their deadly arms came to our assistance, and their wisdom formed and preserved our great confederacy? Listen, O listen, dear father, to the strong arguments of their holy men; my heart

thrills at the wonderful things they tell us, yet c... fesses to their reasonableness and truth. Our Gre... Spirit is so vast, and so distant, and so infinite, an... only speaks in the awful thunder, and is too terrible... to be approached by poor beings like us. But thei... books tell of a good and merciful Spirit, who mad... the world, and in love came to visit it; and that he... might know the wants of men, himself became a... man, and was born of a young maiden like your... daughter. He did wonderful things, and far beyond... the power of man, to prove what he was; but de... lighted in doing good things, and he bade all me... follow this good example. O my beloved father... despise no longer this new and wonderful religion... which the Great and Good Spirit has sent these... people to teach us. But let us all embrace it with... joy and gratitude, and they will always be our friends... and our brethren, and you will be their councillor and... the right hand of their strength."

Influenced by these and similar representations... from the pure and beautiful being whom of all others... he most loved, the Algonquin Chief consented to... have a conference with two of the Recollet Fathers... who were well acquainted with his language, before... leaving Quebec. He heard them with attention, and... desired to hear them again. The profligate lives... nominal Christians had not then interposed the... obstacles to the reception of Christianity, so tangible... and so formidable, that have since so materially im... peded its progress. On the contrary, the faith and... its attendant good works were seen, in this colony... in all their primitive and beautiful harmony. Incrus... tations and rust of error and superstition had, no... doubt, impaired the lustre of the pure metal; but... the trying scenes, amongst fierce and heathen tribes...

this hemisphere, were the purifying furnace to remove much of the dross.

Six months after this time, Sah-ton-a-mic, his wife and daughter, several Chiefs and other Algonquins, were baptized the same day in the Chapel of the Ursulines, and the magnificent service of the Te Deum, often so profaned, was then sincerely and fervently performed there, and afterwards in the Church, on this important occasion.

Need I add, how my beautiful heroine, fascinated by the excellent and accomplished women around her, and the calm scenes of virtue, purity, and peace, ever passing before her eyes, and hourly more and more convinced of their immeasurable superiority, as her fine intellect expanded—how she was convinced by their reasonings that the true glory of woman lies in devoting her youth and the prime of her age to the service of her Maker, and her talents to the benefit of her fellow-creatures—how she in process of time joined Madame de la Peltrié and the Ursuline Sisterhood for life, took the irrevocable vow, and became as eminent in piety as distinguished for personal loveliness?

Alas, no! I lament that my tale has but the ordinary conclusion. Luadah, after all, was but a woman; and it would be unreasonable to expect that she should deviate from the usual course of the most cultivated of her sex. A talisman in her bosom weakened the force of Madame de la Peltrié's arguments, in the shape of a dear image enshrined in her heart. But the good Superior's affection for the Indian maiden was not weakened by her inability to persuade her to take the veil. She treated her in every respect like a daughter, and when she found her heart inviolably devoted to Eugéne, she gave her

willing sanction to their union, accompanied by he jewels, as a cadeau de noce; conditioning previously that Luadah should remain twelve months longe under her care, that she might be fully graced with European accomplishments.

Accordingly, at the expiration of this time, Captain Eugéne de la Magdalaine led his fair bride to the altar, in the presence of the Governor, the Algonquin Chief, and many distinguished persons. She brought him, with the most devoted love that ever filled the gracious heart of woman, a large territory as her portion; and one of the blessings showered by Providence upon their union was the conversion of a nation to the Christian faith.

Their descendants are to be found in two families of distinction in the province; and the cave is still to be seen, with the stream welling brightly from the bank, of whose cool water, fishing-rod in hand, I have often stopped to drink. All traditions become fainter and fainter under the effacing effects of time; yet in the name the place still bears, we may recognize the leading incident of the story. Haply some thirsty angler, as he wends his way along the picturesque bank, may peruse these pages on the very spot they have attempted to portray, after a draught of the delicious water flowing from La Grotte des Amants.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016